

ERNEST REUBEN  
LILIENTHAL  
AND HIS FAMILY

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ERNEST REUBEN LILIENTHAL  
*And His Family*



ERNEST REUBEN<sup>v</sup>  
LILIENTHAL  
AND HIS FAMILY

—ERL—

*Prepared from  
family histories, documents,  
and interviews*

*by*

F. GORDON O'NEILL

1949

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## Dedication

That our children may tell to their children the story of our parents, as we have told it to them, we have assembled this book. The last honor we can give to our forebears is to record for our posterity those principles by which we have all endeavored to live and those virtues we have tried to imitate, that the good in the past may be an inheritance in the years ahead.

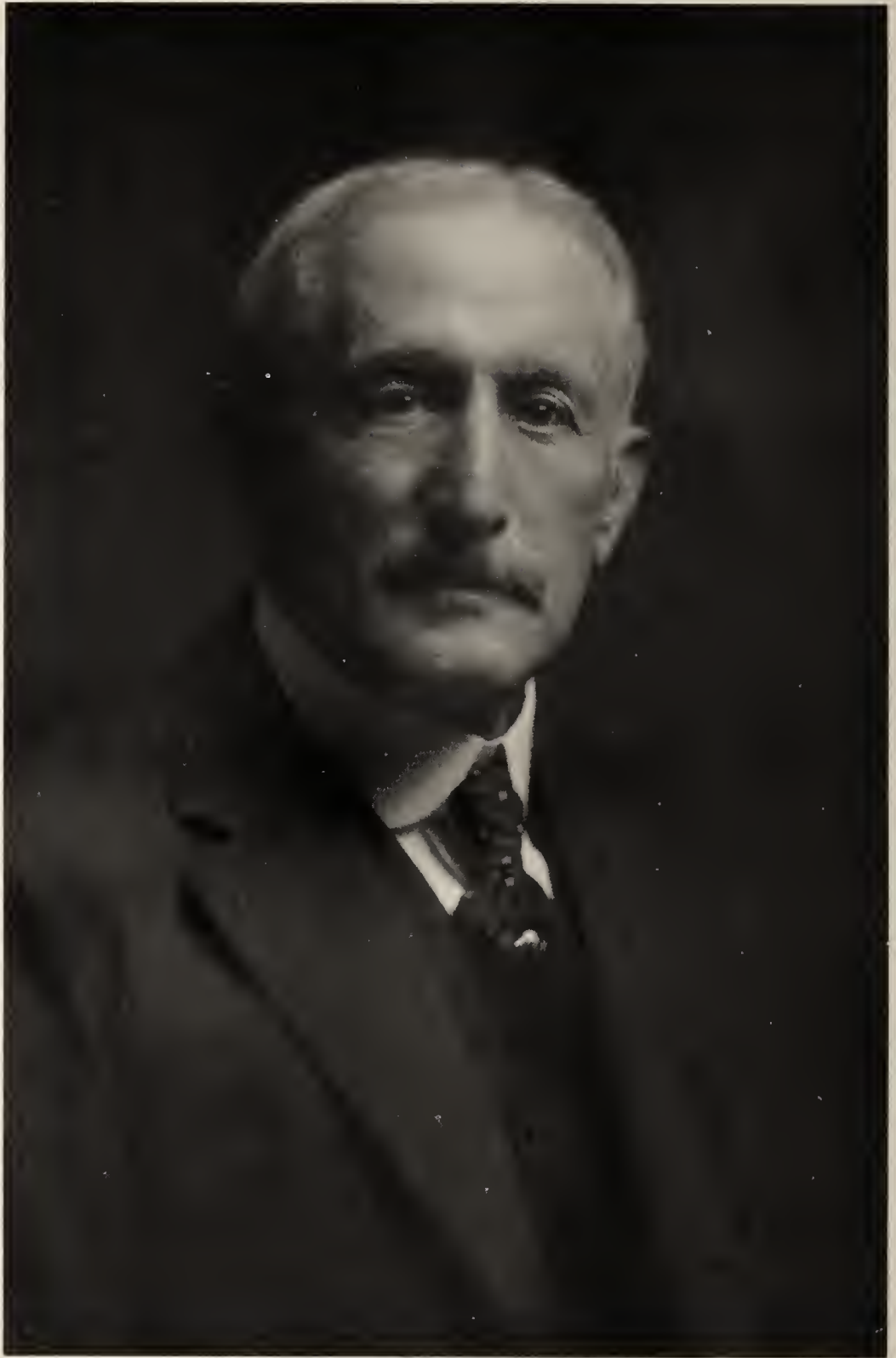
More than a hundred years ago our grandparents came to the United States of America, bringing with them a rich tradition of wise living; one hundred years ago our maternal grandfather rode into California; nearly one hundred years ago Ernest Reuben Lilienthal, our father, was born.

This is an American story, this is a California story to be published in the year of the California Centenary. Its publication is in gratitude for many blessings, for life in this country of religious freedom, for California and San Francisco.

BENJAMIN PHILIP LILIENTHAL  
CAROLINE LILIENTHAL ESBERG  
SAMUEL LILIENTHAL  
SARAH LILIENTHAL WIEL  
JOHN LEO LILIENTHAL

December 5, 1948

See them - \$15.00



ERNEST REUBEN LILIENTHAL





BELLA SLOSS LILIENTHAL



## Foreword

THE THEME of this book is implicit in the facts. The facts have been gathered from papers and direct testimony by the five surviving children of Ernest Reuben Lilienthal. They understated achievement and avoided fiction. They prevented the kind of romanticism by which some modern biographers develop a theme through the artful manipulation and suppression of the facts.

For me, the problem was to find what made the Lilienthals the kind of people they are. I had known them for some years and puzzled over the paradox which the family character revealed. They are personally very positive, yet among themselves and in relation to the community they are co-operative with a precisely considered, self-imposed measurement of justice. In what they did and in what they said, I had long ago recognized a deep ethical instinct, which I could rationalize only by recalling my own readings of Aristotle's *Ethics* and *Politics* and the Psalms and Proverbs and Book of Wisdom in the Old Testament.

The Lilienthals are American Jews. The American was put first. The Rabbi Max Lilienthal, almost a century ago, had defined the American Reform Jew as ". . . in creed a monotheist, in descent a Hebrew, Israelite or Jew, in all other public and private relations an American citizen." Rabbi Max and his brother, Dr. Samuel Lilienthal, father of Ernest, found in the Constitution of the United States and in the Declaration of Independence a valid foundation for a way of life through which they could conform to the laws of nature, with the aid of a cultural love of God and of their fellow men.

With fellow Jews in the American community (and with other American groups) they co-operated in such works as appeared to them sound means to help other human beings to fulfill their natural capabilities. But they refused to be bound by any nostalgia for the past glories of the Kingdom of Israel or by any illusion of a future tribal triumph apart from the rest of mankind. They belonged to the whole human family.

Their own family had found promised land enough in the United States. The record herein shows that their forebears had studied the Jew-

ish religious tradition diligently and with affection for at least four hundred years. Rabbi Max and Dr. Sam had thought out their position reverently.

With this position as a point of departure, their descendants proved to be realistic in judgments of the world and men, faithful in conduct, co-operative in works of charity, and moderate in all things. While their elders observed all the symbols of the Reform Jewish faith, they did not insist that their course be followed strictly to the letter in matters religious. The succeeding generations, while proud of their Judaism, did not as a group carry out the formal religious observances.

Ernest Reuben Lilienthal, after his early years in San Francisco, did not appear in formal religious observance.

He came to San Francisco in his twenty-first year, ready for a long life in which there is no record of anything of which to be ashamed—neither public transgression nor intramural tyranny. He was modest and moderate in all things—except perhaps that he worked too intensely, and ordinarily found diversion only in other work, an occasional stage play or opera, or a family festival or a dinner with his relatives in one of San Francisco's finer and livelier restaurants to celebrate a year's passing. These were pleasant and appreciated interludes for Ernest, who was wound up tight with his sense of duty and by his optimism. Gentle and sensitive, yet firm, he gave others consideration and encouragement. He was patient. His courtesy was not merely exquisite, it had a generosity which he believed he owed to those who came his way.

Now, after twenty-six years, his children sit in judgment on him. All parents are judged by God and by their own children; and I am inclined to believe that the judgment of God, while it penetrates further, does not reject the evidence that forms the judgment of the child. These children are now in ages from fifty-five to seventy-one years. They have the comparisons of experience. They judge their father good. According to every standard they know, he was good. What shall be written of a good man?

Ernest Lilienthal was not a showman. He was a good salesman, but he did not sell himself. He was a great enthusiast with practical vision and organizing ability. He made and kept order at home and in his enterprises. He worked incessantly, and his work bore abundant fruit. He created new wealth out of the land he loved.

Spiritually, he created a tradition of co-operation motivated by undemonstrative, self-disciplining love. It is in the nature of the Lilienthals

to love profoundly and constantly and without ostentation. With the years, this family characteristic has come to be recognized beyond the family circle. The discerning recognize its strength whenever the community of San Francisco is most in need. And in this recognition, no one of this family is segregated in the public mind, just as Ernest Lilienthal cannot be understood without knowledge of all his relationships of blood and marriage.

Ernest Reuben Lilienthal had faith in the principles on which the United States of America was founded. He lived according to his faith. By his example, his children and their children formed their convictions.

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Grateful acknowledgment is made to Miss Sallie Hill and James Corbett O'Neill for valuable editorial assistance.

F. GORDON O'NEILL





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PART ONE

## The Forebears

It is indeed a desirable thing to be well  
descended, but the glory belongs to our  
ancestors.

PLUTARCH

*Of the Training of  
Children*



## The Old Country

**N**EAR MUNICH in Bavaria is the valley of Schnaittach-Huttenbach. In the year 1500, as today, its inhabitants grew hops and grain. It is to this valley that the forebears of Ernest Reuben Lilienthal have been traced through the family tradition. As early as 1529 certain first names gathered from the burial place of the Jewish congregation of the village identified the early forefathers of the Lilienthals. No more than first names were known before the sixteenth century, when Europeans in general began to carry family names. The privilege of a registered surname was not accorded to the Jews in Germany until more than a century later.

In 1632 one of these men who lived in the valley was known as Loew Seligmann. The meaning of the word, Seligmann, is holy man; it was probably given him by his congregation, for the family were devoted to the study and support of things holy.

Another century passed, and another Loew Seligmann is written into the record. He and a partner, Amschel Levis, were quartermasters to the army of the Elector of Bavaria. The year was 1758, the third year of the Seven Years' War. The partners had contracted supplies for the army at certain prices. Inflation set in. At great personal loss they fulfilled their contract, following the troops into enemy territory and making sure that the soldiers were supplied. In appreciation of their keeping their faith, the paymaster of the Bavarian army issued a testimonial citing their fidelity. Their losses were more than made up by the naming of Loew Seligmann as Court Banker. The Bavarian government gave him privileges which restricted Jews ordinarily did not enjoy, and by his influence at court he was able to protect and aid his Jewish communities.

The father of nine children, he was honored as the head of the local Jewish community and was allowed to purchase property in its behalf. In those days this license was an exceptional mark of confidence.

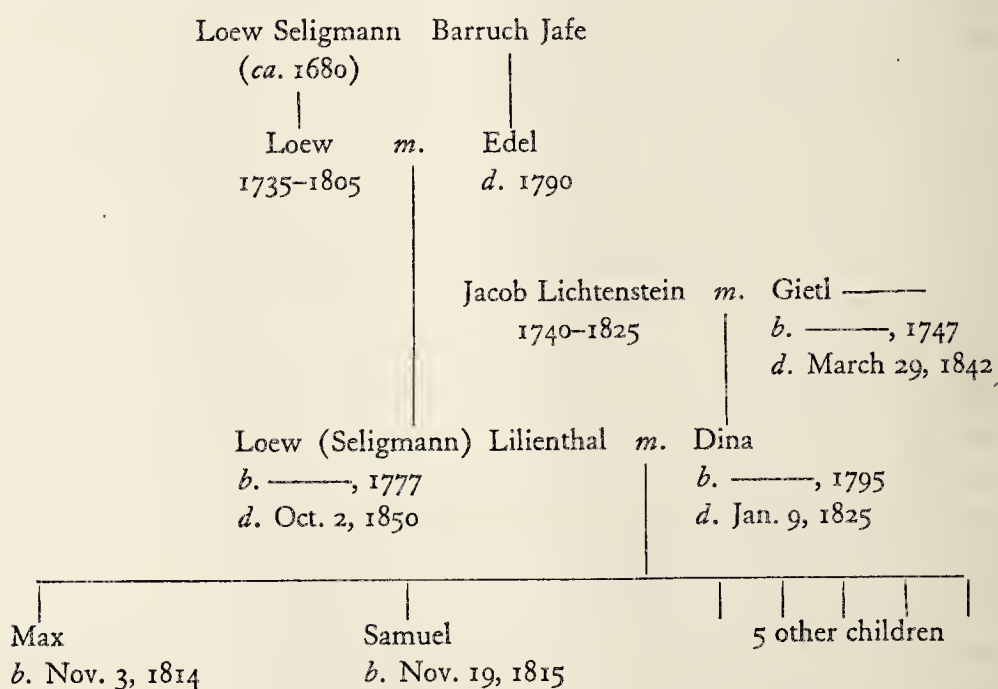
One of his sons, also Loew Seligmann, was born in 1735. In young manhood he succeeded to the confidence that had been reposed in his father, becoming a fiscal agent to the Court of Bavaria. On June 28, 1791,

he became a banker for the Upper Palatinate Mint, and received a pass which allowed him to travel without paying body tax and to carry fire-arms through Mainz, the Palatinate, the free cities of Nuremburg and Augsburg, and later Sulzbach. He also received the title of Court Purveyor of Furth, a city five miles northwest of Nuremburg. Of this city the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 14th edition, says: "Furth owes its prosperity to the tolerance it meted out to the Jews, who found here an asylum from the oppression under which they had suffered at Nuremburg."

The leading Jew of Furth was Loew Seligmann.

The portrait of him shows a brave, wise character. His courtesy and capacity for finance won him a freedom and influence not usually enjoyed by Jews of his day. This portrait and that of his wife, Edel, a daughter of Barruch Jafe, is in the possession of the family in California. She died in 1790. He died in 1805 at the age of seventy years.

He had lived in the valley of his fathers, but had two houses in Furth as early as 1764. Besides banking, he dealt in hops and grain. In Furth he built a school for the congregation and to give support to Torah scholars. One of his sons, Chona Israel, was one of these scholars.



Named for his father, the third known Loew Seligmann was born in the valley in 1777. He grew up there and married a girl from the same valley named Dina Lichtenstein. "Beautiful Dina," as she was always

referred to, was the daughter of the family known as Jacob or Hirsch, which, when the Jews were allowed to register the family name in 1810, was called Lichtenstein. Dina was born in 1795 and died on January 9, 1825. But the year her oldest son was born, Loew Seligmann registered his surname as Lilienthal. Meaning "Lily of the Valley," Lilienthal has been the official family name since 1814. A picture of Dina radiates from a portrait group including Loew in the protective background and the boys, Max and Samuel, in the foreground. The original and copies are in possession of the family in California.

Loew Lilienthal died October 2, 1850. His gravestone bears in Hebrew the inscription which in English testifies:

*Here Lies the God-fearing man*

JEHUDAH SELIGMANN LILIENTHAL

Died the fourth day of the week, 26 Tishri 5611

"Good and evil he saw in his labor under the sun—

He rose early and attended to the wants of the poor

And sick, as long as the sun remained in the sky—

And he labored loyally, while the sun shone—

He followed the path of virtue, while the sun lighted his way.

Truth and the teachings of God were his shield and his sun."

"In the original," writes Sophie Lehmaier, one of his children, "the first letter of each line of this poem, reading from the top down, forms the name Jehudah, the Jewish equivalent of Loew."

Dina Lichtenstein's father, Jacob Lichtenstein, a merchant, was born at Cunreuth in 1740 and died when eighty-five years old at Munich in 1825. He lived at Huttenbach until 1804, then moved to Munich. Gietl Lichtenstein, Dina's mother, was born at Huttenbach in 1747 and died March 29, 1842, at the advanced age of ninety-five years.

The children of Loew Seligmann Lilienthal and his wife Dina were:

Emmanuel (Max), born November 3, 1814; died April 5, 1882.

Married Babette (Pepi) Nettle.

Samuel, born November 19, 1815; died October 3, 1891.

Married Caroline Nettle.

Sarah (Sophie), born January 6, 1817; died 1888.

Married John Lehmaier.

Seligmann, born July 8, 1818.

Ephraim, born August 4, 1819.



Heyman, born February 3, 1822.

Henriette (Jetta), born March 3, 1823.

Married Philip Nettle.

The children of Dina Lilienthal, who were then in New York, had an inscription carved on her tombstone, many years after it was erected.

*In Loving Memory of the Good Mother*

DINA LICHTENSTEIN

*Died: January 9, 1885*

Her children in North America

Rabbi Dr. Max Lilienthal

Medical Dr. Samuel Lilienthal

Sophie Lehmaier

Henriette Nettle

*"Beyond is the Home, where we will all be united."*

## Munich

ONLY A FEW MILES lay between the valley of Huttenbach and Munich, but for the Jews of the eighteenth and previous centuries the distance was seldom covered in a lifetime. In 1800 there were only thirty-one Jewish families in the capital city of Bavaria. They had no synagogue, no cemetery, and were hedged in by restrictions, such as the marriage statute, which allowed only the eldest sons of certain privileged families to marry legally.

One of the few families possessing the right of residence in Munich was that of Loew Seligmann Lilienthal. He had a prosperous wholesale business there. The parents of his wife, Dina, had their business there.

He brought his young bride from Furth to Munich, and after twelve happy years of marriage her death left him alone with the care of seven children. Max was eleven, Samuel was ten; Sophie at seven tried to be a little mother for them all, and the baby, Henriette, was barely two years of age.

This was a time of profound political change. His fathers before him had known how to move adroitly in the old Bavaria. Ruled by strict etiquette and formal manners, it was less brutal than the other German kingdoms and far more amiable than the Prussian. The Jews were regulated, but the regulations had become fixed in custom for generations. His forebears had earned privileges for themselves and were recognized as leaders entitled to speak for the Jewish community.

This Loew, the father of the Lilienthals who were to leave Bavaria for America, had seen the old order of set ideas and immemorial custom break under the impact of the French Revolution. The Declaration of the Rights of Man had stirred all Europe. By an edict, Napoleon had freed the Jews of France from all legal inhibitions. Wherever his armies had conquered; the bonds had been loosened. When his first child, Max, was only six and a half months old, Loew heard the news of June 18, 1815, that Bonaparte had been beaten at Waterloo. Soon he understood that Metternich was marshaling the reaction, especially in the Germanies. By the time Dina died, the boys were entering their teens and he realized that

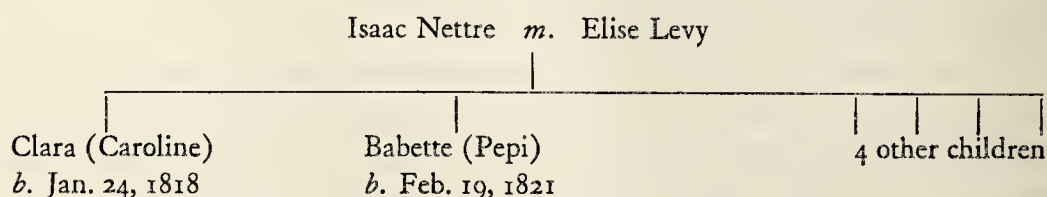
the ideas of the Revolution could not be suppressed and that all the governments which were influenced by Metternich were only holding their power by the employment of secret police.

A new world of ideas had been flung like seeds from Voltaire and the Encyclopedists. The Jews were in this new world and must understand it. The old schools teaching only the rudiments of secular learning and the Torah were not enough for boys entering the new world. So his two older children, Max and Samuel, attended both the gymnasium and the Hebrew school. Many of the intellectual and far-sighted Jews of the day were aware of the new statism as a different thing from the old dynastic rule, and they knew that the spirit of nationalism was hostile to the old customs of Jewish segregation. Throughout the Germanies, Moses Mendelssohn was advocating a reform movement, under which the European Jew could qualify for full scientific and political citizenship only through broader education.

Then Munich too was changed. In the Palatinate and Bavaria, Loew's fathers had been able to gather what money the old electors needed. But now the kings were obsessed with delusions of grandeur. Money from all Europe had to be brought in to build fantastic palaces. So the international banking firm of Solomon Hirsch had its agent in Munich.

His name was Isaac Nettle, a rather stern-looking man with keen eyes. He was a native of Alsace, speaking both French and German. His parents were Benjamin Nettle and Anna Maria Levy. He had married Elise Levy.

Loew Lilienthal and Isaac Nettle became close friends. The growing children saw much of each other. Isaac had five girls; his baby was a boy. Loew had two handsome red-haired sons with delicate white skins.



When the boys were in the University of Munich, Max studying for a doctorate of philosophy and Samuel for a medical degree, they fell in love, Max with Pepi, Samuel with Caroline. These girls had soft brown eyes, black hair, and olive skin.

Samuel was home. He saw his sweetheart regularly and frequently.



In their early maturity he was to go off to America and prepare a home for her. It was a normal courtship.

But Max suffered in himself the whole transition from the old orthodoxy to the reform. Tradition has it that he had promised Dina on her deathbed that he would become a rabbi. He did, a great one, after lonely years for himself and Pepi.

In 1837 Max received the degree he sought. So excellent was his performance in the final examination before the faculty that he was offered a post in the Bavarian diplomatic service. The offer was tempting, and Max was tempted. However, when he discovered that he would first have to embrace Roman Catholicism, he dismissed the honor and remained firm in his purpose to become a rabbi.

He had by this time completed his Hebrew education, including a period of study with Wolf Hamburger, head of a famous academy for higher Jewish scholarship. Hirsch Aub, rabbi of Munich, granted him his rabbinical degree. But he could not get an appointment to a congregation in Bavaria.

The government had issued an order forbidding congregations from selecting candidates who held liberal views. The order had been pushed by elder rabbis, who regarded the reform movement as the destruction of traditional Judaism. The government was amenable because of the Metternich influence.

The disappointed young man occupied himself for two years on Jewish manuscripts in the Royal Library of Munich, and his notes appeared in the only Jewish periodical of the day. Through this work he met Dr. Ludwig Philippson, the foremost German Jew in that uncertain period.

When Uwaroff, Russian Minister of Education, consulted Dr. Philippson on the choice of a young rabbi to establish a government-sponsored school for Jews at Riga, Max was recommended. The Russian Jews had become ingrown from persecution and were clinging to an obsolete way of teaching lest they lose their faith. Uwaroff wanted a persuasive preacher and a teacher conversant with modern methods and scholarship. Max was offered the pioneer post, which he accepted. He left home for Riga, October 8, 1839, a man of twenty-five years.

For six years thereafter Loew was not to see his eldest son, nor Pepi her betrothed. All they received was a series of remarkable letters from a magnanimous, sensitive person full of the love of God and of his fellow men describing the scheming of the persecuted. The Russian Jews had

been forced for so long to live a submarginal existence that they suspected anything the government might offer. Like all such people of every race so treated, they truculently resisted instruction from outside their own narrow circles.

To Max in 1841 the Czar's effort to educate the Jews seemed sincere and disinterested. He wrote to his father: "Am I to believe that God has cast me into Russia merely to humor a whim and that He will thrust me forth again to satisfy His pleasure? I think otherwise when I consider what I have accomplished in seven months."

In April Pepi read these words from Max:

"If God will bring success to the work that has begun so auspiciously; if He will continue to grant me His favor, which He has hitherto so graciously bestowed on me; if, in addition to the staff of the shepherd of His people, He will place in my hands the means of existence, then I hope that the coming year will be one of joy, of happiness, and rejoicing for all of us . . . . I have always sincerely believed, and have found in the past two years my faith so often justified, that he who trusts in God has built on a sure foundation."

The essence of the story, as gathered afterwards in his memoirs and in letters to Loew and Isaac, was that the crabbed old leaders of Russian Jewry were correct in their suspicion of the Russian government. It was using a guileless young man to reform Jewish religious education in the hope of weakening the Jewish tradition and drawing the Jews into the Orthodox Church. The Russian Jewish leaders would at first welcome Max in every locality, keep him busy with interminable interviews and preaching. Then they would heckle him; even abusing him in the streets.

Obviously of great promise, he appealed to matchmakers. Back in Munich, Samuel and all the other young people were helping Pepi to interpret this in a letter: ". . . Wertzenburg has sent his son to me as a boarder . . . . he also wants to give me his pretty daughter, with 10,000 ps. Do not fear anything."

And in a letter he wrote to his father he included: "Only recently I was again offered a marriage with 10,000 thalers . . . . The stupid people! As if love could be bought."

Max was handsome and, though young, distinguished. The old fathers recognized the hazards of the situation. Their anxiety increased. Isaac Nettle grew impatient.

The warmhearted Samuel, too, entertained a deep concern. He loved



his elder brother and felt a brotherly affection for the patient Pepi. He and Caroline drew closer to Pepi, who was supported, too, by such yearning cries as these:

"I wish you all possible good fortune, and happiness . . . and I will pray to my good God—for I have a most kind and gracious God—for your well-being and our approaching reunion." (February 1840)

From many letters we pick this passage:

"Oh, may our kind God hasten these days so ardently desired; may He bring closer the day, when at the altar of our faith, in the presence of God and the world, I embrace you as my own . . . the day will come." (July 1842)

In November 1843, he wrote again:

". . . my homesickness increases. It is such a pure, deep desire that draws me to you; it is such an indescribable presentiment that pictures to me in advance the happy hours I will pass at your side that I do not dare to believe all that I can expect from your love. . . ."

In 1845 the Czar showed his intention. Uwaroff, who had been champion of Max Lilienthal's ideas, was dismissed from the imperial council. The new minister almost immediately began to remodel the Jewish schools. The Talmud was ignored. Only the Pentateuch was to be taught. And Jews were forbidden to live within fifty versts of the borders of Russia.


Max had trusted in the imperial good faith, and his honor and trust had guaranteed that good faith to millions of Jews. The Russians tried to mend matters by guaranteeing him position and salary if he would become a member of the Greek Catholic Church. The second time he spurned opportunity conditional on joining a state religion. Not quite thirty, he had been severely tried. In July 1845, he retraced his steps to Munich.

Meanwhile those two well-informed older men, Loew Lilienthal and Isaac Nettle, had encouraged first Samuel then Caroline, Sophie, Henriette, and Philip Nettle to seek a new life where it was constitutionally recognized that all men are created equal.

The six years Max had thought wasted were to bear fruit later, but then he was without any definite prospects or plans, except one, in view. That one plan was to marry Pepi, who had waited so long. In Munich, with the permission of the Bavarian government, he did marry her on August 27, 1845.

For a time he officiated at the synagogue in Munich, but he felt his prospects poor in a land strong only in hates and fears. The wise old fathers knew what all Europe was to experience in 1848 when the chains of Metternich would break. Max and Pepi, three years before the Revolution, went with their blessing to join their brothers and sisters in New York.

## Pioneer American Physician

AMUEL LILIENTHAL, the second son of Loew and Dina Lilienthal, was born in Munich on November 19, 1815. His education was both intense and broad. He of course attended the Jewish religious school, and in the full tradition of his family was to manifest all his life a confident and tender love of God, and of other persons for the love of God. He attended the gymnasium, where the sons of the German gentry were enabled to master their own language, Latin and Greek, a modern language, a comprehension of history, and mathematics, including the algebras and geometries.

In 1834 he registered for the study of medicine at the University of Munich and was granted his degree of Doctor of Medicine in 1838. He served a year of internship in the Municipal Hospital of Munich.

His father and prospective father-in-law encouraged him to begin the practice of medicine in the new Republic of the United States, where this sound training would be exceptional. Dr. Samuel, accordingly, after receiving the promise of Caroline Nettle that she would follow him as soon as he was established, emigrated to America in 1840.

He knew no English, so it was necessary for him to seek a field of service in a German-speaking community. He probably entered the country at Philadelphia, which was then a preferred point of disembarkation for immigrants. We find him immediately with Dr. Wesselhof in Allentown, Pennsylvania. The country in which Allentown stands is commonly described as "Pennsylvania Dutch." Actually not Dutch, but German in descent, the people of that region had settled their neat farms and built their red brick and white marble-trimmed houses a hundred years before. Their language, which was originally low German, had become by the time of Dr. Samuel's arrival a patois into which English verbs and nouns had intruded to be adorned with German prefixes and endings. Sam, as these most democratic of all Americans were doubtless soon calling him, adjusted his ears to a German that had never been heard at the University of Munich or anywhere else. Any formal German stiffness he may have had was soon adapted to these plain people, who were



intelligent, practical, prosperous, and who talked about plain things bluntly.

While associated with Dr. Wesselhof, who at that time had the only homeopathic institute in the United States, Dr. Lilienthal observed for the first time the practice of a branch of medicine which he had heard mentioned in college. But when he moved to Lancaster, Pennsylvania, another "Pennsylvania Dutch" community, he practiced according to the formulas he had learned at Munich.

When this practice at Lancaster was beginning to prosper, he was drawn into the South, where he was invited by another German community. Near the headwaters of the Savannah River, at the junction of the Seneca and Tugaloo rivers in Anderson County, South Carolina, he found himself secure enough to ask Caroline to come.

She was a strong-willed woman, Sam's Caroline. A picture shows her to have had clear eyes, a generous mouth, large hands, and a firmness of pose that seems completely natural. She had left a physically well-ordered country, every arable acre of which had been carefully worked for a thousand years, to come to the New World, still unshaped and untamed. The ship took her to Charleston, where Sam met her and where they were married on September 4, 1843.

He brought her by stage to the headwaters of the Savannah River. In this land of slaves, she began her life as wife and mother. James, their eldest son, was born on October 3, 1844.

Caroline was to be the quiet driving force encouraging her mild and absorbed physician and student in everything he did. She had a touch of France in her and the well-regulated German background. A meticulous system of comfortable routine governed every day as well as each room in her home. Wherever Sam led she could make a home.

James was three years old and able to travel when they left the South. They returned by stage to Charleston and took ship to New York, where Max and Pepi, their beloved brother and sister, had a welcome for them. Rabbi Max had German-speaking congregations, which gathered from all over New York to hear him, but Dr. Sam had to find another closely knit German-speaking community.

So after the families' reunion, sometime in the year 1847, Dr. Sam and Caroline and little James went by ship up the Hudson River to Albany and then by stage along the route of the Erie Canal to Lockport, New York.

Lockport, then as now, serviced the barges between Lake Erie and the Erie Canal. The town was filled with recent German immigrants overflowing from the great German colony in Buffalo. It was not a health resort, being plagued with sultry heat in summer and arctic blasts through a long winter. There was plenty of work for a doctor who spoke German.

In Lockport, Benjamin was born on April 1, 1848, and Ernest Reuben on August 30, 1850.

It was at Lockport that Dr. Samuel Lilienthal, although conventionally trained in medicine as an allopath, became convinced that homeopathy was a medical method more in accord with nature than any other method then known. Its study and the propagation of its values became the intellectual passion of his life. It is recorded in the *History of Homeopathy*, Volume VI, that Dr. Samuel Lilienthal "witnessing the extraordinary success of homeopathy through the efforts of a resident physician, his love of truth forced him to study this entirely new method of treatment, which he penetrated deeper and deeper, being attracted with every step forward."

S. C. Hahnemann had advanced the idea in 1796 that like sicknesses could be cured by like drugs. The idea was sympathetically received by those physicians and laymen who reacted against the massive dosages of drugs then used in general practice.

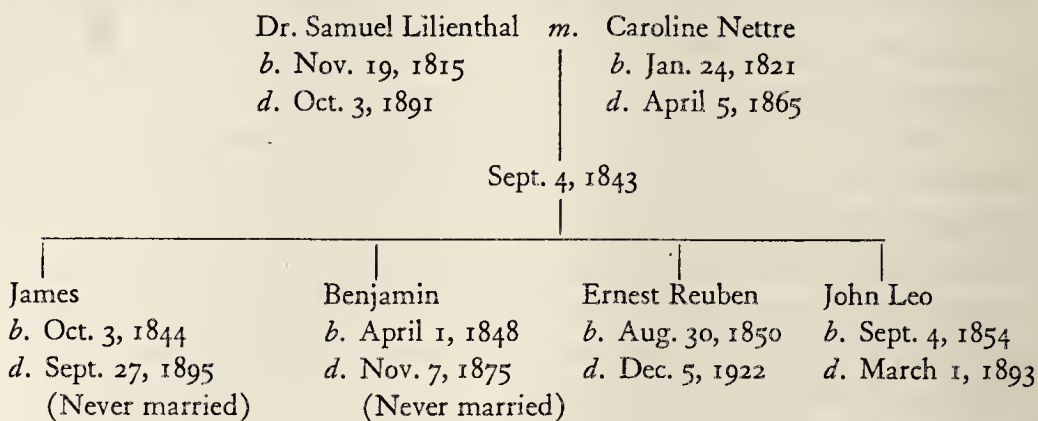
The essential tenet of homeopathy is that the cure of a disease is effected by drugs that are capable of producing in a healthy person symptoms similar to those of the disease to be treated. The intuition of the originators and early practitioners of this method has been justified in the later practices of vaccination, in Pasteur's famous work, and in the widespread use of serums today. Drugs, not germs nor virus, were the instruments of the homeopathic physician. Heir to all the classical medical knowledge, the homeopathic doctor had also this new method to aid him in his fight against disease.

Dr. Sam, as a practicing physician, carried with him and had in his office his own drug supply. Dosages were small. He normally sent no one to a drugstore, but dispensed his own prescriptions immediately, thus benefiting communities that were without drugstores, and lightening the costs and fears of the poor and illiterate.

The rigors of Lockport were too harsh for Caroline, and after the birth of Ernest Reuben in 1850, the family moved to Haverstraw-on-Hudson. Here again Dr. Sam built a practice which grew steadily because of his

success with his cases and because of his geniality and human understanding.

At Haverstraw on September 4, 1854, John Leo was born.



There were no ancient pharmacopoeias out of which to write homeopathic prescriptions. Every case was a challenge to the physician's general knowledge, intelligence, and judgment. The results were interchanged by mail and through *The American Journal of Homeopathy*. Dr. Samuel Lilienthal wrote clearly and with authority. The more zealous American physicians were going to Europe for education. Dr. Lilienthal had been liberally educated in the best European tradition, and he had studied medicine in one of the best schools in Europe.

Within his field, he soon attracted world-wide attention. He could with ease and clarity translate the best-known German articles in the field. He contributed to every homeopathic journal published in the United States. He had won eminence before his boys were out of their teens.

He liked to write and, under the pen name of Uncle Sam, even found time to contribute stories for children to a New York Jewish newspaper.

It was logical that he should go to New York, where he was much respected and where he could provide better educational opportunities for his boys than in Haverstraw.

Dr. Lilienthal was welcomed into the medical ranks of New York City. He was placed on the staff of the United States Homeopathic Dispensary. Later he was appointed to the Chair of Mental and Nervous Diseases in the New York Homeopathic Medical College. He was also





DR. SAMUEL LILIENTHAL



CAROLINE NETTRE LILIENTHAL

professor of clinical medicine at the New York College for Women. For fifteen years he was editor of the *American Journal of Homeopathy*.

As a lecturer he was exact and profound, but easy, genial, and humorous, full of old German "saws." He was the kind of man who could leave a paper on the treatment of the gall bladder and fix a broken toy. He attended to details in medicine. In fact, his zeal for medical detail seems an extension of his human sympathy. No detail in the lives of his sons, his other relatives, or his patients was beneath his notice. And if his income was a sort of unforced by-product of all that he gave, it was enough for the needs of his family.

His boys at their most impressionable age were reared in an atmosphere of study, where to acquire productive knowledge no effort was too great. They were students all their lives.

The one who followed most closely in his father's path was the eldest, James, who also became a homeopathic physician.

We can estimate the significance of these two doctors, father and son, in the retrospects written by their colleagues when their work was done. In 1891, the year of his death, *The California Homeopath* published an in memoriam in honor of Dr. Samuel Lilienthal, part of which reads as follows:

. . . he has done much to mould the mental characteristics of a whole generation of Homeopaths, and of all the great teachers of our school, he also was one of the best known to the general practitioner through his connection with our journalistic literature. As a champion of the pure principles of Homeopathy as interpreted by men like Hering, Dunham, Lippe and Guernsey, to whose teachings he delighted to draw his readers at all times, he did yeoman service to our school. While lacking none of the fervid faith of these great men in the universality of the law, he was free from their dogmatism, and the unchangeable youthfulness of his mind made him ever keenly alive to all questions that lay in the line of progress of modern medicine. To him we were wont to look for the first of the issues of modern thought in medicine and have them illuminated by the light of Homeopathic principles and thereby relegated to their proper place among us.

His breadth of vision and wide sympathy were extended also to his estimate of men. Here was no narrow acceptance of some and blind rejection of others, merely because they represented different manifestations of some deeper truth and by being loyal to this he could be just to all. . . .

There was another estimate in retrospect. In 1887 Dr. Samuel and Dr. James came to San Francisco to be near the rest of the family. But Dr. Samuel could not remain idle. He was soon lecturing to students and



colleagues in Hahnemann Hospital. It was to a group of students and doctors that Dr. George H. Martin made the poignant address, quoted in the Appendix.

When four years after his father's death Dr. James Lilienthal, whose whole life and interest were as linked to his father's as though they were one, died, *The San Francisco Chronicle*, dated September 28, 1895, carried the following one-column article together with a two-column photograph:

#### DEATH OF DOCTOR LILIENTHAL

Expires After a Lingerin*g* Illness.

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Life of an Eminent Physician Who  
Devoted His Talents to the Poor.

Dr. James E. Lilienthal, the eminent homeopathic physician, son of the late Professor Samuel Lilienthal, died at an early hour yesterday morning at his residence, 1316 Van Ness Avenue, after a painful illness of two weeks. The immediate cause of death was paralysis, which set in on Saturday. Until then his physicians and relatives entertained strong hopes for his recovery. Dr. Lilienthal was born in South Carolina, October 3, 1844. His father, the late Professor Samuel Lilienthal, had attained great renown in his profession. He was professor at the New York Homeopathic College, author of leading works on therapeutics and skin diseases, and Editor of the *North American Journal*. On the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation the old University of Munich conferred a special degree upon him, disregarding the fact that the old professor had seceded from the school of allopathy.

Dr. James Lilienthal graduated from the Homeopathic College of New York, then took one course in allopathy at the University of Vienna and one at the University of Berlin, working in the clinics at both places.

In 1888, together with his father, he came to San Francisco, where they soon built up a very large practice. The father died in this city in 1891. Some years ago Dr. Lilienthal established a free dispensary on Mission Street for the benefit of the poor, to which he devoted his time, means, and talent. He was a professor of children's diseases in Hahnemann College, commissioner of insanity, and consulting physician of the San Francisco Nursery for Homeless Children. Of late he suffered from insomnia, and was obliged to take to his bed on September 14. He was attended by a number of the most eminent physicians, and for a time seemed to improve. On last Saturday he was stricken with paralysis, and since then his condition became worse. He expired at 2:30 A.M. yesterday. Dr. Lilienthal was a brother of Ernest R. and the late John Leo Lilienthal, and a cousin of Philip N., Jesse W. and Victoria Lilienthal. The funeral will take place at 9:30 A.M. tomorrow from his late residence, 1316 Van Ness Avenue.

## The American Rabbi

THE ARRIVAL of Max Lilienthal and his wife in New York was an event of importance to the American Jews. He was preceded by his reputation; though a young man, Max was one of the best-known Jews in the world and one of the most favorably known. He and his wife were well received by the Jewish population in New York. Of the four congregations in the city at that time, only one had a resident rabbi, and the poorly organized community was in great need of a leader. Max was invited to preach to the three congregations. His eloquence in German and his courtly manners, acquired from long association with the great and near great of Russia and Bavaria, prompted all three congregations to choose him as their chief rabbi in 1846.

Despite the bitter frustration of the Russian venture, Max's first interest was in the schools, and within two years of his arrival in New York, a Jewish school was flourishing. It later became the highly respected Hebrew Union School.

Besides officiating for his three congregations, traveling to the dedications of many of the new synagogues that were being established throughout the East, and learning the English language, Rabbi Max organized the first rabbinical association in America. The *Beth Din*, as it was called, held its first meeting in October 1846, with Max as its first president and Rabbi Isaac M. Wise, a lifelong friend from Munich, as its secretary. The organization shortly dissolved because of controversies over observances. Its inception did establish a precedent which in later years was to give rise to the formation of the Conference of American Rabbis.

His fame had traveled westward, and he was invited to Cincinnati. On July 15, 1855, Dr. Max Lilienthal was installed as rabbi for life to the Bene Israel congregation of Cincinnati. His efforts at reform brought trouble for him in his new post. Keenly aware of the many practices in the Jewish religion irritating to people brought up in the freedom of the United States, Max desired to abolish these nonessentials rather than lose the younger generations. Through the medium of Dr. Wise's paper, *The Israelite*, Max argued his case:



. . . . It has really very little to do either with the eternally truthful doctrines or with the moral principles of our religion, whether the *Yekum Purkan* is said or not, whether the *Machzor* is recited or not. . . .

What the reform party proposes, it proposes for the welfare of future generations; it wishes to prevent the endless desertions and splits which have taken hold of a large portion of the Jewish community, it wishes to inspire the Jews with a new love for their religion. . . .

Religion and life must be reconciled, is the supreme demand of our times and the just issue of all proposed reforms.

In October 1855, an effort at union had been made by the American rabbis, and a conference was held at Cincinnati. Max was elected secretary of the group, but the differences of opinion, ranging from austere orthodoxy to questionable radicalism, made impossible the establishment of a constructive program. Throughout this conference and the series which followed, Max acted as mediator between extremes, which self-imposed position won for him the title, "Prince of Peace."

Max's stand on reform finally led to the secession of part of his congregation, but the majority upheld its rabbi, and in July 1860 gave him a strong vote of confidence.

The work of Rabbi Max was not alone confined to his co-religionists. His community and fellow men benefited from his interest. In 1861 he was made a member of the Union School Board of high schools, his primary interest being, as always, education of the young. In 1867 he preached in a Unitarian church in Cincinnati, probably the first time a Jew had occupied a nominally Christian pulpit. From then on, Rabbi Max seized every opportunity to preach from Christian pulpits to enlighten the Christian world concerning the fundamental Jewish doctrine and its place in the nineteenth century and in history.

In 1868 Max decided to resign from his position at the Bene Israel congregation and return to New York, where he was offered the position of rabbi at the leading synagogue of the city, Temple Emanu-El. His congregation and the Jews of Cincinnati, as well as many of the generous Gentiles of the city, persuaded him to stay with them. One of the persuasions employed was the building of a new temple for his congregation. It was in his speech of dedication of this synagogue that his attitude toward the establishment of a Jewish nation as a sovereign power was clearly stated:

We owe no longer any allegiance to Jerusalem, save the respect all enlightened nations pay to this cradle of all civilized religions. We cherish no longer any desire for

return to Palestine, but proudly and gratefully exclaim with the Psalmist, "Here is my resting place; here shall I reside, for I love this place."

Max repeated this sentiment often. In one of his addresses in Washington, D.C., he said:

We have given up all ideas of ever returning to Palestine and establishing there an independent nationality. All our affections belong to this country which we love and revere as our home and the home of our children.

Max could speak clearly, and in his definition of an American Jew he spoke as clearly as possible. ". . . In creed a monotheist, in descent a Hebrew, Israelite or Jew, in all other public and private relations an American citizen."

In 1869 another conference of rabbis met in Philadelphia, and in the beginning seemed to assure peace among the different factions. In 1870 still another conference met to write a prayer book for American reform congregations. This conference embodied the reform ideas of Max, Dr. Isaac Wise, and many of the progressive leaders of the Jews in America. As Dr. Philippon in his book, *The American Rabbi*, states: "It was agreed that all prayers referring to the return to Palestine, the sacrifices, the personal Messiah, the bodily resurrection and the angels be omitted."

At this conference Rabbi Max wrote a series of resolutions which can be considered the perfect summation of all that he believed in, and which have had wide influence on the reform congregations throughout America. These resolutions, which were adopted unanimously, read as follows:

At a meeting of the rabbis of various cities in the Union, held in the city of Cleveland, Ohio, from and after July 13, in consideration of the religious commotion now agitating the public mind in both hemispheres, in accordance with the principles of Judaism, it was unanimously declared:

1. Because with unshaken faith and firmness we believe in one invisible and eternal God, we also believe in the common Fatherhood of God and the common brotherhood of man.

2. We glory in the sublime doctrine of our religion which teaches that the righteous of all nations will enjoy eternal life and everlasting happiness.

3. The divine command, the most sublime command of the Bible "Thou shalt love thy fellowman as thyself" extends to the entire human family, without distinction of either race or creed.

4. Civil and religious liberty, and hence, the separation of Church and State, are the inalienable rights of men, and we consider them to be the brightest gems in the Constitution of the United States.

5. We love and revere this country as our home and fatherland for us and our children; and therefore consider it our paramount duty to sustain and support the government; to favor by all means the system of free education, leaving religious instruction to the care of the different denominations.

6. We expect the universal elevation and fraternization of the human family to be achieved by the *natural means* of science, morality, justice, freedom and truth.

The antipathy which Max had formed in Bavaria and in Russia for a state religion was not only in relation to Judaism. He fought against those Catholics and Protestants, as well as those Jews, who had ambition for a union of Church and State. In 1870 the doctrine of papal infallibility was defined. This doctrine teaches that the Pope in Rome, when speaking as the earthly representative of Christ on matters of faith and morals, speaks without error. Rabbi Max rejected this claim, for it seemed to give unlimited authority to a creed alien to the traditions of the United States. Moreover, the Protestants were active in a movement to establish Protestantism as a national religion, which to Max, and for that matter to Catholics as well, was intolerable. In December 1870, Max, in a sermon, took to task a group of ministers who were attempting the insertion of the name of God in the Constitution. He said:

What do the reverend gentlemen mean and intend by inserting the name of God into our constitution? Was the Almighty Ruler of All Nations less God and Father because His holy name was not mentioned in that holy instrument? . . . .

What kind of a Christian nation shall this people be, according to the desires of these reverend gentlemen, a Catholic or a Protestant one? . . . . These gentlemen do not come out in their true colors; they of course mean a Protestant Christian nation . . . . do they presume to avert by such a declaration the dangers they fear from the ever-increasing influence of the Catholic clergy? Do they pretend to put a check on the formidable growth of that Church by adding such an amendment to the Constitution?

They will accomplish thereby neither the one nor the other. They will only add fuel to the threatening fire, and put the denominational antagonists into a well-defined array. . . . .

In these words Max answered the National Reformers, whose avowed purpose was to have Christianity recognized as the official religion of the country:

Nice times these, and a glorious movement this new organization! The trouble is that one cannot reason with bigotry or fanaticism; and that when we Jews protest against this nonsense the rejoinder is made: "No wonder that the Jews . . . . dislike this movement; they do not believe in our Lord Jesus Christ." That we protest as



Americans, or as a race that more than all others has experienced the bitter consequence of a union between church and state and like to warn other people not to revive this dangerous experiment—this fact you cannot demonstrate to these modern inquisitors. For they are neuromanics in this regard and with such men both reason and history are played out.

In 1870 the question of excluding Bible reading from the public schools arose. The Cincinnati school board had ruled that in the future Bible reading was to be dropped from the curriculum of the public schools, and there immediately arose a hue and cry on the part of both Protestants and Catholics. The Protestants claimed that it was a right and necessity in all public schools. The Catholics claimed that the public schools were being made Protestant and that they therefore were entitled to a division of the school funds. Dr. Max had an answer for this also:

The Catholics denounce the public schools as godless and the hotbed of every vice and apply every opprobrious epithet to them. They demand a division of the school fund. What is to be done? Sectarianism must be removed from the schools in order that there may be no just ground left for this demand. But look to the Protestant side. The Protestants come now and say definitely that this is a Protestant country. When I left Europe, I came to this country because I believed it to be free, the God blessed country of all the world.

Even as Max worked to stem the tide of intolerance that had made Europe a volcano of hate, he continued his work in unifying American Jewry. Elected president of the Conference of Rabbis that had met in October 1870, he watched the conference wrecked by the animosity of the various factions in Jewry. But despite the succession of failures Max did not lose hope for ultimate unification. In 1871 he pleaded for the formation of rabbinical schools in the United States, and stressed the sciences and modern methods as essential components for the successful training of rabbis to lead the younger generations—those generations who were wholly American and who felt none of the emotions common to the average European Jew. At length his friend, Dr. Wise, fulfilled his pleas and founded the Hebrew Union College.

As the years went on, Max Lilienthal more and more expressed his love of God through his passion for human welfare. He constantly spoke of religion as the chief aid of man, but held theology as the cause of much suffering in the world. In his speech against those who would have had the name of God inserted in the Constitution he said:

Religion, or rather theology, has already brought misery enough to the human race. Let us not repeat again the terrible lessons taught by history. Let us not be ostentatious and vainglorious with our creeds and doctrines, but rather remember the words of the prophet who defines religion with true divine inspiration when he says: "Man, it has been said unto thee what is good and what the Lord requires of thee: to do justice, to practice charity and to walk in humility before the Lord Thy God." May we be ever mindful of this sublime teaching, and peace and good will shall reign among men to the glory of God and the prosperity of mankind.

The press of activities forced him to resign from the School Board of Cincinnati in 1869 on which he had served for nine willing and effective years. Yet he still found time to be president of the board of trustees of the Medical College in Cincinnati from 1869 to 1870. From 1872 until his death he was a member of the board of directors of the University of Cincinnati. Before and during the years of the Civil War he constantly preached for loyalty to the Union, but when, after the war, he saw the condition of the South, he preached as vigorously for its honest reconstruction and readmission to the Union.

In March 1873, Max Lilienthal and Dr. Isaac M. Wise had another of their dreams realized. The Union of American Hebrew Congregations was formed, and included almost every reform congregation in the country.

A year later Max founded a magazine for children, which he both edited and contributed to. But his literary pursuits did not stop with children. He wrote continuously for the Jewish publications on the East Coast and edited the quarterly, *The Hebrew Review*, which was the new magazine of the Rabbinical Literary Association, of which he was also president.

The city of San Francisco in 1876 heard Rabbi Max preach not only in the synagogue but also in the Unitarian Church.

On his return to Cincinnati the quarrel that had split American Jewry was coming to a close, and during his lifetime Max was to see the majority of reform rabbis of the congregations in the United States work in unison for the betterment of their peoples.

His faith in mankind was never better stated than when, in 1878, Max addressed a group at a concert given to aid a Catholic hospital in Cincinnati. He said:

Love and charity are the celestial means which unite all of us in one band of noble fraternity; no matter what creed, what religion we profess. On that platform



we all proclaim the common Fatherhood of God and the common brotherhood of man . . . . love and charity are the most common and precious jewels of the human heart; the loving heart asks neither of what race nor of what creed we are; it loves and helps and assists, like our Heavenly Father, who takes care of all of His children.

Twenty-five years of service to the Bene Israel congregation and to the city of Cincinnati were celebrated by Rabbi Max and his parishioners on June 19, 1880. Dr. Max was presented with a laurel wreath and heard the tribute of the congregation from its president:

This laurel wreath is an emblem of victory in the great and glorious struggle of religious liberty against bigotry and fanaticism:

Light against darkness and superstition;

Free inquiry against intolerance;

Humanity and brotherly love against sectarianism and hatred.

Charity and benevolence against heartlessness and discrimination; as trophies of war you carry with you the hearts of all the members and a host of friends;


And as fruit of the plant which this wreath represents turns a golden hue as it ripens, so may you live in health, joy, vigor, and usefulness, with and among us until your golden years of Jubilee.

But this final wish of the congregation was not to be granted. Dr. Max Lilienthal died on April 5, 1882.

The sense of loss was keen to the Jews. The city, too, shared their sorrow. Dr. Philippon in his book, *The American Rabbi*, was in later years to give quiet but lasting tribute to Max Lilienthal.

American Rabbi was he in every sense of the word, interpreting the teachings of prophetic Judaism in the terms of American aspiration, and glorifying the Jewish name and Jewish truth in the eyes of all people. Thus served he his God, his country and his fellow men, and his name is recorded high on the register of those who throughout the ages fought the brave fight for liberty, right and truth.

## The American Families

TWO SISTERS were married to two brothers. The four had known each other since early adolescence in Munich. They were all of affectionate and loyal dispositions. This was the fundament of the whole American Lilienthal story.

When he and Sam were old men, Max was to write to his son, Philip:

We all, fathers and sons, have so far worked together to bring the name of Lilienthal honor and credit. Uncle Sam and myself look back on sixty years of sincere, unbroken brotherly love. This remembrance is our joy and our pride. We see it continued in our seven sons; one bond, one aim unites all their efforts, success crowns their untiring efforts with the name of sterling honesty, integrity and manly energy. We feel, heaven be thanked, proud and blessed in our children; and while elated and happy let us drop a tear of ever-lasting love and gratitude on the graves of the two good and peerless sisters who were, alas, not permitted to share with us our paternal love and blessing.

When they were young, these four, the two Lilienthal men were absorbed in their careers, anxious about provision for their growing families, writing to each other, seeing each other when possible. The two Nettle Lilienthal sisters were absorbed in the duties and joys of motherhood, bringing children into the world. Each event in the family of one sister was of utmost importance to the other. And this was the order of their children's births:

James, son of Sam and Caroline, was born in South Carolina, October 3, 1844.

Eliza, daughter of Max and Pepi, was born in New York City, June 4, 1846.

Theodore Max, son of Max and Pepi, was born in New York City, November 18, 1847.

Benjamin, son of Sam and Caroline, was born in Lockport, New York, April 1, 1848.

Philip, son of Max and Pepi, was born in New York City, November 4, 1849.

Ernest Reuben, son of Sam and Caroline, was born in Lockport, August 30, 1850.

Esther, daughter of Max and Pepi, was born in New York City, September 15, 1853.

John Leo, son of Sam and Caroline, was born in Haverstraw-on-Hudson, New York, September 4, 1854.

Jesse Warren, son of Max and Pepi, was born in Haverstraw-on-Hudson, August 2, 1855.

Albert, son of Max and Pepi, was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, August 20, 1859.

Victoria, daughter of Max and Pepi, was born in Cincinnati, June 27, 1861.

There was not a month in the period between 1844 and 1861 when one of the two sisters was not writing to the other that she was expecting. With railroad accommodations steadily improving, each sister, accompanied by a younger child or two, traveled to the home of the other in the weeks immediately before and after births. When Jesse was expected, it was hardly more difficult than now to take Pepi on the train up the Hudson.

It must not be forgotten that, until the first World War, it was usual for families of modest income to live in large houses. The Lilienthal homes were no exception to the rule. There were ample accommodations for the visitors.

Even when Dr. Max moved to Cincinnati, the families remained very close. The sisters visited each other; Dr. Max was often in the East dedicating a temple or attending a conference; and the boys lived in either of the homes as convenience demanded.

The affection natural to the family is indicated in a letter Caroline Lilienthal wrote to her husband, Sam, on one of her visits in Cincinnati. She wrote:

June 12, 1862

MY DEAR GOOD SAM

Yesterday for the first time since I am here, I was disappointed not to receive a letter—which did not suit me at all. I am expecting one today. But I won't wait and consequently embarrass you. We are all well, thank God. As you can tell from Caroline and Werner's letter, we are already planning to leave. Yesterday I spent the whole day with Caroline since dear Max and Pepi were at a wedding. This afternoon we are invited to a picnic, and since the weather is fine we can expect a pleasant afternoon. The moonlight dance on Saturday evening was not altogether successful



because it was cold sitting out of doors. Nevertheless, it was 10:00 P.M. when we got home. Sunday, Dr. Batman came for a visit and, dear Sam, he was so delighted seeing your picture that I could not resist giving it to him. After all, we have another one. He had read your description of scarlet fever in some paper and was very much pleased with it.

I hope that you are all well. It seems to me that it takes a long time getting news from you. As soon as I receive your letter, I shall answer it. Kiss the dear children and give my love to the brothers and sisters and all the others.

Yours,

CAROLINE

The goodhearted tenderness that is evident in the letter above was a common bond throughout the family, and when Caroline died in 1865 the family in New York did not grieve more than did the one in Cincinnati.

Wir liebten Dich immer,  
Wir lieben Dich heut',  
Und Dich lieben in Ewigkeit!

Which translated is:

We loved you always,  
We love you today,  
And we will love you for all eternity!

Those were the words of Dr. Sam and his children which were carved on the tombstone of Caroline Lilienthal.

The widower, Sam, and his four sons became the charge of a young Irish girl, Alice Dickinson, who had been a maid of all work. She had come to the family when John Leo was a baby. Years before, Alice had married a sea captain and had had a child, but both husband and child had died. Alice undertook the entire care of the household, and for years did all the work alone. Up at four in the morning, she did all the washing and ironing before the men came downstairs for breakfast. Not only did she attend to the usual duties of washing, ironing, cleaning, and cooking (she was an excellent cook, and her pies were famous throughout the family), but she saw to it that the evening clothes of each son were in perfect order, down to the last detail, when the young men went to dances. She was treated with the greatest consideration by the family and ate at the family table. In return, she gave her devotion to them without stint. Both Dr. Sam and Dr. James died while Alice was still living, and she remained in the house with one servant as long as she lived. And as long

as she lived in their house after their death, the devoted old woman saw to it that a light was kept burning in the hall until ten o'clock at night, at which time in former years the gentlemen were accustomed to retire. In 1895 Ernest Reuben had escorted her as the chief mourner at the funeral of Dr. James Lilienthal. At her funeral, Dr. Voorsanger, the officiating rabbi, quoted from the Book of Ruth in tribute to her selfless devotion: "Thy people shall be my people and thy God my God."

Max's first daughter, Eliza, in 1865 was married to a clothing manufacturer, Leopold Werner, and lived with him in New York. Pepi wrote Dr. Sam:

I am delighted to know that you approve of our Liza; I knew that you would like her sincerity and that you would rejoice in her honesty and simplicity. The love my children feel for you, and which they were filled with at their first meeting, is that of children for their father, and they will live with your children like one family.

It was but two short years after the death of Caroline that her sister died. Suffering from tuberculosis, Pepi left her Max and handsome children on September 1, 1867, when she was only forty-six years old. A month after her death, Max wrote this to his children:

I received the portrait of the beloved one on Monday morning. The drawing of the features of the face is excellent, and had Varina known her personally he would have been able to add that expression of charm which made her appear so amiable and lovable. Oh, I understand now how Catholics can reverence and adore pictures!

The two widowed brothers were drawn more closely together after the death of their wives. Their own positions were sufficiently assured; their main concern was to guide their children into their vocations.

The two groups of children had been so much in each other's homes that there was no consciousness of distinction between the families; in their attitudes and affections they were more like brothers and sisters than like cousins. Neither of the two brothers, Max and Sam, made distinction between his children and those of the other. Each thought for the children of the other as if they were his own.

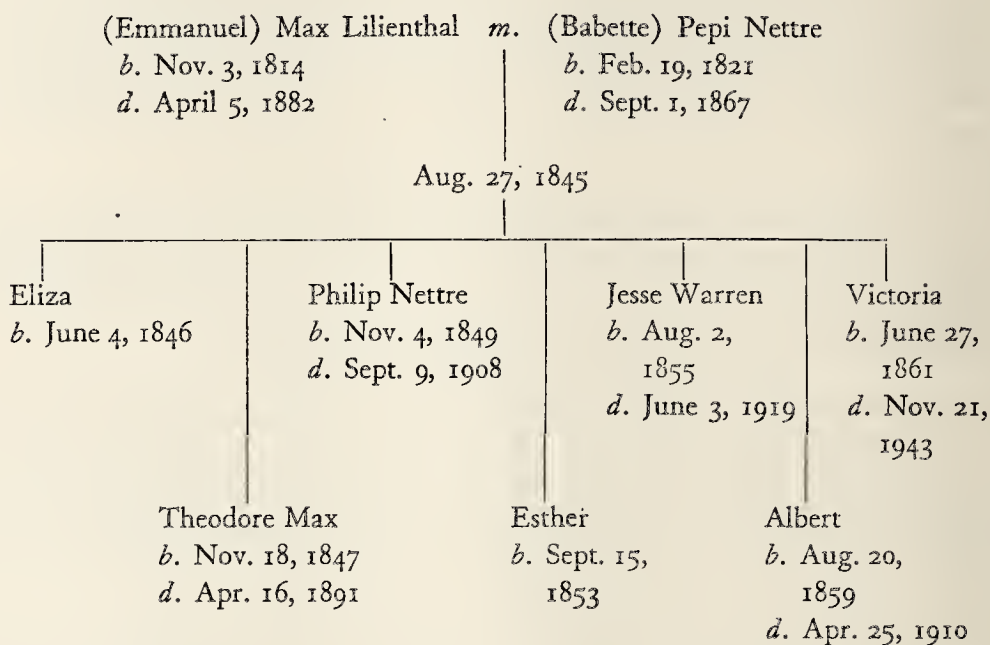
The family began to scatter. James, Sam's eldest, entered medical school. Benjamin, Sam's second son, went to Germany to study engineering in the Mining Academy of Freiberg, where he completed his course with distinction. Eliza, Max's eldest daughter, had married Werner,



and her brother Theodore was sent to New York to live in Sam's house and to work in Werner's establishment.

For help in placing his sons and nephews in business, Max appealed to the Seligmans, old friends in New York, who were bankers. These Seligmans were no relation to the Seligmann Lilienthals, but they must have been very fond of the two gentlemen from Munich. They gave part or full-time work to several of the Lilienthal boys when the latter were starting their careers.

We have given the chart for Sam and Caroline's family. Here is the chart for the family of Max and Pepi:



## Plainsman, Merchant, and Pioneer

THE CHANGES in Bavaria wrought by the French Revolution and Napoleon, followed by the reaction led by Metternich, impelled many Jews to emigrate. Most of them moved no farther into the United States of America than the Mississippi River, but of one hardy character who rode all the way to California our story must be concerned. For a child of his and one of Dr. Samuel Lilienthal were to meet and marry.

Louis Sloss was born in the village of Untereisenheim not far from Würzburg in Bavaria on July 13, 1823. His father, Lazarus Sloss, and his mother, Laura Sloss, were plain working people. Nevertheless, Louis did receive a good primary education. When Louis was but ten years of age, his father died, and by the time he was twelve, the boy was, for the most part, self-supporting. He was apprenticed to a general store, where for more than fifteen years he was schooled in the principles of turnover, stockkeeping, accounting, buying, and persuasive selling. These fifteen years of training developed in him the power of grasping the essentials of problems, business or otherwise. This power plus his innate talents and the loyal support of able associates enabled him in later years to build a fabulous business, with offices in San Francisco and with branches in Siberia, Alaska, and the Pribilof Islands.

But in 1848 Louis Sloss was just one of the thousands of young Germans who took advantage of the lifting of restrictions to go to the United States.

Nearly fifty years later he stated to a reporter of *Emanu-El* (San Francisco, December 20, 1895) "that he came because he had nothing to lose in coming," which means that his growing energies found no outlet in Germany.

Louis Sloss at twenty years was five feet seven inches in height, stocky, muscular, vigorous.

Louis first went to Maxwell County in Kentucky, seeking his elder brother, who had emigrated before him. He did not find the opportunity he wanted in the well-settled slave state. Traveling over the state in

search of business opportunities, he at one time stopped in Mackville. There he met the family of Dr. Richard Hayes McDonald, and later met McDonald himself. The year was 1849, and in California the great Gold Rush was on. Dr. McDonald and Louis Sloss, together with another friend of McDonald's, Mr. C. H. Swift, decided to join one of the wagon trains that were forming at that time in St. Joseph, Missouri, for the trek to California.

The three went to St. Louis, the supply point for the westward trek, then to St. Joseph, where most of the wagon trains assembled. They joined the Allen and Power Pioneer Train, which traveled along the banks of the Missouri River to Kansas City, and then followed the North Platte to Omaha.

After twenty days, cholera broke out in the train and all along the North Platte trail west of Omaha. The wagons were overloaded with unnecessary articles and inadequately supplied with essentials. There was, of course, dissension.

The three young men, who had been riding their own saddle horses, bought three more horses for pack animals and set out on another than the route of the North Platte. They cut across country from the big southward dip of the North Platte and crossed the South Platte on the most direct of the passable routes to Cheyenne. They rode north to cross the Medicine Bow Mountains at what is now Hanna—then through southern Wyoming and north of the Great Salt Lake and over the pass of the Rocky Mountains into northern Nevada.

In Nevada they found a trail, which Route 40 now follows. This trail led them to the Humboldt Desert at the vicinity of what is now Winnemucca. They followed down the river bed of the Humboldt to the Humboldt Sink, where the river disappears into the ground. Near the western edge of the Humboldt Desert they found hot springs, which may have been those now known as Springers Hot Springs.

From the springs they made their way to the Truckee River, where they made a detour to view the skeletons at the scene of the Donner Party's tragedy, and thence over the Donner Pass.

At Emigrant Gap they chose the trail northward to their right, now known as Route 54, to Nevada City, coming down into "the steep hollow" July 18, 1849.

From here they rode through a series of mining settlements until they reached the flats of the American River near Sacramento. When they



LOUIS SLOSS





SARAH GREENEBAUM SLOSS



finally reached Sacramento, they camped at the corner of what is now 6th and I Streets and built their fire.\*

The furnishing of miners with their outfits and stock seemed to offer the best business opportunity at the time, and the three men set up as partners on the seven-foot space where they were camped, between a whisky-bottling tent and another that served as a private home. The walls of these two tents served as walls for the office of the new partners with a piece of canvas across the top as a ceiling. In front they erected an uncovered scantling, leaving a doorway on one side. On the tailboard of a wagon, which was placed in front for a counter, was set a pair of gold scales to weigh the gold dust payments. At the back of the tent by the stump of a large oak tree that had been recently felled, they built their fire and did their cooking; just behind their fire, by the haystack, the animals in which they dealt were tethered and fed.

Dealing in horses, mules, oxen, milch cows, wagons, harnesses, and in any and everything that might be wanted by the emigrants and miners, the three soon had a thriving business. Their store became almost immediately the center of auction for animals in the city of Sacramento. Nearly every new arrival on the coast had something he wished to dispose of, and the store became the headquarters of every man who had something he wanted to sell, exchange, or, sometimes, give away. People were willing to sell at lowest prices because of their eagerness to get to the gold fields, where they were sure they would pick up more in a month than they and their families had ever possessed.

What they could not sell they left on the ground outside. The capital of the infant concern, of which Mr. Swift provided \$2,500, Dr. McDonald, \$150, and Louis Sloss approximately \$150, was doubled and trebled, and at the end of the first seven weeks had passed the \$17,000 mark.

The partners divided the work equally. Louis Sloss acted as auctioneer. He harangued the crowds on the virtue of horseflesh, the quality of this barrel of kerosene, the purity of that cow's milk, or the endurance of the leather in this harness, with the vigor necessary to match the uproarious feelings of a gold city. Dr. McDonald was the buyer, took on all comers, and what he did not know about horses and men he learned as he went

\* That is the route which is best studied on good road maps. Then, having visualized the bare lines of their march, the real sense of hardship and hardihood can only be appreciated by reading the account as told by Frank V. McDonald, which he had from his father, Richard Hayes McDonald. We cannot rewrite it and keep its authentic atmosphere, so we quote it liberally in the Appendix.

along. Mr. Swift, as the heaviest investor, acted as business manager, taking care of the store, keeping accounts, and generally overseeing and directing the whole operation.

The heavy rains of winter with snow at higher elevations put an end to mining operations and, consequently, to all major trading as well. With the return of spring, the prospectors would return to the diggings, and trading and buying would be lively again. The partners decided that they would weather the winter and open when the mines did. They determined to pool their profits and buy cattle and horses, then farm them out on good pastures above Sacramento so that in the spring they would have a full stable of stock in fine condition and ready for use.

With the exception of a small amount spent for necessities, the three invested all their profits and remaining capital in livestock. Unfortunately they had overlooked the great California floods. The rivers in the winter-time rose from fifteen to twenty feet in height and overflowed into the flat valleys of the American and Sacramento rivers. The entire stock of the partners was swept away in the angry torrent of the American River. Springtime came and they had no capital and no stock. They agreed to suspend the partnership. Sloss, McDonald, and Swift parted friends, each to follow his own judgment and to begin the process of building a new business again.

In the year following the flood Louis Sloss met Simon Greenwald in Sacramento, and the two men became partners and established the mercantile firm known as Louis Sloss and Company. The firm, modeled on the lines of a general store, dealt chiefly in groceries, clothes, household goods, and hardware. It was the business which Louis knew best, and after his year as an auctioneer he had made enough friends to assure him a moderately good clientele. In 1851 Lewis Gerstle joined the firm. He too had come from Bavaria.

The firm of Louis Sloss and Company kept the partners busy supplying household goods to Sacramento, and young Sloss made a buying trip to Philadelphia, then as now a great center of manufactured goods. There he met two young ladies, Sarah and Hannah Greenebaum. These two sisters were the adopted daughters of Marcus Cauffman and his wife, their mother having died when they were very young. On July 25, 1855, Louis Sloss married Sarah Greenebaum at Philadelphia. Following a farewell reception at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Cauffman, the young couple sailed August 6 on the S.S. *Daniel Webster* for the Isthmus. They crossed





## The Alaskan Empire

**L**OUIS SLOSS and Company were in San Francisco. Thousands of miles to the north, two little specks in the Bering Sea, which were to be carefully and wisely harvested into a commercial and social empire, were, in the 'sixties, part of the far-flung domain of the Czar of all the Russias. The islands, named for St. Paul and St. George, were, and still are, the mating ground of eighty percent of the fur seals in the world. These islands, with a few other protruding rocks in the Bering Sea, which comprised the Pribilof Islands, were part of the Alaskan Territory. The remaining twenty percent of the fur seals congregated on Behring, Copper, and Robben islands, part of the Komandorskie group on the Asiatic side of the International Date Line.

Before Russia occupied the territory, no human beings had lived on these remote and unsustaining islands. The Russians, however, planted a few Aleuts, an Indian tribe from the neighboring Aleutians, who managed to survive until the American occupation. Under the Russians, these Indians lived in huts or sod-walled and dirt-roofed houses, partly underground. The only wood on the islands was driftwood, which was split and coated with seal fat for fuel. With the coming of winter, especially if the fuel failed, these Indians huddled together beneath piles of skins, and thus lived, sickened, and died. The mortality rate was high, the Russian government unconcerned. Planted there for the collection of skins, the Aleuts killed seals without regard to the reseedling of the stock; the only thing which saved the seals from complete extinction was the lack of an organized market.

From 1861 to 1867 Louis Sloss and Company had offices near the San Francisco water front, which then came up as high as Battery Street. (The Sloss family lived at an early period at Post and Mason Streets, where the Congregational Church now stands.) It was a district where conversation about ships and islands, ports and cargoes, was as commonplace as the day, no matter what particular business one was in. The Civil War had hampered overland trade, with a consequent strengthening of an already powerful shipping activity in the port of San Francisco.

Secretary of State Seward had completed his negotiations with the Russian government for the purchase of Alaska, and on October 18, 1867, the Imperial Russian flag was lowered at Sitka, and the American stars and stripes were raised. A new period of Pacific expansion had begun.

In a letter quoted by Samuel P. Johnston in his book, *The Alaska Commercial Company*, is found an account of the initial transaction on which was built the Louis Sloss and Company's interests in Alaska:

When President Johnson and Secretary Seward sent General L. H. Rousseau from Washington to Alaska in the Fall of 1867 to accept the transfer of the Territory from Russia, a Baltimore merchant named Hutchinson came with General Rousseau from Washington across the Isthmus of Panama to San Francisco on the same boat. During the brief stop of the party at San Francisco, Hutchinson was busily engaged organizing his plans, and when the steamer, *John L. Stephens*, landed at Sitka on October 18, 1867, Hutchinson went ashore before the ceremony of the transfer took place, that afternoon, and when it was over he had already purchased from Prince Matsutouff, the Russian general manager for the Russian American Company, its ships, its houses, and all its property on the Pribilof Islands and was substantially in possession of the fur seal islands of Alaska, as well as its transportation facilities and mercantile business.

What preliminary work had been done in Washington, D.C., Alaska, and in Russia is not known, nor is there conclusive proof that Louis Sloss and Company had a direct interest in the islands at the time of Hayward M. Hutchinson's trip, although it does seem probable that Sloss and his partners were at least consulted during the stopover in San Francisco. Soon after Hutchinson's return to San Francisco, the Alaska Commercial Company was formed on January 31, 1868, with Louis Sloss as president, Lewis Gerstle, vice-president, and Simon Greenewald, purchasing agent. The company was formed to develop the concessions for which Hutchinson had contracted. Besides the three partners as officers, the board of trustees included Hayward Hutchinson, Albert Boscowitz, William Kohl, A. Wasserman, Gustave Niebaum, and John F. Miller.

The first step in establishing a mammoth fur trade had been accomplished; the next was to obtain a lease from the United States government, which had taken charge of all wild life in Alaska, to allow the company the exclusive right to take seals from the Pribilof Islands. To this end, Louis Sloss traveled with his wife to Washington in 1868. While East, on February 28, 1869, in New York City, their youngest son was born—the son who later became Justice of the Supreme Court of California, Marcus Cauffman Sloss, named for his mother's kindly guardian.



While Mr. Sloss was in Washington trying to win friends and negotiate his lease, he was invited to a poker game (in the immemorial manner of the capital city) with a group of high officials, among whom was a Senator.

During the game Mr. Sloss drew a winning hand. The Senator said: "I'll bet you ten thousand dollars I beat your hand." Mr. Sloss quietly laid his cards on the table, faces up. When, having returned to San Francisco, he related the incident to his associates, they reproached him for not betting. But Mr. Sloss replied: "In the first place, the Senator did not have ten thousand dollars. In the second place, that is not what I was back there for."

At the same time, Hayward Hutchinson formed Hutchinson, Kohl and Company for the purpose of acquiring Alaskan assets in general and in particular other seal islands which lay in what was Russian territorial waters. Russian law, however, demanded that at least one partner of any company developing and exploiting Russian resources be Russian in nationality. Louis Sloss took his family by way of New York to Germany; thence he and his wife went on to Russia. There he secured a Mr. Philippeus, who for a consideration of \$10,000 a year obligingly became the Russian partner. Mr. Philippeus never concerned himself about the company after the agreement was made; he visited the office in San Francisco once, but wisely left the business to the other partners.

The company's officers and trustees worked well together, and their combined strength solidly established the seal market of the world. Hutchinson was the negotiator, familiar with the governments and politicians involved; Louis Sloss was the executive, seeing into the essences of transactions and following the development of operations knowingly; Simon Greenewald was the purchasing agent, able, shrewd, and far-sighted; Lewis Gerstle functioned as an alter ego of his brother-in-law, Louis Sloss, and managed the offices and correspondence; Gustave Niebaum, a Finn, was a sea captain, fluent in French, German, Finnish, Italian, and English; William Kohl was another sea captain. These men were the backbone of the Russian venture.

The firm soon took in new stockholders, John Parrott and Charles Augustus Williams. The latter came in through the interests of Williams, Haven and Morgan of New London, Connecticut, who were originally associated with Hutchinson, Kohl and Company in the ownership of buildings and equipment on the seal islands. Mr. Williams had a whaling

and trading concern dealing with the Orient as well as his interests in fur-bearing animals of the Bering Sea.

Mr. Sloss came to the conclusion that he would be able to get the lease more surely and more quickly if he would secure as president of his company the services of a man who belonged, as it were, to Washington political circles. At a trustees' meeting in January 1870, Louis Sloss, then in Washington, D.C., resigned the presidency of the company and Lewis Gerstle, Leopold Boscowitz, A. Wasserman, and William Kohl resigned their trusteeships. John F. Miller became president of the company; Hayward Hutchinson, Louis Sloss, H. P. Haven, and R. H. Chapell were elected trustees.

The new president, John F. Miller, who served from 1870 to 1881, had been a major general in the United States Army under General U. S. Grant during the Civil War, and in later life became a United States Senator. It was he who took over the negotiations for the lease from the government on which Louis Sloss had been working since 1868. Later in 1870 Miller finally secured the exclusive right to take seals from the Pribilofs. In August of 1870 Acting Secretary of the Treasury William A. Richardson issued the formal lease to John F. Miller, president of the Alaska Commercial Company. It permitted the company to kill not more than 75,000 fur seals a year on the island of St. Paul and not more than 25,000 on the island of St. George. The company was allowed to hunt and kill seals only in the months of June, July, September, and October of each year. It was also forbidden the use of firearms in the killing of seals, lest the noise drive the animals from the islands; it was forbidden to kill female seals and seals under one year old; it was forbidden to hunt in waters adjacent to the islands, and it was also forbidden to hunt seals on neighboring islands.

It was further agreed that the company would abide by any future restrictions judged necessary by the Secretary of the Treasury, and that the company would not transfer or assign the lease, which had been signed for twenty years, nor would it distribute any spirituous liquor to the natives except as medicine on a doctor's prescription.

The indenture of August 3, 1870, stated:

And said Alaska Commercial Company, in consideration of their rights under this lease, hereby covenant and agree to pay, for each year during said term and in proportion during any part thereof, the sum of \$55,000 into the Treasury of the United States in accordance with the regulations of the Secretary to be made for this



purpose under said act, which payment shall be secured by deposit of United States bonds to that amount, and also covenant and agree to pay annually into the Treasury of the United States, under said regulations, an internal-revenue tax or duty of \$2.00 for each skin taken and shipped by them in accordance with the provisions of the act aforesaid, and also the sum of 62½ cents for each fur seal skin taken and shipped, and 55 cents per gallon for each gallon of oil obtained from said seals, for sale in said islands or elsewhere, and sold by said company; and also covenant and agree, in accordance with said rules and regulations, to furnish, free of charge, the inhabitants of the islands of St. Paul and St. George annually during said term 25,000 dried salmon, 60 cords fire wood, and a sufficient quantity of salt and a sufficient quantity of barrels for preserving the necessary supply of meat.

And said lessees also agree during the term aforesaid to maintain a school on each island, in accordance with said rules and regulations and suitable for the education of the natives of said islands, for a period not less than eight months in each year.

The Alaska Commercial Company did much better than that. They fulfilled the terms of the contract and their obligations to the natives, as may be seen from a letter written to John Miller by Samuel Willetts in 1880. Willetts was a trustee of the company and a Quaker; he wrote:

Are *we* doing all that we *can do* for those poor laborers who are filling our coffers with gold? Do we sell our goods to them at fair, reasonable prices? Do we pay them fair and liberal wages? Can we improve their houses and better their schools? Is there, in fact, any fault in our treatment of them that can be remedied? I feel that we should do everything we reasonably can for their comfort and improvement.

Hoping thou wilt receive this in the kind spirit in which it is written, and congratulating thee on the great success attending thy efforts as president of our Company, I am, with much respect,

Thy assured friend,

SAML WILLETTS

In his reply Mr. Miller stated:

At the islands of St. Paul and St. George, large and commodious schoolhouses have been erected, and with the assistance of most competent teachers, the children are making satisfactory progress. At the first named island, one of the chief's sons, who has been educated by us in Vermont, acts as principal of the school at a monthly salary of \$40.00, whilst at the latter place, a lady teacher attends. The school books are sent from here, without charge to the parents. . . .

. . . . I have the satisfaction to report to you, that we have erected on the two islands, within the past five years, 85 cottages at an expense of \$50.00, so that at this time, every family is supplied with a good and convenient home, free of rent,

the result of which shows the most astonishing improvement in the sanitation at both islands; nevertheless, we have resident physicians at both St. Paul and St. George, with an abundant supply of medicine, all of which is furnished free of charge to anyone. . . . The supplies we send forward are of the best and most substantial character, selected with the utmost care and bought in this market at the very lowest cash prices and sold there at 15% advance above San Francisco cost, which simply covers expenses of transportation. Each family is furnished, free of charge, a sufficient quantity of good coal to last through the winter and a suitable stove for cooking purposes. . . . The yearly income of the natives on both islands amounts to \$45,000 distributed by the chief in accordance with the work performed by each person, due care is exercised, however, that widows and orphans, as well as those who may be too disabled to contribute their share of the necessary labor, get their proportionate amount to avoid the least possible suffering on that account, and the practice of economy among our employees is sufficiently demonstrated by the fact, that they have now on deposit with the Company bearing 4% interest, \$116,000, out of which sum the savings of the natives amounts to \$64,000.

At Unalaska and on the Russian islands, in the face of competition, the company followed through on its policy of caring for each family comfortably. It never took out seal oil, and it shipped in coal and lumber immediately; later on, when petroleum became available on the West Coast, the natives enjoyed the benefits of its derivatives for heating, cooking, and lighting their homes.

In the 'seventies the company was paying the natives forty cents for each skin taken. The chief was paid the lump sum divisible into seventy-four shares, although, as in 1873, only fifty-six men worked, the other shares being allotted to their church and the widows of the tribe on the islands.

As if furs and trading were not enough, the company engaged in salmon canning, probably induced by the clause in their government lease demanding 25,000 salmon be supplied annually to the natives. Of their new industry J. B. Levison, later son-in-law of Lewis Gerstle, says:

The enterprise of the directors extended to other activities in Alaska aside from merchandising, shipping and furs. In the years between 1880 and 1890 they established six salmon canneries in the territory, the output running into hundreds of thousands of cases of red salmon annually.

Fur skins were packed on the dock in San Francisco in large specially constructed barrels, 3,000 packages a year, and forwarded by rail to New York, and from there transported by boat to the London market. All consignments were made to C. M. Lampson and Company of London.




(Not until 1910 did America learn the processes of finishing furs.) All furs consigned to this firm were sold at public auction. Of one of these auctions Lewis Gerstle wrote:

October 26, 1880  
San Francisco

As you may imagine, that our sale which has taken place in London today, kept me somewhat excited until the results could be ascertained. It is true, previous reports justified the most satisfactory anticipation. There is always an uncertainty about it however, and the only sure thing is the sale itself. Just this moment I received the desired telegram, informing me that 80,000 skins have been sold at an average of 93 shillings, almost beyond belief. I suppose, however, that we can stand it if the fashionable world continues to regard seal skins in the same favorable light as we do for the next ten years. I don't care what will be worn after that.

Another indication of the profitableness of the Alaskan venture is found in the moneys paid by the company to the United States Treasury. Under the terms of the first lease, and its renewal, the Alaska Commercial Company paid the United States government, for the fur seal privilege alone, \$9,473,996. Seward's Folly, as contemporaries called Alaska, cost the United States \$7,200,000.

## The Yukon Gold Rush

HE OPERATIONS of the group as the years went on continued to widen and spread throughout Alaska, according to a report in the minutes of the directors' meeting quoted by Samuel P. Johnston:

In 1901 there was such severe competition among the various business organizations along the Yukon Valley that profit had become impossible. Therefore, a merger was formed, consisting of the Alaska Commercial Company, The International Mercantile Marine Company, and The Alaska Goldfields, Ltd. These were the mercantile companies doing both a mercantile and transportation business on the Yukon. The only large company not included was the North American Trading and Transportation Company, controlled by the Cudahy family of Chicago.

Two corporations were organized, the Northern Commercial Company, to conduct all mercantile activities; and the Northern Navigation Company, which was purely a transportation company. The assets, including land, merchandise and floating property, were turned over to these new corporations. Each corporation had the same incorporators; Leon Sloss, Isaac Liebes, George Higbee and William Thomas, all of San Francisco.

Each corporation had the same authorized capital stock, \$2,750,000; shares par value \$100.00; incorporated under the laws of New Jersey. The stock issued to the various companies was in proportion to the assets which each contributed, the Alaska Commercial Company receiving approximately two-thirds of all the stock issued. This merger resulted in considerable profit for the stockholders.

Subsequently the Northern Navigation Company was sold to the White Pass and Yukon Railway; and the Northern Commercial Company was sold to former employees, headed by Volney Richmond, and known as the Northern Commercial Company of Seattle.

By the beginning of the twentieth century the business of the Alaska Commercial Company dominated the entire north country. In less than twenty-five years it had ninety-one stations and trading posts in Alaska, the Canadian Yukon, and Siberia as far southwest as Vladivostok. From some of the most desolate regions of the snowland came rich furs in demand in New York and Europe. Besides seal skins the company was trading and selling ermine, mink, muskrat, wolf, marten, beaver, land and sea otter, fox (blue, silver, red, white, and cross), bear (brown Kodiak,

blue, polar, and black), as well as walrus ivory, swanskins, whalebone, and raw reindeer.

In the middle of the year 1896, a California miner, J. F. Butler, discovered gold on the Klondike River, four miles outside of Dawson, a town in which the Alaska Commercial Company was well established. Out of that first hole came \$10,000 in the first ten days. On August 12, 1896, George Cormack made his fabulous strike on Bonanza Creek, a tributary of the Klondike, and in seven days there were seven new claims. The rush was on.

The company's station at Dawson was on the Yukon River, water way to the gold fields, 1,700 miles from St. Michael. An immediate problem of supplying the emigrant prospectors that overflowed Dawson and the surrounding territory was met by the company. They purchased great quantities of supplies in Canada to avoid paying heavy duties and stored them in large warehouses built for that purpose until they could be shipped north on flat-bottomed, stern-wheeled boats. The boats, like Mississippi River steamers, were built at Louisville, Kentucky, then dismantled, shipped piecemeal, and reassembled at Unalaska Harbor.

The company was never in the gold-mining business, except when a miner left a claim to cover a bad debt. It supported the Northwest Mounted Police in their efforts to keep strict law and order. The company was interested in everything that would foster peace and comfort in that area. It built a sawmill near Dawson, and erected a steam heating plant to supply heat, for a fee, at the end of the "Coldest Road on Earth," the Dawson Trail.

From their experience in the Gold Rush of California almost fifty years before, the older partners knew how to make money in the gold fields. But they also knew how many were too weak for the trails of Alaska; they kept their prices moderate and took care of the unfortunate. As late as July 4, 1927, Edward H. Hamilton reconstructed part of "the story of a corporation with a soul" when he published in the *San Francisco Examiner* the following letter to M. Lorenz, the company's agent at St. Michael, which had been written in San Francisco on May 7, 1896.

DEAR SIR:

We have been informed that a large number of miners have already started to the Yukon and Stewart River Mines, and it is probable that many others will be attracted to that section of the Territory in consequence of the supposed existence of rich diggings in the district. Considering that the company's station is the nearest



source of supply, an extra amount of groceries and provisions has been sent to you to meet the possible demands likely to be made upon you during the coming winter.

It must not be understood, however, that the shipment referred to is made for the purpose of realizing profits beyond the regular schedule of profits heretofore established. Our object is to simply avoid any possible suffering which the large increase of population insufficiently provided with articles of food might occasion. Hence, you are directed to store these supplies as a reserve to meet probable contingency herein indicated, and in that case to dispose of the same to actual consumers only, and in such quantities as will enable you to relieve wants and necessities of each and every person that may have occasion to ask for it.

In this connection we deem it particularly necessary to say to you, that traders in the employ of the company, or such others as draw their supplies from the stores of the company cannot be permitted to charge excessive profits, otherwise all business relations with such parties must cease, as the company cannot permit itself to be made an instrument of oppression towards anyone they may come in contact with.

It is useless to add that in case of absolute poverty or want, the person or persons placed in that unfortunate position should be promptly furnished with the means of subsistence without pay, simply reporting such fact at your earliest convenience to the home office.

Asking your strict compliance with the foregoing instructions which we hope will be carried out with due discretion on your part, I am, with kind regards to yourself and Mrs. Lorenz,

Yours truly,

LEWIS GERSTLE, *President*

In its pioneering, the company had made much of Alaska habitable and useful. In no place perhaps did it serve better than in the development of Dutch Harbor, a point of interest in the Alaskan phase of the second World War as a fueling station at Unalaska. This westernmost port of America in the north latitudes was developed as a fueling station for government and commercial vessels and a merchandise center for herring fishermen operating in the local waters. The property was sold to the United States government in 1940, a year before the Japanese flew in to bomb it.

### 310 SANSOME STREET

The home office of the Alaska Commercial Company was for years in its own building, a squat, small structure, at 310 Sansome Street in San Francisco. Upstairs the odor of curing furs and raw hides mingled with the scent of tea, which the Russians had taught the Indians to drink. The first floor was hardly as exotic. The entrance opened into a wide empty corridor that ran the entire length of the building back to a large open



room in the rear. Here (except for a rope hoist elevator) a large sandbox for cigar butts and tobacco juice and a good number of plain chairs furnished the barren meeting place of sea captains, traders, and other men full of tall tales, and willing to swap yarn for yarn.

The office proper had three counters for interviewing callers, three long desks at which the bookkeeping of an empire was done, and a sparse collection of other furniture. Against the wall there were two rolltop desks, at one of which Lewis Gerstle sat, and Gustave Niebaum at the other. Between them was a chair for William Kohl, when he came in from his home in San Mateo. In the middle of the room, with his back to the office wall, sat Louis Sloss. He always wore a Prince Albert coat and a stovepipe hat and smoked long black cigars. He wanted and needed no desk; his filing system was under his hat, and any time he wished to write a letter, he could borrow someone's desk or have it written for him. The legend is that he never wrote a letter.

In this atmosphere of Spartan simplicity the partners conducted their world-wide business in a most casual but incisive manner. The affairs of London, Siberia, and New York, the blatant cry of gold on the Klondike, and the mating of seals under the Arctic Circle were heard of, discussed, and dealt with under the hazy glare of the gaslight at 310 Sansome, all without undue excitement.

An idea of the simple, clear, but informal way in which decisions were made may be had from a paragraph in 310 *Sansome Street*, a mimeographed memorandum on the Alaska Commercial Company written by Louis Greene of San Francisco, a nephew of Mrs. Sloss and Mrs. Gerstle.

Our seal leases were highly profitable from the start. Immediately after London sale of the Alaska lot, in October, the average was cabled to our office (a fair average could be sixty shillings per skin) and it required only mental calculation as to the gross amount. The company's dividend was decided upon in about three minutes, in the large front office, in conversation something like this: "Well, Niebaum, I think we can pay \$35.00" (\$35.00 per share on 20,000 shares). "Yes," would answer Niebaum, continuing to turn over the pages of his newspaper, "that sounds all right." And a similarly conducted directors' meeting (after all, we *were* a corporation) took place the following March or April after auction of the Russian skins and all our land furs. . . .

If the office was dull in decor, it seldom was dull from lack of visitors. Most of the more picturesque panhandlers of San Francisco as well as promoters from two continents dropped in. There were officers from the



310 SANSOME STREET





1500 VAN NESS AVENUE



HOME AT SAN RAFAEL

Navy and the revenue cutters; Yerkes from Chicago, who interested the partners in Chicago Street Railways; Elkins and Widener selling Philadelphia Rapid Transit; Irving and Henry Scott, who built the U.S.S. *Oregon*, selling stock in the Union Iron Works; Claus Spreckels with his project to mill sugar from sugar beets; Levi Strauss, the dry goods man; President Jordan of Stanford University; Benjamin Ide Wheeler, president of the University of California; governors of the state of California, Low, Perkins, and Pardee; and General Otis of *The Los Angeles Times*. To these should be added names of men of local importance: Tom Brown, John Parrott, Daniel Meyer, L. L. Baker, Philip Barth, Timothy Hopkins, E. E. Eyre, A. H. Payson, and the charming paragon of bankers, Philip N. Lilienthal.

A picture of the two original partners, Sloss and Gerstle, in their office life is given in Mr. Levison's book, *Memories for My Family*. Of Gerstle he said:

Lewis Gerstle had a most arresting personality. In business, as I have said, he carried dignity almost to the point of austerity, due to an inborn reticence. He had little of the sociability that marked his partner and brother-in-law. Business was business with him, and generous as he was in every business or other relationship, he expected from others that punctiliousness which he himself so carefully observed. But at home, with his family around him, he was quite a different man, affectionate to a degree that would have surprised those who only knew him in business.

Of Mr. Sloss, Levison wrote:

Mr. Sloss . . . . was sociable and genial in his ordinary relationships, a "good mixer," as the phrase goes; one of the best liked men in the state, active in politics and in everything of public nature. In business Gerstle was essentially an office man and the more conservative of the two; Sloss was inclined to be speculative and was definitely a politician, in the broadest and best sense of the term.

At the end of the Yukon gold rush, the Alaska Commercial Company could hardly be traced to the original Louis Sloss and Company of Sacramento. Louis Sloss's sons, Leon and Louis Jr., and William Gerstle continued to carry on the business. The younger men traveled to Alaska to study and learn about the business their fathers had built without ever once having seen Alaska. The company was more than a business; it was a monument to strong-willed, rugged, individualistic men, who overcame all obstacles and won.





PART TWO

Ernest Reuben Lilienthal



## Ernest R. Lilienthal and Lilienthal and Company

**E**RNEST REUBEN LILIENTHAL, third son of Dr. Samuel and Caroline Nettre Lilienthal, was born in Lockport, New York, August 30, 1850. His mother died when he was fifteen years of age, and during the following year, 1866, his senior year in high school, he worked part time at the Seligman bank in New York. After graduation he continued to work for the bank until, in 1867, Dr. Max suggested that he come to Cincinnati to study law. Ernest accepted his invitation, and graduated a Bachelor of Law from the Cincinnati Law School. He also read law and served as a clerk in the offices of Hoadley, Jackson, and Johnson, with which firm Alphonso Taft, the father of President William Howard Taft, was a partner. Ernest was admitted to the bar, but never practiced professionally.

Ernest Lilienthal was neither the son nor the nephew of a businessman. In his background there was no pressure of example to force him to become one. Dr. Max and Dr. Sam had managed to keep their families comfortably and to educate their boys. They had had good sense in money matters, but they were not dedicated principally to making money; nor was Ernest. Max, because of his contacts with big businessmen, had foreseen the growth of American business and its far-reaching effects on the status of the family, and it was probably through Max that Ernest was influenced to become a merchant.

Max and Sam envisioned the economic future of the United States; they appreciated that it would offer multiplying opportunities to those engaged in business; but they also understood that there was no security, no assured progress for a man and his family, unless the business which was their economic support was personally owned by them. From their own experience, they were well aware that a professional man, whether a rabbi, a physician, or a lawyer, no matter how successful, depended entirely, and every day of his working years, on his own health and energy. They realized that if the professional man once stopped working, he must depend completely on his savings, since his income would cease with the



suspension of his personal services. The professional man must live by a single fee from each of the comparatively few services he can perform, or on a flat salary, while the businessman is able to take a small profit from each of a multiplicity of transactions and build an organization not completely dependent on his individual effort. It was to establish such a business that Ernest Reuben aspired, when an opportunity in San Francisco was arranged for him.

Rabbi Max had a great friend in his Cincinnati congregation, Julius Freiberg. He was the head of Freiberg and Workum, wholesale liquor dealers, rectifiers, and distillers of whiskey in Kentucky and Ohio.

Max persuaded Mr. Freiberg to employ Ernest, who first worked in the blending department and then was sent as a salesman to New York City. He made good, and Max then suggested that Freiberg and Workum arrange that Ernest follow Philip to San Francisco, and on credit from Freiberg and Workum take their products into the San Francisco market. Mr. Freiberg, with kindly humor, took Max's endorsement for the credit he extended, and Max and young Ernest solemnly signed a partnership agreement. It was really Max who got the credit, trusting that Ernest would redeem it. This agreement preceded the Pact (see page 69) by ten years and was the beginning of Lilienthal and Company.

On his arrival in San Francisco in the summer of 1871, Ernest immediately rented store space at 223 California Street, and displayed the sign of Lilienthal and Company. In the beginning he bought only from Freiberg and Workum of Cincinnati, Ohio, operating as a wholesaler on their merchandise but in business for himself.

The principal brands in their stock were "Cyrus Noble," named for the superintendent of the Freiberg and Workum Distillery at Lynchburg, Ohio, and W. A. Lacey Whiskey. Under their own formulae many other brands were blended and sold.

The whiskeys were brought out in barrels, frequently by sailing ship around Cape Horn to speed the aging through continued agitation in the hold of the ship, and on arrival were either sold by the barrel or bottled and sold by the case.

Until their deaths a great friendship existed between the Freibergs and the Lilienthals, with a special feeling on Ernest's part toward J. Walter Freiberg and his brother, Maurice.

A good salesman, Ernest talked freely in a deep baritone voice. His reputation for fair dealing, his judgment of markets, his ability to make

quick, sound decisions, and the assurance he had for his product won him a respect not always accorded to those in the industry. In the leisurely San Francisco of the 'seventies, there was time for conversation. He could talk well and, as a result of his training in Cincinnati, could argue in legal terms on almost any subject. He rarely showed anger and never grew personal—a quality which his customers enjoyed. Ernest and his brothers and cousins were not people who became personal about anything. The customers got good liquor and a lot of interesting conversation, besides the urbane comments on what was going on on the other side of the Mississippi, whence most of them had come.

As the firm expanded, it naturally took on more employees, one of whom was Hugo Arnhold. Arnhold functioned as a traveling representative of the firm throughout California and Nevada. One of his more spectacular sales was in Eureka. Eureka, a wide-open mining town in Nevada, had been completely gutted by fire. All the liquor of the town had gone up in smoke, as well as the houses and stores, and Arnhold was given an order for whiskey and the like, which took almost all of the company's stock. In San Francisco, a debate ensued as to the wisdom of shipping almost the entire stock to one place, but Ernest decided that the order should be filled. There was always more to be had, and a sale was a sale.

Ernest soon sent for his brother, John Leo. Leo was a quiet, methodical young man. He became invaluable to Ernest, relieving him of the details of the inside office and warehouse. Leo took charge of blending and bottling operations and tended to inventories, incoming shipments, invoices and deliveries, and accounting.

Albert Lilienthal, Max's youngest son, next joined the family group in San Francisco. He came with the intention of developing the hop and grain business of the company. Though he was successful, he did not like California, so he returned to New York, where he and Theodore formed Lilienthal Brothers, which firm, among other activities, acted as the Eastern representatives of Lilienthal and Company in San Francisco. The San Francisco firm bought hops in California, Oregon, and Washington for Lilienthal Brothers, New York, which in turn disposed of them to brewers throughout the Eastern states. Albert was the moving spirit in the hop business, dictating the buying on the Pacific Coast.

The Telegraph Code of Lilienthal and Company, dated May 1, 1887, shows the following articles dealt in:



Barley	Beans and Peas
Corn	Flour
Hops	Malt
Salmon	Seeds
Oats	Rye
Spirits	Wheat
Wool	Borax

Lilienthal and Company also dealt in ship charters. They purchased cargoes of barley loaded by Balfour-Guthrie, William Dresbach, Eppinger and Company, and Isaac Friedlander and sold to Joseph Dewar and Webb of Antwerp.

During its first ten years, the business of Lilienthal and Company had grown steadily. All through the 1880's their salesmen, selling a full line of American liquors, as well as the products of W. and A. Gilbey and Robt. Porter of London, traveled on scheduled routes not only through the Pacific Coast states, but also through Arizona, Nevada, Idaho, Utah, and Montana. They were also opening markets in the Central American Republics and in Mexico. Before Ernest was forty years of age, his company had become the largest wholesale liquor firm in the entire West.

In its early days, Lilienthal and Company did an extensive business. Its offices were run without either waste or flurry, but employers and employees worked a full six-day week until the custom of closing Saturday noon was established throughout the West. Though none of the employees worked on Sundays, Ernest never missed walking down to the office on Sunday morning, except when he went to Pleasanton or Sacramento, or when he was living in San Rafael.

In the 1890's the liquor interests of the firm of Lilienthal and Company were separated from its other activities and, though they remained under the same management, were incorporated as the Crown Distilleries Company. The officers of the corporation were Ernest, Philip, and Jesse Lilienthal and Louis S. Haas.

Benjamin, Ernest's eldest son, started in Crown Distilleries Company in 1896 as a junior clerk.

Before Sam, the second of Ernest's sons, began his business career, he was sent on an educational trip to study methods: first, to Freiberg and Workum in Cincinnati, then to their distilleries at Lynchburg, Ohio, and to other distilleries at Peoria and Pekin in Illinois, and at New Orleans.

It was typical of Ernest to give his sons the best possible preparation for their tasks. This policy was made manifest in the program for Sam.

Sam entered the bottling department of Crown Distilleries in San Francisco in 1904. Later he moved to the rectifying department, and finally into the front office.

Anticipating the passage of the Prohibition Amendment, Ernest decided in 1917 to liquidate Crown Distilleries Company. His younger son, Sam, joined Haas Brothers in September. Ben, his eldest, conducted the liquidation. This was the only firm in the industry which foresaw that prohibition would not be of short duration. Crown Distilleries sold out its stock completely.



## Ernest and Bella

UNLIKE THE ESTABLISHED, long-enduring societies of the East, that in San Francisco in 1871 was new, hearty, and sometimes rough. But the town was still small. There were people of refinement and culture who welcomed acquaintance with newcomers of their own kind. So it was that Philip Nettle Lilienthal, himself a recent arrival, was able to introduce his young cousin Ernest to numerous acquaintances and friends.

Ernest was distinguished in appearance and refined in manner, but not lacking any virile characteristic. He was five feet eight inches tall, had a barrel chest, and, though his hair was dark brown, his stylish mustache and full beard were tinged with red. His features were finely modeled, his forehead high, his mouth firm, and his chin aggressive, though his eyes were kindly. One of his daughters describes him as having had "perfectly beautiful, intuitive manners." He carried himself easily and well. His clothes were in good taste, but generally conservative.

The two young men and later Ernest's brother, Leo, lived in bachelor quarters on Kearny Street, where in 1871 the best stores—Madame Brownlee's, the Golden Rule Bazaar, and the Emporium—were located, and where all San Francisco was accustomed to promenade. On the Fourth of July the street became wild with patriots, and in rooms such as those of the Lilienthal boys, parties gathered to watch the mammoth parades. One of these parties is still recalled by Mrs. Harris Weinstock, who attended it chaperoned by her mother. There was a piano in the boys' rooms and Mrs. Weinstock still remembers playing it. She adds, "When the chaperone was not looking, Phil kissed me on the back of the neck."

Business and social inclinations took the young men out visiting and dining several times a week. One of the houses in which they dined was the home of a wealthy merchant, Louis Sloss. It was there that Ernest Reuben met Bella Sloss and fell quietly in love.

Bella Sloss was about eighteen when Ernest met her. She had large, soft eyes, a full, sweet mouth, and long, black hair. Shy and retiring, Bella was the darling of two very protective parents. Born in Sacramento

on September 7, 1856, she had come to San Francisco with her parents after they had been flooded out of their home on M Street by one of the frequent overflows of the Sacramento River. A story is told of how Bella, then only six years old, was handed out of a second-story window into a rowboat.

When Bella was thirteen years of age the Sloss family went to Europe. Bella was boarded in a school at Frankfort on the Main. She was miserable there, for the food was poor and the rooms were unheated. She recalled later that she was obliged to break the ice in the water pitcher before washing in the morning. On arriving back in San Francisco, she had a severe attack of typhoid fever. As a result of these sufferings, she was never robust, suffered from nervous headaches, and had to wear glasses continually. She was often heard to say in later life, "You know, I think I must have been born tired." But Bella had quiet grace, and though not vivacious, she had charm. And Ernest loved her.

Among self-respecting people in those days, a suitor found himself obliged to win the confidence of the family of his beloved before he could hope to win her. Ernest was no exception. Louis Sloss was known as a stern employer, strict in the conduct of his business, and as a man who was grave but just with his employees. And not only Louis had to be won to the cause of the young lover. Sarah Sloss, Ernest felt, held her daughter as her dearest possession, and did not relish the idea of parting with her so soon.

In Sarah Sloss, Ernest found much to admire. Though her eyes were piercing, she always had a slight smile, kindly but noncommittal. She enjoyed being a wife and mother and accepted warmheartedly what she considered her stewardship of the less fortunate. Many years later, a tribute to Sarah Sloss illuminated her quality and character:

It is easy to say that a woman is good and true and kind, good tempered and all that, but this would be giving a very indefinite description of Mrs. Sloss, who was one of those rare women of whom it could be said that she had no enemies, nor could there be found in all the town anyone who was not loud in her praises. Good women there are many, it is true, but how few, who have not at sometime or another given offense, though innocently—do what she might—and we need not say that whatever she did was proper and modest in the highest degree—she was admired for doing it in a way far superior to anyone else. Her presence in a sick room, in the hovel of the poor, was to them like the noon day sun, radiating brightness to the remotest nook. Her smile brought comfort to the oppressed and discouraged, and her hand gave liberally to the needy. Oh, that we could have an insti-



tution in which the sentiments and traits of this good woman could be taught to the girls of this present day! What a noble example she would be, and how much better would our future mothers be!

From what Ernest wrote to New York we know he admired Sarah, and was dreaming that Bella, as her mother in hers, would reign in his home. Finally the day came when Ernest asked Louis Sloss for the hand of his daughter.

Without wasting words, Mr. Sloss came right to the point. Bella, he felt, was too young to marry. That settled it. He had not said "no" absolutely, but then again he had not said "yes" and so Ernest Reuben settled down to courting Bella.

Ernest called regularly on the formal Sunday afternoons, nor did he neglect to take advantage of whatever times Bella could arrange in the midweek.

Bella's piano became the trysting place of the lovers, for Bella was an accomplished musician and played in several quartets. Besides, the tone of the instrument covered the whispers that make the real music in any courtship. Mr. Sloss smoked his long black cigars, tilted to one side of his mouth, and watched the sessions at the piano with tolerant interest. Louis Sloss knew that whoever married Bella was marrying the family as well, because it was the kind of family in which the bonds of affection could not be dissolved by the heat of a new love. The girl was closely attached to her mother, and she would remain so always. Ernest was serving an apprenticeship to marriage, and Louis Sloss was his master.

For a second time, Ernest proposed for the hand of his Bella. For a second time, Mr. Sloss put him off, but not as emphatically as before. As far as Ernest could tell, there seemed to be a question the older gentleman was pondering. Perhaps Mr. Sloss could not be as blunt in his own home as he could be in his office. Ernest left the question unasked but not unanswered. Long after, he himself reconstructed the interview. He said boldly and frankly at the time:

Mr. Sloss, I should never have asked for the hand of your daughter if I were not satisfied that I was able to properly support her; but I mean that you shall be satisfied too, and I do not ask you to take my word for it. Any time it will be convenient for you to call at my office, I will open my books to you, and I think you will be satisfied that the work I have done since coming to this city has been to good advantage, and I have sufficient confidence in myself to feel equally hopeful of the future.

Ernest took a breath and was ready to go on, but Mr. Sloss cut him off kindly: "Ernest, you can rest assured that when the time arrives for Bella to get married I will not stand in the way if your and her paths are led together by fate."

Bella and Ernest evidently had a conference with fate. The mother also noticed that her four sons all liked Ernest. Not long after this interview, envelopes containing three cards—Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sloss, Hannah Isabelle Sloss, Ernest Reuben Lilienthal—were sent out. In the 'seventies, formal engagements were announced by enclosing in one envelope the visiting cards of the parents of the prospective bride, of their daughter, and of the daughter's fiance.



## Mr. and Mrs. Ernest R. Lilienthal

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Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sloss

REQUEST THE HONOR OF YOUR PRESENCE

AT THE

MARRIAGE OF THEIR DAUGHTER

*Hannah Isabelle*

TO

*Ernest R. Lilienthal*

ON WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, MAY TENTH

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SIX

AT FOUR O'CLOCK

1500 VAN NESS AVENUE

SAN FRANCISCO

---

**H**AMMERS and saws were pounding and singing in the garden back of the big house on the northeast corner of Van Ness Avenue at Pine Street. A pavilion was being built on the lawn on the Pine Street side for the wedding dinner and the dancing afterward. On California Street above Franklin, a three-story house with basement on a wide and deep lot was being built on order of Louis and Sarah Sloss as their gift to the bride and groom. Drs. Samuel and Max Lilienthal were on their way. The bridesmaids who flew about excitedly were Barbara Felsenthal, Emilie Wormser, Carrie Greenebaum, Linda Arnold, Clara Greenebaum, and Fannie Greenewald. Leo and Philip Lilienthal were to stand up with Ernest.

The "Wedding March" by Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy was played allegro vivace by piano and strings as the grave young bride moved serenely to meet the full-whiskered groom facing the Reverend Doctor Elkan Cohn, Rabbi of Temple Emanu-El of San Francisco, and his beam-ing assistant, Dr. Max Lilienthal.

When the guests gathered for the wedding dinner, they found the menu printed in gold letters on white silk (reproduced on opposite page).



# MENU

HUITRES	De l'Est.	
POTAGES	A la Royal.	A la Bahal.
HORS D'ŒUVRES	Salade d'Anchois.	Olives.
	Salade de Crevettes.	
POISSON	Sole à la Normande.	
	Truite à la Vénétien.	
ENTRÉES	Bouchée à la Reine.	
	Grenouilles en Caisse.	
	Poulets à la Toulous.	
	Filets du Boeuf à la Godard.	
LÉGUMES	Artichauts à la Périgole.	Petits Pois.
	Asperges à la Anglaise.	

## ROMAIN PUNCH.

ROTIS	Selle d'Agneau.	
	Turkey Truffé.	
	Salade de la Saison.	
PIECES FROIDES	Galantine de Dinde à la Parisien.	
	Pain de Foie Gras en Bellevue.	
ENTREMETS	Gelée Macedoine.	
	Oranges au Marasquin.	

## GÂTEAU DE NOCE.

PIECES MONTÉES	Cornes d'Abondance.	
	Château sur Socle.	
	Charlotte Napolitaine.	
	Corbille en Meringues.	
	Rage d'Abellies.	
GLACES	Corbille Jardiniers.	
	Fort sur Socle.	
DESSERT	Bonbons et Montées Françaises.	
	Fruit Frais et Glacés.	
	Gâteau de Noce etc.	



A press clipping from one of those old wide-columned papers reported:

HEIRESS WEDS PROMINENT  
MERCHANT

Town House on California Street will be  
Erected Later.

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(Daily Report)

San Francisco, May 10, 1876

Witnessed by at least one hundred and fifty relatives and friends of the bride and groom, the wedding of Ernest R. Lilienthal and Hannah Isabelle Sloss took place this afternoon at four o'clock at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sloss, 1500 Van Ness Avenue.

The ceremony was performed by Rabbis Dr. Max Lilienthal of Cincinnati, and Dr. Elkan Cohn of this city.

A spacious tent was erected to the south of the house on the Pine Street side and covering the entire lawn, affording a splendid dining and dancing hall. The house itself was elaborately decorated with choicest California flowers.

The Centennial Exposition will attract Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Lilienthal, who will spend the greater portion of their honeymoon journey in New York and Cincinnati.

Dr. Samuel Lilienthal and Rev. Dr. Max Lilienthal, the father and uncle respectively of the groom, will accompany the young couple on their eastward trip.

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Louis Sloss knew that he had put on a wedding as lavish, but in good taste, as the Electors of Bavaria had for their princesses.

For a wedding gift Ernest gave Bella a set of solitaire diamond earrings. (He later asked her not to wear them, for they seemed too ostentatious. They were finally made into a brooch.)

The young couple and the two venerable brothers went to Chicago in one of Mr. Pullman's new Palace Cars. Bella was glad to have time to know the two elder Lilienthal men, with whom she had hardly become acquainted in the rush of wedding preparations. The party separated at Chicago, and the young couple went on to the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, then lovely and serene in late May and early June. We may be sure that Rabbi Max, to whom the Declaration of Independence had become another holy book, instructed them well as to the significance of the Centennial.

Ernest and Bella found Philadelphia pleasant, hospitable, and stimulating. The city was crowded with distinguished guests, among whom

was Dom Pedro, the genial Emperor of Brazil. They visited the Exposition buildings and were entertained in the Victorian drawing rooms of their friends. In such society Ernest, always rather Victorian in appearance and manner, seemed particularly at ease. Nor was his lively mind unstimulated by the experience. He gathered at the Centennial a great many ideas which later manifested themselves in his contributions to the development of the West.

To Emilie Wormser, Bella wrote:

NEW YORK, June 24th/76

MY DEAR EMILIE:

As I know from experience, that although you hear from me altogether, it is nevertheless pleasanter to have a letter all to yourself. That I was pleased with your dear letter, I need not tell you, and would have answered it before, but as you can imagine, and no doubt hear through dear Mama, my time has been very much taken up in going from one place to another, and making calls and going out to dinners etc. Although this kind of enjoyment is very acceptable for a little while, nevertheless it is tiresome, and I assure you, I shall not regret it none the least, when the time comes, which is not very far distant, for us to turn our step toward home, and certainly *the* place to live.

As you can imagine, I have seen your brother *Samy*, who looks very well, and enjoying himself together with Leon, Emil and the rest of the boys. I suppose they will go over to the Centennial next week.

We were in Philadelphia for four days last week, and enjoyed ourselves very much; that is Carrie, Erny and myself. It is really something grand, but as you can imagine, we did not see everything in four days. We only had a general view of everything in passing up and down the aisles, which was all we could do. I have seen a good many people who have been to the Paris and Vienna Expositions, and still say that this is the grandest. How true it is I cannot tell, as neither of the two Expositions had the extreme honor of my presence. We were also two days in Washington where we had a splendid time.

You, no doubt, with the rest of the girls were to Flora Brandenstein's wedding and I certainly expect a complete description of it soon.

Now dear Milly, I must close, as I must write to the rest of the girls this morning, with much love to your dear Parents and yourself, and write soon again

to your loving friend

BELLA

My dear Erny, as well as my dear Father send love.

Bella, all of her life, proved to be a good correspondent, especially with the members of her immediate family. Whenever one of them arrived in a new city, there would be a letter waiting written "by dear



Mama," even in her last years, in a clear, legible hand as neat as engraving on copperplate.

#### DOMESTIC IDYLL

The house at 1818 California Street was ready for the Lilienthals when they returned. It still stands, strong and solid and well designed. The wooden exterior of the house was painted a grayish-green. On a broad lot, it gives the appearance from the street of being a two-story house. It has a full basement and three stories above the level of the garden. The front and main entrance opens on a shallow vestibule; another, a quarter way down the east side, is sheltered by a porch and leads to the garden. It was added later to give the children easy access to the garden.

The interior layout was of the fashion then prevailing in New York and Philadelphia. All the ceilings on the first and second floors were high. On the west side was the long hallway, enclosing stairs with hardwood banisters. On the first floor to the right was the formal drawing room with a deep carpet woven with dark red roses. Visitors, and of course the family, were protected by four small, fat angels in the corners of the ceiling.

Back of the parlor with its gilt chairs and piano was a second parlor, sliding doors separating the two social rooms. Back of the parlors was the dining room, the width of the house, and accessible from the hall; beyond, the pantry and the kitchen, all large. On the second floor were the master bedroom with a bed alcove and bath, and three other bedrooms and another bathroom. There were back stairs for service and additional bedrooms and a sewing room on the top floor. Laundry and playrooms and the central heating plant were in the basement.

Into this house, which by mid-Victorian standards was regarded as of normal size for newlyweds, the publicly timid Bella entered with assurance. She and Ernest knew that all else was prelude. The dignity of their first home was a fitting frame for the depth of their affection for each other. In the peace of their own home they realized the full promise of their romance.

When Bella came down to breakfast their first morning at 1818 California Street, she found a little pile of gold pieces beside her plate. Shyly she smiled at Ernest. It was a custom of the gentlemen of San Francisco at the start of every week to give their wives gold for household expenses.

On this morning as on all others, Bella's domestic routine was pat-



1818 CALIFORNIA STREET





1510 VAN NESS AVENUE

turned from her mother's. When she kissed Ernest good-bye in the little vestibule, she went upstairs to plan menus and the necessary marketing before she dressed. In her reticule were placed bright new gold pieces with which she would pay cash for her purchases.

Home again, she moved with delight through the rooms and patted the linen in the closets. There was a place for everything and everything was in its place. In the afternoon her mother, Sarah Sloss, called in the carriage to enjoy with her daughter a drive and much talk about the wedding trip and all the family. Then Bella had a little nap and dressed for the evening. When Ernest returned from the office, he had time to freshen up and then they went down to their first dinner in the dining room. She gave him all the news about the family and he told her what had transpired at the office during his absence. It was all good news.

They were young, but they were mature. The material sustenance of their marriage was sound. Psychologically and emotionally they were certain that they were laying a solid foundation for happiness.

Neither Ernest nor Bella suffered from fear. Their adjustments to each other were not a matter of compromise; they were one, each desiring the other's happiness and welfare. Ernest wished Bella to want for nothing. Bella found her self-expression in Ernest's contentment and success. They sank their roots deeply as the days and nights passed. They knew their marriage was as permanent as their lives. In their communion was a nurturing of aptitude for generous community feeling with the other Slosses and Lilienthals.

Each little problem that came up was serenely faced. Customs were established. Home life was a restful ritual, restoring depleted energies. Ernest, who would not take a drink all day, on his return home would usually go to the dining room for a relaxing nip before he dressed for dinner. The dinners were always on time and at the same time year in and year out. The regularity soothed his nerves and kept him strong.

Ernest and Bella recognized in marriage a high vocation. Bella loved her domestic role. With him, the home came first, and after it the business, which was but the means of keeping the home prosperous and happy. They were not only one in their vocations, but each recognized and respected the other's function in the union; she to be the homemaker, he the provider. Neither intruded on the other's domain, though each consulted the other in his problems.

Bella worshipped Ernest, and he loved to cherish her sensitive growth



into the fullness of womanhood. He was increasingly conscious of her consideration of him, tenderly and softly expressed.

Soon they were planning for their first child, and Ben was born on June 14, 1877. Benjamin Philip Lilienthal, who in time was to take on Ernest's feeling of responsibility for all his brothers and sisters and their progeny, was named for Benjamin, Ernest's brother, the mining engineer, and for Philip, Ernest's cousin. Dr. Morris Herztein, whose ability Ernest was one of the first to recognize, was probably the attending physician.

Ernest and Bella accepted seriously the responsibilities of parenthood. In this respect as in all others the discipline appeared casual, but it was firm, tactful, and considerate.

Louis Sloss Lilienthal, their second child, was born September 18, 1878. He was named with affection for Bella's father.

Then they suffered the first sorrow of their married life. Little Louis died on April 21, 1880.

Then a girl was born; another child, another expression of their love. Caroline Sloss Lilienthal was born on October 5, 1880. She was named for Caroline Nettle Lilienthal, her paternal grandmother, for the Sloss family, and in compliment to Caroline Greenebaum, Mrs. Sloss's sister.

Sarah Sloss did not permit her daughter to become too much absorbed in domestic cares. She was regularly at the door in the carriage, sometimes to take Bella to a concert, but oftener to go on some charitable errand. In those days social work was plain human kindness. Mother and daughter were active with various organized charitable groups of which they were members; they worked in the Jewish societies dedicated to good works; and they found time for private charity as well, searching out those who had fallen out of life's way. In her charities Sarah Sloss was a generous and thoughtful extrovert, kindly, cheerful, and sensible.

Devoted as they were in their stewardship for the lonely, the sick, and the unfortunate, these women never sacrificed their homes to their social obligations. Always at leisure when their husbands returned from business, they presided over the evening hours with both dignity and charm. Their homes became the setting for a family life which was the essence of the art of living—simple and artless though it seemed.

Ernest did not bring home his casual business acquaintances. To him home was a sanctuary, not to be profaned for any other purpose. In those years his relatives and Bella's, and Bella's childhood friends were enough. Leo, Ernest's brother, lived with them. The world was left downtown.

Four more years passed and the lives of Ernest and Bella grew ever as one. Their relationship strengthened into a closer bond of love and co-operation.

Bella was bearing another child, and Louis Sloss, having bought property in San Rafael next to that owned by his brother-in-law, Lewis Gerstle, built a house, which was ready for occupancy in the summer of 1884. There, on August 1, 1884, Samuel Lilienthal was born. He of course was named for Ernest's father, Dr. Sam.

Sarah was born at 1818 California Street on July 5, 1888. Familiarly known as Sally, she was named for Sarah Sloss, her maternal grandmother. John Leo was born in 1893 at 1510 Van Ness Avenue.

The children grew straight and strong, tall for their years. Each showed a positive and distinctive character. Ben, even as a boy, hovered over the rest with masculine solicitude. Caroline was a deep one, listening and thinking and speaking positively. Sam challenged his brothers and sisters and was met with a puzzled yet patient and kindly determination. Sally, a little beauty, was made glad by ribbons and buttons. In that home there was much quiet laughter and chuckles. Ben was always a chuckler.

Bella's womanhood and charm burst into bloom. As a mother she was interested in all babies of all shades. Although she was very near-sighted, she knitted and crocheted for her own and for the poor with hands that had beautiful co-ordination. She dressed expensively but in quiet, good taste. She was an accomplished linguist and musician. She brought music into the home. And her husband's youthful dream was realized in a lovely idyll of domestic bliss.

Bella was essentially a woman of her own home, and away from it she was timid. Ernest told of a business trip they took to Seattle where she was so worried about being left alone in the hotel room she had him lock the door of the room and take the key with him when he went out.

Early in the life at 1818 California Street, Ernest, who had joined the Masonic Order, arrayed himself in uniform with sword and plumed hat, to take his place in a parade. By the time the parade ended it had become dark, and Ernest, on arriving home, discovered that he had left his keys in another suit. He rang the bell, and when the maid opened the door she took one look at him and slammed the door in his face. Ernest often said that the incident had cured him of any further joining and parading.

In his home Ernest was as gentle and direct as he was in his business. With his children he never raised his voice. He gave them reasons accord-

ing to their capacity, and aided them in obeying for motives of love of their parents and elders.

These children were much loved. They had an aunt, Hattie Hecht Sloss, whom their young uncle, Marcus Cauffman Sloss, had married in Boston. Hattie was not much older than the children. She and Sally went out much together, especially to Temple and the Sabbath School. Bella attended all the great seasonal services and occasionally went during the year. Ernest, after his first years in San Francisco, did not attend Temple, nor did he send his sons there. But the home had its own festivals. Grandparents, uncles, and aunts helped the children celebrate them.

While Ernest and Bella had reasons of affection and practical convenience for moving from 1818 California Street to Van Ness Avenue next to the Sloss home, the children did not understand, though they were told that it was being done to be near Grandma and Grandpa who were getting old. They felt these rooms on California Street belonged to them. While preparations were being made they lingered in the old rooms, especially the two girls, clinging to the enchantment of quiet happiness, as if to fasten forever each detail and take the atmosphere away with them. They did not want to break the spell. This had been their world, and beyond was a vacuum in their consciousness which they could not visualize. For children are ritualists, and delight in the repetition of the familiar. They were free now to enter the drawing room and touch things.

But soon, without real grief, they were in the crowded excitement of Grandmother's house, waiting and watching the building of the house at 1510 Van Ness Avenue for their home, and the house at 1516 Van Ness Avenue for Uncle Leon and Aunt Bertha Sloss.



## The Lilienthal Pact

THE YOUNGER Lilienthal men, sons of Dr. Sam and Rabbi Max, were not only blood brothers and blood cousins; they were close friends. They desired each other's welfare. They were united by a love for each other which was manifested during their lives and even after their deaths. They rejoiced in the same things and were grieved by the same sorrows. They truly did for each other as they would have done for themselves. The root of this friendship was deep; the love which formed it kept peace, not only among themselves but among the women they married, because each of these young women was convinced early in her married life that each brother and cousin held her as a sister to be protected as her husband would have her protected. There was peace from the beginnings of these young marriages, nor was that peace disturbed throughout the years. No doubt this circumstance explains the tranquillity of order in their homes—a tranquillity which underlay the clear thinking and even tempers of the men in the wise conduct of their business enterprises.

One of the sons of Ernest Lilienthal, Jack, relates that his father always spoke of the family members of his generation as brothers, "my brother Philip," or "my brother Jesse," and, Jack adds, "It was years before I knew that they were not all brothers."

In each household and between the several households, the courtesies of friendship were generously observed. Criticism was given and taken in good part, demonstrating a mutual affection and a high confidence in one another.

This family love manifested itself in many small ways too numerous to have been remembered over the years and too natural to have been written down for posterity. There is, however, one indisputable evidence of it—in the family it is known as The Lilienthal Pact.

First proposed by Jesse W. Lilienthal, the Pact was a practical measure insuring the welfare of each of the younger men and that of their families. Incorporated under New York law on August 20, 1880, it reads as follows:

## THE LILIENTHAL PACT

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT made the twentieth day of August, 1880, in the City, County and State of New York.

WHEREAS, it is proposed by the undersigned and each of them by combination and cooperation to build up a common fund for the benefit of all, subscribing thereto, and by the union of all their resources, to be better able to prosecute their several undertakings to a successful termination.

AND WHEREAS, it is desired to guard against the disruption of said fund, during the period herein contemplated for its continuance, by death or by want of harmony, among the subscribers, and, on the contrary, to protect and make more complete the unity that has heretofore characterized them in their associations.

NOW THEREFORE, in consideration of their mutual undertakings, it is hereby declared and agreed by and among James E. Lilienthal of New York, Theo. M. Lilienthal of New York, Philip N. Lilienthal of San Francisco, Ernest R. Lilienthal of San Francisco, J. Leo Lilienthal of San Francisco, Jesse W. Lilienthal of New York, and Albert Lilienthal of New York, undersigning these presents, each for himself, and for his wife, executors and administrators, as follows:

### I

That all moneys, rights, and properties, wherever situated and however employed, of which they are now, or either of them now is, or hereafter during the operation of this agreement, may become possessed, or over which, whether held as separate estate or as community property, they have or either of them has, or may obtain control, shall be devoted to, and constitute a part of a common fund, to be used solely for the purposes and in the manner, hereinafter mentioned.

### II

That said fund shall be employed for mutual support and assistance and for the furtherance of the common interest.

### III

That said fund shall at all times, and under all circumstances, be controlled absolutely, according to and by the decision of the majority of those party hereto, and of the majority of the survivors of them.

### IV

That in the event, that any of the subscribers should desire to withdraw from the common fund, his interest therein, the value of such interest and the time and manner of withdrawal, shall be determined by the majority of them, or of the survivors thereof.

### V

That whatever funds may be required for individual purposes, or otherwise, by any subscriber hereof, shall be withdrawn only with the consent of the majority of them, or their survivors.

### VI

That none of the subscribers hereof shall have power to delegate, transfer or

assign his rights, or any of them, or interest in this fund, or under this agreement, except to some other, being and remaining party hereto.

#### VII

That in the event of the death of any subscriber leaving a widow or offspring, all the rights, title and interest of said decedent, shall continue in the common fund aforesaid, as part thereof, and to be controlled, as provided herein by Article III.

That such annual maintenance shall be allotted to said widow and (or) offspring, thereafter, during the further operation of this agreement, as shall from year to year be determined by the majority of the survivors.

#### VIII

That if any of the subscribers hereto die leaving neither widow nor offspring, all his right to, title and interest in the fund aforesaid, shall enure absolutely to the benefit of the fund.

#### IX

That this agreement shall remain in force until January 1, 1904; that the value of said fund shall then be ascertained by the survivors, or a majority of them, and divided into equal parts, each survivor aforesaid, and the representative of each deceased subscriber, constituting one part for the purposes of said division. That the word representative, shall be here taken to mean the widow, if surviving, but, if deceased, then the offspring, taking *per stirpes* and, not *per capita*. That in the making of said distribution, the time and manner thereof, shall be determined by the majority of the subscribers hereof, then surviving as aforesaid.

#### X

That the discretion or authority vested in the majority, wherever herein provided, shall be held absolute, and not subject to review from any source whatsoever. That the word, survivors, wherever herein occurring, shall be taken to mean all the subscribers hereof surviving that have not withdrawn from this agreement under Article IV hereof, anticipating such withdrawal.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, the parties above named have hereunto severally set their hands.

Signed:

James E. Lilienthal  
Theo. M. Lilienthal  
P. N. Lilienthal  
E. R. Lilienthal  
J. Leo Lilienthal  
Jesse W. Lilienthal  
Albert Lilienthal



The families drew their expenses from the Pact and lived both comfortably and well. Out of the Pact's life of almost twenty-five years came the financing of Lilienthal Brothers of New York, at 8 and 10 Water Street—a firm set up by Theodore and Albert Lilienthal, on the latter's return from San Francisco. Out of this fund came the financing of the New York home of Drs. Sam and James Lilienthal and of their later residence in San Francisco; the money to run the house of Ernest and Bella at 1818 California Street and later the one at 1510 Van Ness Avenue; the money behind the new homes of J. Leo, Albert, and Philip after their marriages; the support of Theodore's widow, Sophie Gerstle Lilienthal, and of Leo's widow, Bertha Gerstle Lilienthal, both daughters of Lewis Gerstle; and the innumerable necessities and simple luxuries of seven families.

The first one of the Pact's members to pass away and the only one without issue was Dr. James Lilienthal, and his interest reverted to the others.

The Pact served the purposes for which it was designed until its termination, when the remaining assets were incorporated as Lilienthal Company under the laws of California.

On the first business day of January 1903, anticipating the end of the Pact, Lilienthal and Company was incorporated "for the purpose of uniting in one fund all the property" belonging to P. N. Lilienthal and E. R. Lilienthal and J. W. Lilienthal of San Francisco, and to Albert Lilienthal of New York.

These four members of the new corporation each received 1,250 shares of fully paid stock (par value \$100) from a total issue of 5,000 shares, representing a capital of half a million dollars.

Concurrently the two widows of J. Leo and Theodore, namely, Bertha and Sophie, were each given notes for \$200,000, payable on or before ten years and bearing interest of 4 percent, in exchange for their shares in the original Pact. These notes were paid long ahead of the notes' terms.

There are no records extant to show how much "surplus" was set up on the books of Lilienthal Company in addition to its half-million dollars of "capital," but the fact that the two withdrawing widows each received a note of \$200,000 indicates clearly that the Lilienthal Pact had accumulated assets, by the time it terminated, of well over one million dollars.

Not very long after, on the theory that he was not contributing financially in proportion to the three other stockholders active in the

family's business affairs, Jesse insisted upon withdrawing and likewise refused to accept a figure over \$150,000. The fact that this figure was \$50,000 less than was given each of the widows indicates the quality of his integrity. The note of Lilienthal Company to Jesse for his quarter-interest was paid in due course and his shares divided among Ernest, Philip, and Albert, giving them each  $1,666\frac{2}{3}$  shares. It is needless to add that Jesse continued to give advice, legally and otherwise, as previously he had.

Besides being a business contract, the Pact had very personal implications. The operations of the fund in its later years were mostly the care of Ernest R. Lilienthal, because the major portion of the family's capital was in Crown Distilleries Company and Lilienthal Company. Ernest was at the San Francisco center of operations; Philip was with the Anglo-California Bank, and while his advice was invaluable and his profitable suggestions frequent, he was not in the position to operate a private enterprise; and Jesse was fully occupied with his extensive law practice.

Accordingly, Ernest heard everybody's troubles—from the tooth-aches of children and their dentists' charges to major problems. When the fund was transferred to the Lilienthal Company and only three participants were left, the widows and their children still kept coming to Ernest for advice and assistance in personal as well as business problems.

## Summer Days in San Rafael

**N**ORTHWEST OF San Francisco is a long mountain ridge. The southern pediment of Mt. Tamalpais is the sheer cliff that forms the northern wall of the Golden Gate. The hills step up to the forested mountain edge, which breaks the fogs from the Pacific and catches the moisture in the thickly wooded northern slopes. The valleys north and east of the mountain are nearly always free from the summer fog which chills San Francisco. The hot sun warms the valleys, which are rich with trees.

In one of these northern valleys is San Rafael, the county seat of Marin County. In the 1880's this town was reached via side-wheel ferries with walking beams which made fast trips from the Ferry Building in San Francisco to Sausalito on the north shore of San Francisco Bay; thence by trains drawn by little wood-burning locomotives along the northern shore of Richardson's Bay and through tunnels to San Rafael. San Rafael, which had been established by the Franciscans for the use of Indians sickened by San Francisco's chills, was a fashionable summer resort of San Francisco from the 1870's until the automobile made more distant retreats available.

On the north side of the valley were the luxurious Hotel Rafael and many large family mansions, lined inside with selected redwood and set in large gardens shaded with redwood, oak, bay, and elm trees. The trees and shrubs are luxuriant, and though the sun is hot in unsheltered spots, the breeze is constant, cool, and dry.

On the south side of San Rafael Valley within the city limits of San Rafael, Lewis Gerstle had bought a house and gardens in 1880. Louis and Sarah Sloss, often guests there, decided to buy property adjacent. They bought acreage east of the Gerstle property and built a spacious summer home. Then Louis allowed his son, Leon Sloss, to build another house on the property. Simon Greenewald built on the adjacent property to the east. These three establishments of the Slosses, the Gerstles, and the Greenewalds became an idyllic summer community to which all the members of the family resorted to enjoy the healthful activity and relaxation of which the present-day vacationist vainly dreams.



Usually the families moved to San Rafael in late May, not to return to San Francisco until October. During the summer months, the three homes housed a family community of sixty persons of all ages (plus a large service staff), a group sufficiently numerous for congenial companionship during the warm days and for lively conversation during the evenings. Neither adults nor children felt the need of seeking acquaintances among the guests at the hotel on the other side of the valley. There were friends who rented homes in San Rafael for the summer. With these, visits were exchanged; otherwise literally none of the family group moved off the spacious grounds during the hours of leisure.

On weekdays the men commuted to the City, accompanied by the school children when school was in session. John Hughes, the Sloss coachman, drove them to the station in the carryall for the 7:40 A.M. train. Often the men carried bouquets for their offices and each had a carnation in his lapel. Then began a daily adventure of which few could complain. The trains were comfortable and swift, and the ferry rides revealed every morning a new San Francisco, or when the fog was rolling in, no San Francisco at all. On the latter occasions the trip became a game of hide-and-seek with the ocean liners and other craft blowing foghorns to warn of their presence in the Bay. The morning ride was a zestful prelude to the workaday world; the evening trips were social occasions for the neighbors from Marin County who met regularly in the huge cabins and on the broad decks of the ferryboats.

The Lilienthal children, because of Philip Lilienthal's connection with the management, had the run of the pilot house, of which privilege they often availed themselves, while their father always walked the deck, deep in conversation with family friends or acquaintances. The ferry, the Bay, and especially the railroads provided continuous fascination and endless topics of conversation. The walking beam of the old single-ender *James M. Donahue*, duplicated on the newer double-enders, was explained to the boys. The name of the boat recalled that J. Mervin Donahue had been the prime mover in the building of the narrow-gauge road from San Rafael to San Quentin, where ferry connections were made with San Francisco. Then there was the original narrow-gauge from Sausalito to Larkspur, Ross, San Anselmo (from which town a branch ran to Cazadero), and San Rafael.

The broad-gauge came considerably later, promoted and built by A. W. Foster, who had extensive lumber interests in and around Ukiah.

It is remembered that Foster loved horses so much and hated automobiles so thoroughly that he persuaded the county authorities to prohibit the use of motor vehicles in the county. When the ordinance could no longer be enforced, he, himself, limited to four the number of cars that could be carried on any one ferry. His more or less justifiable excuse was that they were a fire hazard. Moreover, the cars had to be on the front deck, from which they could be pushed into the Bay.

Philip was the vice-president of the old Foster road, the San Francisco and North Pacific. The Slosses talked of the pioneer electric rail builders whom they had known, Yerkes of Chicago and Widener of Philadelphia. From the early days, when the wood-burning locomotives pioneered the narrow-gauge service in Marin County, until they finally gave way to electric service, the Slosses and Ernest Lilienthal thought about electric transportation and talked of it. Ernest envisioned all northern California developing through this form of power, and Jesse, too, was to demonstrate the same faith in electric transportation.

As a general rule, all the commuters returned to San Rafael each evening. However, a servant or two were left in charge of the San Francisco homes so that, when occasion arose, any member of the families could spend a comfortable night in town. It was possible to return to San Rafael in the later hours of the evening, but latecomers were obliged to walk ten or twelve blocks from the station, for the horses (and later the motorcars) were never driven at night. Louis Sloss Jr. frequently spent a night in the City, but the following evening usually found him back at San Rafael and off to bed at an early hour "to bring up his general average," as he said. Sometimes he would add, referring to the book that he chanced to be reading, that he "had left a man in jail and must get him out before he went to sleep."

On weekdays the after-dinner hours were comparatively quiet. Bella was likely to play solitaire, with her parents lending critical assistance. The men talked and smoked or played cards until the early bedtime.

The week ends were likely to be much livelier. Sarah Sloss, who loved to give, ran what was virtually a free hotel for the families of her children and the friends of all her relatives. Her generous hospitality was reflected in the spaciousness of her home. Besides the common family rooms and two bedrooms on the first floor, the house had five bedrooms and five baths on the second, and rooms for eight or nine domestics on the third. The dinner table usually seated fourteen, but leaves were often added to



accommodate twenty-five or more. Louis Sloss spent a fortune every summer at San Rafael and joyfully, except for one item. He deeply resented the monthly water bill of \$150.00. He used to greet his week-end guests with the remark: "Drink all the champagne you want, but don't touch the water if you can help it." One year, water was so scarce that pipes were run from the bathtubs to keep plants alive in the garden. Marin County has no subsurface water supply. All it had was from impounded rain water.

As a rule, week-end guests were invited to join the family for the Friday evening dinner, which was always very special. Before the dinner hour came a bustle of arrivals, affectionate greetings, the ushering of guests to their quarters, and the general commotion that marks the beginnings of week ends in the country. The first flurry over, dinner was announced. It was always ample and good, and always given distinction by the wines from the well-stocked cellar, which was the special responsibility of Ernest Lilienthal. The Friday suppers alternated between the Louis and Leon Sloss houses. Because of the friendly rivalry between hostesses as to who could serve the greatest number of cakes and pastries, memories of the dessert courses are still relished by those who enjoyed them.

On Sunday morning, Ernest always promoted a walk to the village, i.e., to the San Rafael business district. The men of the Sloss and Gerstle households *et al.*, attired in white ducks or flannels and wearing heavy leather rubber-soled tennis shoes, monopolized the tennis court between the Sloss and Gerstle houses, very reasonably arguing that the juniors had it at their disposal all other days of the week. The ladies of the families sat about the court, applauding the players, enjoying the pleasant weather, and chatting. Usually the youngsters had opportunity to display their skill while their elders rested between sets.

Luncheon, the main meal on Sunday, was at one o'clock, and since guests were almost always present, the players showered and dressed before the meal. For the men, dressing meant clean flannels and company clothes. Ernest took pride in his skill with the carving knife, and his place, consequently, was at the head of the table, where he served the roast with neatness and dispatch. Wine was always served, the white wine bearing a "Lilienthaler" label; the red wine label reading "Lomitas" after the Livermore Valley vineyard. The interchange of persiflage and ideas between Ernest and his brothers-in-law made these meals entertaining and memorable.



Sunday afternoon usually saw Louis Sloss and whoever would volunteer or could be induced to join him retire to the card room for a game of pedro. If Lewis Gerstle played, he was always sure to bemoan his bad luck. Sarah Sloss often received calls from the Gerstles or the Leon Slosses, or, enlisting the company of some member of her own household, she made similar visits.

It was not unusual for the family to spend an evening listening to music. Now and then Sir Henry Heyman would bring over his most recently discovered violinist for a local debut. Or the family would spend a warm evening on the porch listening to grand opera selections on the phonograph. Sometimes Bertha Sloss would come over after dinner to play accompaniments on the piano for Joe Sloss, who sang popular ballads and "coon" songs. It must be confessed that Joe's baritone was less appreciated in the mornings, for he usually leaped from his bed, fully awake, to sing and whistle while he dressed, much to the annoyance of the sleepy-heads.

The family community had its own enormous picnics in attractive and not too distant spots, and its own celebrations. Among the latter, none was more anticipated than was the Fourth of July. At the break of dawn the children began to explode torpedoes and shoot off firecrackers to announce the Glorious Fourth to the neighborhood. When the adults made their appearance somewhat later, multicolored paper balloons filled with heated gas were released and went sailing over the housetops. Although the progress of the balloons gave the family great joy, the neighbors could be unappreciative, as were once the Greenewalds when a balloon lodged on their roof and nearly started a fire.

The climax of the day came with the fall of darkness. The women, the girls, and the younger boys assembled on the porch facing the driveway. While the children fidgeted excitedly, the men and older boys finished the preparations. Then the fiery fountains, the Roman candles, and the rockets drew oh's and ah's from the spectators. The whole valley became visible in the glare of competitive displays. So well organized were Fourth of July celebrations that no member of the households was ever hurt.

The young mothers loved the life in San Rafael, for it assured the health of their children, who grew strong in its wholesome, genial atmosphere. For the children, it was a paradise. On weekday mornings they awoke to the sound of raking of gravel on the driveway, a daily chore to

smooth away the wheel and hoof marks left by the traffic of the preceding day, or to Joseph Sloss's booming baritone. They spent hours of playtime on that same smooth driveway, which became the running track for innumerable relay races and speed tests, and the scene of the after-dinner games of "one foot across the gutter." Often they dashed to the orchards for competitive climbing, or to gorge themselves with cherries, plums, or peaches. With enthusiasm and vigor, they appropriated the whole gamut of children's games. Nearly every child had a companion of his own age for his playtime or his studies. The little ones had their nurses and, as they grew older, they had the varied diversions of life in the open air.

Each of the three houses was governed by a kindly matriarch—the children's grandmothers. The children of Ernest Lilienthal, who lived in the house of their grandfather, found that he was a bit more positive about enforcing quiet than was their father. He was not feared, but he was obeyed. Their grandmother, on the other hand, had a trunk in which she kept all kinds of gifts, wrappings, and ribbons, into which she dipped whenever there was an occasion to do so. Every birthday and anniversary was remembered. The gifts were attractively displayed on the piano, a piece of furniture which became a well-remembered detail of the San Rafael tradition.

Here the children of Ernest and Bella enjoyed the best period of their youth. Ernest, especially, realized that, in more than one sense, these months were the summer days of his children's lives. They grew as sturdily as did his newly planted trees and shrubs. Never again so long as they lived would they have so much enjoyment in being alive. Those who experienced those summers were, in later years, to revive their memories in a multitude of intimate detail and flashes of pure pleasure. Surely childhood has rarely been so well protected and so well provided for as was theirs.

Inevitably, new members were added to the family roster. Marriages were made (the gardens at San Rafael were the setting for several such ceremonies) and children were born. In the early 1900's Sarah Sloss had the happiness of sheltering four generations under her roof, for the Esberg and Wiel children were now lively little members of the San Rafael colony.

Shortly after the San Rafael family community was established, the Gerstle house became the haven for Theodore Lilienthal, Ernest's eldest

cousin, and for John Leo, his brother, both of whom suffered from, and died of, tuberculosis. In the genial sunshine of San Rafael, the struggle with their disease was alleviated by affectionate care and the merriment of children's voices. Dr. Samuel Lilienthal, too, now a lovable, white-haired old man, joined the family circle for his few remaining years, first as the guest of the Gerstles, later of the Slosses, when their house was built. Something of the character of the life in San Rafael can be gleaned from extracts from his letters:

NEW SAN FRISCO\*—June 16/82

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS ONE AND ALL:

I wonder what you have to do so much, that I cannot hear from the young Doctor anything else, but that he is sleepy, which I can reciprocate with double interest. California ought to be dubbed sleepy hollow for that is all we want to do in this blessed spot, and Uncle Lewis makes us all go to bed at ten o'clock and thus I remain true to my old hour. I have hardly looked in a book, for when I do I fall asleep, and still wide-awake people are on this coast. Our darling Cagee† is a jewel, a flower herself she dotes on flowers and buttonholes us as soon as she sees anyone with a flower. Bennie's birthday ever regularly celebrated and he was loaded down with presents from everyone in the family. Though he is pretty wild, still he is afraid of his father who makes him obey.

U.S.‡

FRISCO, June 27/82

Vicky's birthday and in her honor a slight earthquake this morning at five-thirty, but it did not do any damage, and we Raphaelites were all down in the city today to do honor to the occasion. Vicky will be loaded down with presents, as everybody loves to show her some kindness. . . .

SAN FRANCISCO, July 18, 1884

MY DEAR BOYS:

A schone medina, we had overcoats necessary until yesterday, when the sun broke through the clouds finally for Mama's§ sake whose birthday we celebrated today and though she received many tokens of love, we thought the most of the little practical effusions spoken by Bennie and Carrie. . . .

Considering the character of this family community, it is not surprising that the arts of husbandry as well as conviviality were practiced on the estate. There was an orchard in which there were apple, cherry, peach, and pear trees, and rows of raspberry bushes that provided the huge bowls

\* New San Frisco is his playful name for San Rafael.

† Cagee is Caroline Sloss Lilienthal.

‡ U.S. is Uncle Sam.

§ Mama being Sarah Sloss.



of freshly picked berries which lent zest to the breakfast tables. There were pastures for the cows, which were the special responsibility of John Hughes, who every morning and every evening brought two pails of foamy warm milk to the kitchen of the Sloss home. There were kitchen gardens, which not only supplied the table but yielded produce for canning. The thrifty housewives made butter from the surplus cream. They processed cucumbers for dill pickles and put berries and fruits in glasses and jars. Both families ran big chicken yards against the rise in price that inevitably occurred as summer progressed; they also bought in June huge quantities of eggs which they preserved for baking in large earthenware crocks. With such a family, larders had to be well stocked.

No less than San Francisco, San Rafael had its picturesque side. In those days, the women in the community bought such vegetables as were not home grown from a Chinese vegetable man who walked up the hills to the kitchen doors, looking as if he had just stepped out of a picture of old China. He wore the typical coolie costume with broad split-bamboo hat and a neatly braided pigtail hanging down his back. His stock in trade was arranged in baskets and trays which fitted into two large split-bamboo baskets balanced at either end of a pole. Although he seemed elderly, he walked miles from house to house, carrying on his shoulders a burden at least double his weight.

When the rains begin, the family is back in San Francisco. The winter's activities are entered upon with an energy stored up during the exhilarating months in Marin. The months fly by. The date of the exodus approaches. Again the flurry of packing. Furniture and hangings are draped in sheets to protect them against dust and light. Servants are sent ahead to put the San Rafael houses in order. The eager departure. March! Yonder, San Rafael!

## An Agriculturist at Pleasanton

**L**IKE MANY OTHER MEN who have been reared in cities, Ernest Lilienthal was fascinated with agriculture. For years he was too busy in building Crown Distilleries Company into the biggest enterprise of its kind in the West to do anything about his interest in the undeveloped or partly cultivated lands he saw from train windows during his business trips. He loved the fleeting prospects and he saw possibilities in them.

So, in the early 'nineties, when an opportunity to acquire a large parcel of land was presented to Philip Lilienthal, Ernest was responsive, and the Livermore Valley ranches were secured for Lilienthal and Company. Ernest took over the management of these properties, which included the Black Ranch and Rose Ranches, lands in the Livermore Valley outside of the towns of Pleasanton and Livermore. There were the 1,500-acre Rancho del Valle near Pleasanton, the 1,100-acre Rancho de Loma, the 320-acre Viña de Lomitas, and Rancho del Robles, all in the Livermore district.

The first problem facing Ernest was how to manage the lands at a reasonable profit. They were all good lands, except part of the Rancho del Valle, which was wasted in marshy fields so thick with willows as to be impassable as well as agriculturally useless.

Ernest bought a small dredger to dig a system of drainage canals through the swamp areas. A son of Ernest, Sam, who spent many summers on the ranches, wrote recently:

When the dredger was digging the new canals, it was preceded by a wood-cutting crew, which cut and stacked the willow wood in cord length, to be sold. Uncle Jesse loved fire engines and fires. He came to the ranch one Sunday and with Father inspected the dredging. His eye caught a pile of brush left by the wood cutters and nothing would do but to set it afire and watch the blaze. It spread. Final result was the destruction of several hundred cords of good willow wood. An unexpectedly expensive gratification of a whim!

Once the lands had been drained, Ernest bought (in 1897) English-built Fowler steam plows to deep plow the virgin topsoil. These plows

were the first heavy-duty mechanical equipment used in this part of California, and possibly on the whole Coast.

The drained marshes proved to be rich farmland, and Ernest's experiment in the deep plowing was his first contribution to the development of the state's agricultural income.

Because of his intimate knowledge of the hop business, Ernest Lilienthal decided to raise hops on a good portion of the new lands. On 320 acres of the Rancho del Valle, hops were planted and grew up twine twenty feet high to their wire trellises. As the hops were harvested, they were dried in huge kilns and baled on the same property, at that time the largest single hop yard in the world. The Pleasanton Hop Company was formed and its products sold through Richardson's of London, who reported the Pleasanton ranch produced the highest grade of California hops offered on the London market. They brought, because of their high quality, a price premium in excess of the current market.

Harvest time in Pleasanton involved everyone in the locality. It was a season of frantic labor and unbridled horseplay. Sam writes:

Hop picking in early September was a school holiday, enabling the neighborhood families to take a working holiday and likewise earn extra money. The Juniors of the Lilienthal family also shared, and Ben, Sam, Arthur and Joe were used to augment the office force. Pickers also came from quite a distance, and an encampment in the form of a tent city was laid out. Usually we had a pleasant family crowd but some rough element sometimes required the intervention of the camp watchman and even of the superintendent and a few of his crew. A trip along the dry bed of the creek where the hoboos gathered and the smashing of liquor and wine bottles with perhaps a punch in the nose, here and there, usually restored order.

Hop pickers pulled down the vines and picked the hops into large baskets from which they were transferred into sacks. Each sack bore a tag with the serial number of the picker. This made easy identification of the person including too much leaf and stem, and since the pickers were paid by weight this was a temptation which only rarely led to the introduction of such weighty objects as watermelon rinds or clumps of dirt. Naturally this was discovered when the bags were emptied at the hop kilns and appropriate *action* followed, such as dismissals and deductions of pay with a sharp warning.

Tents, stoves, water, wood, and the like were provided for 300 to 600 people during the harvest days. The pickers were paid in tickets which were accepted as currency in the town and which the merchants cashed in after the excitement had died down.

The ranches became something of a hobby as well as a business enter-



prise for Ernest Lilienthal. He had a genuine affection for his farms and prided himself on their prosperity, regarding each innovation and each change for the better with an almost paternal interest. His attitude toward the land in the Livermore Valley led his brothers-in-law to refer to him as the "Governor of Pleasanton," and his acquaintances casually called him "Governor."

During the winter, while he lived in San Francisco, Ernest would work six days at his office, and on Sundays travel to the Rancho del Valle. The journey involved an early start, which for him was no hardship, for he was a known early riser. As his boys grew older, he took them with him. Ben was the oldest, so he seldom enjoyed a Sunday morning "beauty sleep" when he was a little boy. As the other boys of the family, sons and nephews, grew old enough to be away from their mothers, they usually spent their school vacations on the ranch. Jack, Ernest's youngest son, wrote recently:

Among my earliest recollections are the Sunday trips with father to "The Ranch" at Pleasanton. This meant taking an early ferry for the trip by train from the Oakland Mole, then from the Pleasanton station by surrey to the ranch. During the trip the conversation was usually largely about the conduct of the ranch operations.

Once there, there was much for a youngster to do. St. Bernard dogs to play with, livestock to inspect, particularly if there is anything new, the "new" cream separator, and altogether much that was strange and exciting to a city kid. The boys were supposed to clean their own quarters. It has been reported that dust was sometimes swept under the beds.

I am sure also that I was frequently in the way in the discussions that went on in the office in the tank house. Then a huge "Sunday dinner" at the house. I was always impressed by the fact that the ranch manager took his coat off before sitting down at the table.

I was also at the ranch for about a week during hop picking time nearly every year. This was a vacation and a picnic combined. I picked hops as did almost everyone else. I think we were paid 1 cent a pound. A hundred pounds of hops (\$1.00) is an awful lot of hops. It was usually very hot and the most popular person was the man who came around with watermelons.

Sam adds to these memories some more of his own:

My vacations were frequently with Max Lilienthal, Harry Mack, and later Arthur Lilienthal (cousins) and we watered horses, herded cows, drove the buggy or rode a horse on errands; worked in the slaughter house and helped in the various harvestings from hay to hops. We also got our first lessons with a shotgun on ducks, quail, wild pigeons and even meadow larks and robins, which latter two went into pot pies; all this before the passage of laws protecting them as song birds.

As kids we naturally tried to be lasso artists and practiced on fence posts or anything that moved. The farmyard ducks got the worst of it, and Arthur Lilienthal must have been a bit rough on one occasion when the neck and head of one poor duck was turned permanently to one side.

California Syrup of Figs was the popular purge to be taken once a week. Baths were weekly, making them a rite rather than a habit. Arthur once ran to the tub, undressed, and dressed again without bathing but using up the usual amount of time.

In sending the boys to the ranch, Ernest intended not only that they should enjoy themselves but that they should also add to their store of information and experience. Sam tells how this twofold purpose was accomplished with as little pain as possible:

When the younger generation vacationed at the ranch, they, upon their return, were asked questions regarding ranch operations and crop prospects, undoubtedly to force them to notice and learn, and give them some sense of responsibility and realization that there were obligations in addition to fun. Naturally the fun itself led to information acquired through helping with chores and the pride one felt in wanting to be useful.

The ranch operation at Pleasanton was not only profitable and a great personal satisfaction to Ernest, but it also enabled him to be with his boys a great deal and by instruction and questions to lead them to think logically and practically.

He was an adroit and patient educator. The order of the ranch, the processes of planting and harvesting, the employment and management of labor—he used all of them as illustrations of the end product of sound thinking.

Even at home in San Francisco the responsibilities of the ranch were carefully stressed. The family learned from Ernest the significance of a barometer, which hung in the breakfast room. Caroline, the elder of Ernest's daughters, can still remember that as a girl of eleven, she paced with him the hall of 1818 California Street as her father worried about rainfall and crops fifty miles away. When the responsibilities seemed too heavy for the little girl, Ernest would distract her by reciting Shakespeare. She adds, however: "He would talk to me of matters that I could not have understood if I had been a genius."

As if the management of the Crown Distilleries and the operation of the huge ranch properties were not enough, Ernest became immersed in the study of the sugar beet. The growth of these beets was started in California near Sacramento in 1867 by W. Wadsworth, and a company



was organized under the title of the Sacramento Valley Sugar Beet Factory, Inc. It produced its first 150 pounds of crystal sugar December 10, 1869.

The Alvarado factory, a sugar refinery, was then built in Alameda County twenty-five miles from Pleasanton. It eventually acquired the equipment of Wadsworth's plant near Sacramento. By the time Ernest had his lands in good shape, the Alvarado factory managers were around to persuade him to grow sugar beets. He planted many acres. There were pests to contend with. He began to study the literature on the sugar beet. After exhausting the few articles in English, he turned to the German. France had begun the conversion of sugar from these beets, but the Germans had the best scientific and practical treatises on their cultivation. Ernest had learned some German from his father, so with the aid of a dictionary, he was busy many nights with the mass of pamphlets and books he obtained from Germany.

Eventually Ernest became interested in the manufacturing process. He was invited to join the Alameda Sugar Company as a director and vice-president. Others interested in the venture as officers and directors were E. C. Burr, James Coffin, and P. C. Drescher. Later his interests expanded, and he became a director and vice-president of the Union Sugar Company, of which he was one of the original incorporators. This company's plant was built at Betteravia near Santa Maria in northern Santa Barbara County. The family heard at table the problems of wastage and the feeding of cattle from the greens of beets and the beet pulp from which the sugar had been extracted. He was interested in all phases of beet sugar production.

During this time Ernest had several artesian wells drilled on the Pleasanton property. Water flowed to the surface without pumping and this, naturally, made the land more valuable. But just as the prospects of the larger plantings seemed probable, the Spring Valley Water Company, which supplied water to San Francisco, drilled wells farther down the Livermore Valley, and consequently lowered the water plane on the Lilienthal lands as well as on all other ranches in the district.

Jesse Lilienthal took the case to court, and Ernest's neighbors watched with concern. Known as the *Lilienthal vs. Spring Valley* case, the action dragged on for years. Mr. Furlong, the man who supplanted the former superintendent of the phenomenally fertile fields, studied the valley thoroughly after the suit was filed. He made intricate and detailed maps and developed documentary evidence which made the Spring Valley Water



Company quit without going to a trial. The case was finally settled out of court in 1912, when most of the property affected was bought by the water company. The remainder of the property was sold shortly after the completion of the case.

The development of large tracts of land for minerals or agriculture is a basic intelligence in pioneers of all countries and in the enormous co-operative exploitations which have distinguished British and American engineers throughout the nineteenth and early part of the twentieth centuries.

Ernest was possessed with a yearning to work with growing things, an instinct as strong in some men as the desire of making music is in others. The bringing of wild land into profitable cultivation is emotionally satisfying to those who love to do it, and Ernest was one of these. The creative efforts of Ernest Lilienthal at Pleasanton were truly a contribution of genuine worth to the wealth and development of his adopted state, California.

## The Middle Years

THE MIDDLE YEARS of a happy married life, when husband and wife mature together and their common interests merge and deepen as their children grow, are probably the most significant for them. Yet for the casual observer or chance biographer, these years are too full of apparently unimportant incident, too concerned with the happy routine of family life, for truly adequate description. The middle years of Ernest and his Bella were no exception to this general rule.

At 1818 California Street, their first home, the couple had met all the fresh experiences, the problems, the adjustments, the griefs of the first phase of their married life. Those first years had already become the "middle years" when, in 1892, Ernest decided to build a new and larger home at 1510 Van Ness Avenue. Louis Sloss and Sarah had the extra lots, and because they wanted Bella and Leon near them, gave them the sites. The new Lilienthal house was to stand next to that of Louis Sloss, who had long lived at 1500 Van Ness Avenue. At the same time the Leon Slosses determined to build at 1516 Van Ness Avenue.

The building of the new houses was a family project. Together with Ernest, Mr. Sloss and Leon inspected the beams and the joists and each day checked the progress of the workmen. The women, mother and daughter and daughter-in-law, watched with an interest shared by each child in proportion to his age.

The new houses were built generously, in the spirit of the day. On the first floor of the Lilienthal house were a spacious drawing room, a large formal dining room, which was used only when there was company, a breakfast room, besides a small reception room where formal afternoon callers were received; in this room the appointments were elegant—the walls hung with silk, and furniture richly upholstered. A generous, imposing oak staircase, broken by a wide landing and lighted by large, leaded, translucent windows, was the major feature of the front hall, in which hung a large painting of Dr. Samuel Lilienthal. From this hall, a descending stairway gave access to a large, completely furnished ballroom, the entire width of the front basement. This room the children used as a

playroom, but it did serve on frequent occasions for dances and entertainments, as was the intention of the architect. It was known as the billiard room and there was in it a full-size billiard table.

A driveway to the stable in the rear and also a stretch of lawn and garden separated 1510 Van Ness from 1500. This was crossed by a path leading to an entrance in the breakfast room of the Lilienthal residence and to a similar door in the Sloss house opposite, so that Bella and her mother could drop in on each other with ease and with the intimate privacy such an entrance afforded.

In the meantime, while the houses were being built, the Ernest Lilienthals, the elder Slosses, Louis Jr., and Joseph Sloss, besides a full staff of servants, lived under the same roof at 1500 Van Ness Avenue. (M. C. Sloss was at Harvard Law School.)

Behind the Sloss house was a barn big enough to house the Sloss carriages, which included an elegant Victoria Brewster Coupé. There was an enclosed paddock where the children rode a pony. There were always a pair of horses, and two cows. Nor must it be forgotten that Ernest had a pacer, a high four-wheeler, and a sulky which he had taken for a bad debt from a Portland liquor dealer. A smart turnout to be displayed on the "Speedway" at Golden Gate Park by Ben and Sam!

As soon as the family was settled in the new house, the accustomed regularity of family life was re-established. The meals, usually served in the breakfast room, were well planned and always on time—weekdays, breakfasts at seven-thirty, dinner at seven. Sunday morning breakfast was an exception. Served generally at nine o'clock, it was an elaborate repast, for it included fried oysters in season, sometimes spareribs, eggs, several varieties of coffeecake, milk, and coffee.

With the sometimes too-efficient help of Lizzie Martin, Bella managed her household smoothly and unobtrusively. Her home reflected the exquisite orderliness that was the very essence of her character, and yet she maintained in it an atmosphere of easy genial comfort to which no self-consciousness was attached. Every phase of household management was effected by her quiet, firm supervision—the laundry room downstairs, where Chinese help was employed, the planning and preparation of meals, the marketing, the decorous service in the dining room, the arrangement of the household appurtenances. Her daughters, Caroline and Sally, had no household duties, but they were given a practical demonstration of how a well-managed home is run.



Bella's interests, however, were not entirely absorbed by her family and her household management. With her active mother as her model, she contributed generously in time and effort to charitable and cultural projects. She was a member of The Needlework Guild, which distributed new garments to the poor; of the Golden Gate Kindergarten Association; and of the Century Club of California.

On February 6, 1893, Bella gave birth to her fourth son, named John Leo for his uncle. He proved the mechanical "genius" of the family. From his earliest years, he took a special delight in the mechanical toys which were his most cherished gifts at Christmas time. As he grew older he spent hours of his time in the basement playroom, where he had an electric railway and an internal-combustion engine operated by a gas outlet and turning a dynamo. He found also that he could generate hydro-electric power from a faucet. According to conservative estimates, he might have died from his experiments before he had passed his eleventh year. But he survived for the formal study of engineering.

John Leo was not the only member of the Lilienthal family who anticipated the Christmas season with delight. During the holidays, lively family parties gathered around the Christmas trees in one or another of the spacious Van Ness Avenue houses to exchange hearty, affectionate greetings, to become absorbed in John Leo's mechanical toys, and to do justice to the abundant holiday feasts for which the women of the family knew so well how to prepare. One feature of these festivals was the egg-nogs, the holiday greetings from a grateful customer. Completely covered by a meringue bearing the inscription "Merry Christmas," they were brought to the house in immense bowls via the California Street Cable Car!

When the children were old enough to profit by it, Ernest had a gymnasium installed in the attic. It was equipped with parallel bars, a rowing machine, medicine balls, Indian clubs, dumbbells, weights, et cetera. Every day both the girls and boys were roused for their morning workout there—whether they liked it or not. Joe and Marcus Sloss (called Dick by the second and third generation and Max by the elders) sometimes joined, and sometimes an instructor was brought from the Olympic Club. The girls also played football and basketball with their brothers.

The boys were sent to public grammar schools and high schools—Ben to Boys' High School, which subsequently became Lowell High School; Sam to Pacific Heights School and Lowell; Jack to Pine and

Larkin, Pacific Heights, and Lowell High, and all in due time to the University of California. The girls were sent to private schools—Miss West's and Miss Hamlin's.

In the evenings, in either house, Bella would sit at a card table turning cards in a solitaire game while her mother and father looked on and advised. Ernest would be reading or talking with the children or with the men of the family who dropped in. Often there was a bit of music, and so to bed.

In the spring of 1894 Ernest took his first real vacation and his first sea voyage. With his wife, Bella, Victoria Lilienthal, his cousin, and Caroline, his daughter, he sailed for Hawaii on the S.S. *Australia*. The sea trip was a pleasant experience, especially for Ernest, who found himself absolutely immune to seasickness. In the Islands the party was hospitably entertained and many new acquaintances were formed. Caroline recalls riding horseback with Captain William Matson. The success of the vacation was due largely to their host, George W. Macfarlane, the distributor in the Islands for Crown Distilleries, who became a close friend.

Long afterward, King Kalakaua of the Islands visited San Francisco. Ernest presented Henry Heyman, a leading violinist of the city to His Majesty (intending a josh). His Majesty was so pleased with the recital in the Palace Hotel that he appointed Heyman his solo violinist and granted him the knighthood which accompanied the honor. Ernest thought of the whole affair as whimsical, like an episode in the plot of a light opera, but Heyman took it seriously, and from that day insisted on being addressed as Sir Henry.

As a family, the Lilienthals were not inclined to resign the direction of their children's education to the schools; certainly the Ernest Lilienthals were not. They had no quarrel with public schools, with systems of formal education, but they supplemented their children's education by instruction in whatever seemed to them important—indirectly by example in manners, attitudes, and the principles of satisfactory human relationships; directly by encouraging interest in the arts and by developing in their children the habit of logical thinking which leads to sound judgment. For instance, Bella took the girls to concerts, symphonies, and operas; and Ernest took both boys and girls to the theater whenever first-class performances were provided. He discussed with his children the



practical principles of business procedure and often presented to them problems which required rapid calculation, logical thought, or keen judgment. Recently Jack Lilienthal recalled his father's practices of this sort:

From my earliest recollection, Father was constantly supplementing my school training, without my being in any way aware of it. On our walks in San Rafael, when I was very young, he would frequently and suddenly pop out with some simple practical problem—a training in mental arithmetic, although I did not then realize it.

Later the talks were almost invariably slanted toward some topic which I was currently studying at school. He had a faculty of being interested in the subjects that were occupying *my* attention at the time. I know I got a lot more than was presented at school through what then seemed to me to be an exchange of ideas. These conversations embraced almost every possible field.

As I grew older, summer vacation jobs of one kind or another were provided for me. Thus I worked in a sugar mill, a lumber operation, on several surveys, in the car shops at Chico, and as a labor straw boss in the beet fields. If I thought at all about it, I probably had the impression that these jobs were for the purpose of earning money and possibly to keep me out from under foot. Later, I realized that the purpose was to get me something of a fundamental picture of the industry and agriculture, and to learn to live with and appreciate the "fellow from across the tracks."

Business affairs were also discussed. Much of this was frequently beyond my comprehension but, as I recall, there was always some basic principle of economics or business involved.

But some things which Ernest would not have thought amusing were kept from him, as when Jack and Teddy, Philip's youngest son, took the Anglo Bank's automobile without permission and went for a drive. They were finally caught in Golden Gate Park, and a friend, Louis Haas, secretary of Crown Distilleries Company, managed to get them released from the Park's bide-a-wee before Ernest found out. For while Ernest enjoyed humor, he did not appreciate extremes of any kind.

Nor did Ernest direct the attention of his sons solely to business practice that would yield profits. He himself operated as a believer in "free enterprise" (though he may never have used the phrase), but he also recognized the social implications of such a system and accepted the responsibilities thereof. He expected his sons to entertain his ethical concepts of business procedures. To them he presented all the factors, social and practicable, in the problems he discussed. Ben particularly remembers his boyish admiration of his father's analytical power. He allowed no discussion to end in idle speculation. A just conclusion was always reached, not impulsively, but not unreasonably delayed.



Ben also remembers that his father often quoted *his* father, Dr. Sam, and his uncle, Max, from whom he had learned much about the restrictions of the life they had known in Europe. No "free enterprise" there! To start new businesses—even to marry—their forebears were obliged to have the permission of the government. They were deeply appreciative, as was Ernest, of the opportunities offered them in the United States.

Caroline recalls that he declared that he voted with the Republican party because its leadership seemed to understand that the natural resources of the country were best developed by energetic and responsible citizens who had the ability to produce wealth and the self-discipline to reserve a surplus for re-investment. Social position, he said, should depend only on personal accomplishment, and those whose opportunity and ability brought them large recompense had social obligations, first to their families and, thereafter, to their associates and to unfortunates. What they earned was not for themselves alone.

This philosophy he put in practice. He encouraged Bella in her charitable work and exerted himself to relieve penury in cases which, he felt, deserved his attention. In these matters, as in all others, he was very practical. He tried, first, to find work for the indigent person. Failing that, he gave money. Ernest was not amenable to demands on his purse as Louis Sloss was reputed to be. The latter supported innumerable people, especially in Germany. But then, Ernest had not resources comparable to those of the Slosses. Nor did he feel that what he had was his to deal out irresponsibly. He had obligations to other members of the Pact and to their families.

But he was by no means negative. His bent was to encourage. He encouraged the efforts of his business colleagues. He appreciatively encouraged the activities inside and outside his home. He encouraged his children to develop their best natural aptitudes and inclinations. And he extended his unfailing and exquisite courtesy to those who made demands upon his pocketbook. He had a mellow humor, but it was never sharp or derisive.

Sam Lilienthal, writing to Caroline Esberg in September 1948, said:

Srs:

During our phone talk this A.M. I tried to put into words a thing which I always knew but never previously put into just such form. In my original notes I mentioned Father's ability to argue without descending in debate to the personalities so common with many people and, of course, this applied to discussions within the group

of either Sloss or Lilienthal relations. Thinking things over I believe a dominant note in our family relationships was that of tolerance. Possibly "consideration" is a better term. Consideration for the ideas of the children on the part of the parents; the feeling for the need to convince rather than command; consideration of the rights and feelings of the servants and, in fact, consideration for everyone who was trying to do what was right. This was no veneer but something so deep that I know it has shown itself and must continue to so show in the descendants throughout all their human relationships.

SAM

Despite his considerate manner, Ernest Lilienthal could never be mistaken for a diffident man. He had the ability to speak his mind definitely and unmistakably in a very gentle way. Once a friend in New York handed him a letter and asked him to deliver it to an address in San Francisco. He took the letter, drew a postage stamp from his wallet and affixed it with the remark, "It is far more certain to be delivered this way."

Ernest not only taught his sons as much as he could; when the time came, he also provided opportunities for them and carefully guided their early careers. In 1896, Ben, his eldest son, was first put to work in Crown Distilleries Company at \$50.00 a month. His duties were writing liquor bills in longhand and copying letters. Later he doubled in opening samples of hops received from the Lilienthal Company buyers in the hops sections of California and the Northwest, classifying them as to quality and size. In 1902, when Ernest thought Ben old enough, the Pact members at Ernest's request allotted his son 1,000 shares of Crown Distilleries at \$100.00 a share. Ben made a small down payment on them, the balance to be paid out of profits, with interest charged at 5 percent. Louis Haas, secretary of Crown Distilleries and a friend of the family, who had grown up with the company, was given a similar chance to acquire a substantial block of the stock on the same terms. Later, Sam, by an identical arrangement, acquired 500 shares with a down payment of \$500.00. All three transactions worked out satisfactorily for the company and gave the young men their first real boost in business life.

In Ernest Lilienthal there was an amazing integration of all his qualities, rather than a dominance of one. He was a versatile person, interested in scientific progress, appreciative of good literature (he quoted Shakespeare by the page), thoughtful in his political convictions, humanistic in his social philosophy. His keen business judgment embraced both



major issues and the multiplicity of attendant details. He was an affectionate son, a considerate husband, a devoted father, a generous brother; but his family relationships were unmarred either by sentimental gesture or by weak indulgence. He sympathized with the unfortunate, but his charitable influences were checked by good sense and discrimination. He had creative ideas and the driving power to translate them into productive realities, as was amply demonstrated in his agricultural enterprises. Democratic in all his relationships, he counted among his friends Horace O'Rear, a colorful character who had the newspaper concession on the Bay ferries, and such men as Captain William Matson of shipping fame, James Irvine, a large-scale agriculturist, and many others in all walks of life. All this variety of interest and activity seemed to require no division of his power.

Life in his business and in his home was never monotonous, because mental and physical activity, while well ordered and well lubricated by self-control, was ceaseless. Neither he nor his children went off on futile tangents.

This blending of all the qualities in Ernest Lilienthal's character revealed itself most strikingly in the nice balance of intellectual conviction and emotional control. Hysteria was intolerable to him. Always restrained himself, he could suppress it in others with an almost effortless indication of disapproval. His gestures, his facial expression, the gravity of his voice, conveyed his conviction that irrational and erratic behavior was not evidence of good judgment. Hattie Sloss, twenty-six years after Ernest's death, said he had the ability to be objective; he tried to get the other person's point of view. He sought it in books; he was one of the best-read persons she ever knew. After all the years, she who has known so many, said that he was a very distinguished person, of great dignity.

And so the middle years passed. The boys reached college age. The girls grew into lively young women, enthusiastically interested in their friends and in their social engagements.

When Ben was attending the University of California, he became fast friends with Milton H. Esberg, a fabulous character, who had distinguished himself as the ringleader of a mischievous student prank. A steel wire was strung across treetops from the bell rope in a church steeple in Berkeley to the upper rooms of a fraternity house. When the bell began to toll in the wee small hours of the morning, there was first alarm and,



subsequently, investigation. Ben brought his hero home and introduced him to his family. Milton charmed all with his good manners and rollicking wit. Most of all he engaged the interest of Caroline, the elder daughter of Ernest and Bella. Caroline was in her late teens. By the time she was twenty years of age Milton was successfully selling cigars for M. A. Gunst and Company, wholesale distributors, and it was apparent to all the family, as well as to the rest of San Francisco, that the young man would be capable of supporting a wife in the style to which she was accustomed.

Caroline at one time received a letter from her Uncle Albert in New York after young Milton Esberg had visited there. It read in part: "Young Esberg is a very proper fellow. . . . Is there any other particular chap in evidence?" There were probably other "chaps" in evidence, but it seems that they did not have a chance, for another letter from Uncle Albert not long after read:

It was with just a little tinge of jealousy, that I heard of your betrothal. Not that I expected to marry you myself—but then to me you were just "Carrie"—and it is hard to think of you some other way.

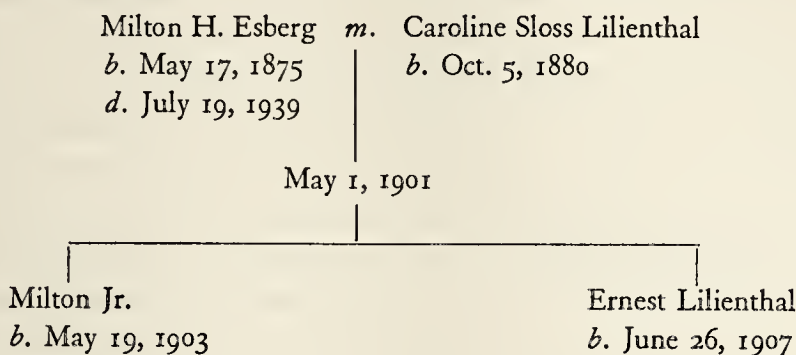
Your fellow is all right in every way, from all I learn—and if he possesses no other qualities—he has good judgment and good taste.

The engagement was not too long, and in 1901 Ernest's first daughter, Caroline Sloss Lilienthal, became Mrs. Milton H. Esberg. The marriage was performed at the family home at 1510 Van Ness Avenue on May 1. It was a big wedding. For Ernest and Bella it was one of the most important episodes in their married life, and there was nothing they would not do to make the occasion beautiful, elegant, elaborate; in a word, memorable. The Misses Worn, all four of them, then San Francisco's most stylish decorators, were called in to supervise the decorations. Hawthorn was twined about the banisters, and over fireplaces; white ribbon by the yard was caught in bows at every conceivable place in the house; a string orchestra played for the wedding, the dinner and the dancing; wedding gifts, lavish and even sumptuous, were on display, and the banquet table was crowded with good food and fine wine. Rabbi Voorsanger of Temple Emanu-El solemnized the marriage. This good man was accustomed to give long and solemn lectures on the marital virtues and precepts of domestic happiness before he conducted the ceremony. That, Caroline decided, was too much. She told her young husband-to-be that she simply was not going to stand and listen to the old man drone on. Young Milton agreed, and they started off married life in complete har-

mony, avoiding the usual premarriage counsel with tact and grace. The trousseau was splendid.

Ten days later Milton and Caroline interrupted their wedding trip to return for the celebration on May 10 of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Ernest and Bella. Caroline wore her wedding dress, and, to the delight of all the family, Sally wore Bella's.

In a few years, Ernest and Bella were the grandparents of two handsome boys, Milton H. Jr., and Ernest Lilienthal Esberg.



June 4, 1902, Louis Sloss died in San Rafael. When the news was received in San Francisco, Major Eugene E. Schmitz ordered all flags at half-mast. The funeral ceremonies were held in San Rafael. In a special train and ferry provided by A. W. Foster, president of the Northwestern Pacific Railroad, the cortege followed the beloved remains to San Francisco and thence to the family vault in the Home of Peace Cemetery.

The death of Louis Sloss brought a heavy grief into the Lilienthal and Sloss home in San Rafael. The families had lived in the closest relationship, and the loss of the strong little man to whom every member of the families was bound by ties of deep affection was correspondingly painful. Bella and her mother were heavily stricken. Ernest had lost a valued counselor and a true friend, but he stifled his grief to comfort and advise. It was not the tributes of civil officials, newspapers, and friends that relieved Bella's suffering during the first weeks following her father's death; it was the quiet sympathy and genuine understanding which her husband had for his shy wife.

A most impressive tribute was paid to Louis Sloss by his son, M. C. Sloss, at a commemorative ceremony sponsored thirty years later by the Society of California Pioneers. It is quoted in the Appendix, page 173.

## Earthquake and Fire

ECONOMICALLY, San Francisco began the year 1906 as an exceedingly prosperous city. More than that, business prosperity had begun to underwrite the city's growing interest in the arts. With the accumulation of wealth and the attendant confidence of assured income came the patronage of the pictorial arts and the best that could be offered in the theater and on the stages of opera houses.

On the evening of April 17, 1906, Enrico Caruso sang the role of Don José in Bizet's *Carmen* to a delighted San Francisco audience. During the intermissions, the lobbies of the opera house on Mission Street between Third and Fourth Streets glittered with brocades and jewels. The scents of perfumes and of good Havanas mingled pleasantly. Exquisite fragrance, harmonious color, the sensitive response to the subtleties of tone—these were the outward manifestations of the general feeling of well-being that mark a civilized city. The audience felt this a part—an important part—of a splendid and acceptable life.

In that audience were Ernest and Bella Lilienthal, as were most of their adult relatives. The performance over, they entered a carriage which had been ordered for the evening from a livery stable, for Mama Sloss did not approve of John Hughes, her coachman, and her horses going out at night. They clattered through the brightly lighted streets of the downtown district and along mansion-lined Van Ness Avenue to be set down before the three familiar houses which were home. When they closed their doors, they brought to an end a singularly satisfying evening and they brought to an end a singularly satisfying manner of life. Tomorrow would be a new day.

That tomorrow began at 5:13 o'clock in the morning when an earthquake awakened the entire city. The Lilienthal house was seriously shaken. The chandeliers swayed back and forth, and part of the curious molding of the ceilings cracked and dropped. The grandfather's clock in the upper hall fell on its face. Brick chimneys braced to withstand heavy winds buckled at the roof line and fell. Everyone in the family was frightened by the severity of the first shock, and kept tense by the suc-



cession of minor shocks which followed. There was no panic. There were no initial premonitions to hint of the intensity of the disaster which was to blight the city. Bella went over to see if her mother was all right. She and the Leon Slosses were safe and sound. Ernest decided that, on their way to work, his sons should stop at carpenter and plumbing shops to arrange for repairs.

But their way of life had changed for the Lilienthals. Neither plumbers nor carpenters were available. It was not long after the earthquake that San Francisco began to burn, for, despite bursted water mains, householders built fires, not realizing that the great cracks in the chimneys would send sparks in fiery showers over the wooden buildings.

All that day and the following night the family watched a mass migration. People in carriages, on bicycles, and on foot, dragged or pushed along their families and what few possessions they had salvaged. Into the three houses on Van Ness poured relatives and friends. Grandma Sloss fed them all. The staggering repercussions of the earthquake and fire began to assume their real proportions.

Sam and Ben hurried to the offices of the Crown Distilleries Company at Beale and Mission Streets. In front of the building was collected a group of the employees, including the telephone girl, but nothing could be done. The six-story building, each floor piled high with whiskey and other liquors, soon caught fire and burned violently.

The heads of the Sloss and Lilienthal families quickly agreed that the members of each of the households should be moved to the Sloss home in San Rafael. Ernest, Louis Sloss Jr., John Hughes, the Sloss coachman, and Ben were the only exceptions. Before the family left, though, they had time to see Caruso and his baggage on a high one-horse wagon gallop by at top speed. The women hastily gathered up whatever they thought they would need or want, and it was a curious collection of trivia and essentials they took with them to San Rafael. Mrs. Sloss picked up a silk rug; Bella took time to go to her dresser drawer to pick up the rest of the season's opera tickets, but she left the family silver behind.

Later the silver was carefully deposited in a shed under the water tank on the Esberg lot at 2211 Pacific Avenue. Someone had the theory that if the fire raged that far, it would burn the supports of the water tank and in the ensuing collapse the water would put out the fire and thus save the silver. No one afterwards claimed this theory as his own, not even John Hughes, the Irish coachman, whose attachment to the Sloss family

led his wife once to remark, "John loves the 'family' more than he loves his own." The women and children were sent to the ferry in an automobile loaned by E. R. Dimond. The extra carriages and horses followed the family to San Rafael, via the ferries, which during the entire emergency demanded no cash. The cows were turned loose in the street.

Because of the chaos and looting in the disaster area, General Frederick Funston, commanding officer of the Presidio, declared the city under martial law. Louis Sloss Jr., Ernest, and Ben were given a brief period to evacuate their homes. The three men collected as many of the family possessions as they could, piling clothing, bedding, and precious family treasures hapazardly together in a frantic effort to save something of the accumulation of a lifetime. But left behind were rooms of elegant furniture and the cumbrous momentos of two or three generations.

The strategists who directed the fire-fighting operations counted at first on the unusual width of Van Ness Avenue to act as a firebreak, but when the blaze jumped the street in several places, that hope was destroyed. They decided then on the dangerous expedient of using the wooden mansions which lined the east side of Van Ness Avenue as fuel for a backfire. Louis Sloss Jr. and the two Lilienthal men saw kerosene poured over the furniture and draperies of their homes and watched the flames rise. The backfire, plus a west wind which sprang up after two days of calm, brought the holocaust under control. To that end what was dear to the memories of hundreds had to be sacrificed. Ernest Lilienthal was but one of many, but that did not ease his loss.

Louis Sloss Jr., Ernest, and Ben were driven to the ferry by John Hughes. As they crossed the Bay, the refugees looked back to see the smoke and the reflections of the flames in the sky, but there was little time or privacy for long regrets. In San Rafael life went on at a hectic pace with forty homeless members of the family crowding the generous rooms. In the first days of the disaster, all the members emptied their pockets of change and collected the money into a large bowl on a table. For the time being, this was for general use. The chimneys of the house were cracked and any fire built had to be carefully watched. Every morning platters of sandwiches and chocolate were set out for all those who had to return to San Francisco. Louis Sloss Jr., acting on an instinct developed in Alaska, went into San Rafael and bought an enormous stock of cereals and dry beans, more than the family was able to eat in years.

Money was scarce. The Northwestern Pacific Railroad honored



I.O.U.'s generally, and a spirit of co-operation and mutual assistance prevailed. Billy Finigan, a saloon keeper on Golden Gate Avenue, offered Ernest everything he had. Bert Wertheimer, an out-of-town salesman for the Crown Distilleries Company, collected as many of the outstanding debts in the country as he could and brought the money to San Rafael.

The city to which Ernest Lilienthal and his associates returned was one of confusion and disorder. For years San Francisco's industry and commerce had been highly complex. Even a business of moderate size was dependent on a thorough examination of its books not only to determine where it stood and why but also what accepted procedures should be retained, what new ones initiated. The Crown Distilleries was a concern of more than moderate size, and Ernest and his sons were faced with the tremendous task of reconstructing a business, the entire records of which were in a vault that could barely be seen in a pool of bilge and still burning alcohol in an excavation which had been the basement of the building at Beale and Mission where the offices and warehouses had been located. To avoid the spontaneous combustion which the Fire Underwriters warned would consume the papers if they were suddenly exposed to fresh air, the vault was undisturbed for six weeks. All the company's books were intact when the vault was finally opened.

Several weeks after the fire, Joseph Sloss made available the directors' room at the Pacific Hardware and Steel Company, Seventh and Townsend Streets, where the office force assembled and began to pick up the business threads. Burned out liquor dealers were starting their establishments in the sections of San Francisco not touched by fire. These as well as the country customers were served directly from public warehouses, which were intact and in which Crown Distilleries Company always carried a large reserve stock.

Several months later the offices were moved to a space in the Merchants Exchange Building. It was burned out and rough, but it did for an office. The bare essentials for office work were not available—not even a pencil. It took journeys to Oakland and a three weeks' wait to get some plain letterheads and envelopes from a printer there. A two-story warehouse owned by the company on Minna Street was rebuilt before the building on Beale and Mission. The head office moved there. Full operation was resumed under one roof.

Ernest had before him not only the task of reconstructing his business, but he was expected to restore mental security to his family as well. To do



this, he kept his sons busy with the work of reconstruction, and in the fall moved his family from the crowded quarters in San Rafael to a rented home on Washington Street in San Francisco. Later they were moved to the home of Sophie Lilienthal at 1801 Gough Street, and from there to a number of other residences as necessity or convenience dictated.

With the first immediate cares of his business accounted for, Ernest began to interest himself in the general welfare of the city. With other civic-minded men, he worked with energy and drive to restore the good fortunes of what tragically was called "The City That Was." The major contribution which Ernest made will be covered in a following chapter; it is sufficient to observe here that, a year after his business had been left a smoking ruin, a year which had been filled with exhausting effort and activity, Ernest was able to take an extended vacation to Europe to recover his health.

## Reconstruction and Two Marriages

TO REBUILD A CITY is a stupendous task. It requires untiring energy, highly effective organization, self-confident leadership, a widespread hope, and, most of all, experienced wisdom and foresight. For public-spirited men of vision the ruins of San Francisco were both a challenge and an opportunity. During the disaster itself, and the period of dislocation which followed, a strong spirit of mutual assistance and general co-operation prevailed. To the continuance of that spirit may be attributed the rapidity with which the city was rebuilt.

The rebuilding of a city involves more than the rehousing of its people and the restocking of its stores; the entire financial foundation must also be rebuilt and the complicated network of the city's commercial life re-established. New business activity must be grafted onto the seared stumps of the old, for present and future growth requires some connection with the past. A city as complex as San Francisco does not grow without roots.

During the period of reconstruction, leadership in San Francisco was not without its philosophy. Engineers, lawyers, doctors, financiers, merchants grasped the implications of problems more serious than charred ruins, more vital than disrupted traffic. Individual and community effort was marked by bold decision, vigorous action, and remarkable prescience. The powerful maelstrom of reconstruction drew to its center men in whom responsibility could be safely lodged and men whose judgment commanded respect. Of such Ernest Lilienthal may be taken as an exemplar.

Ernest was on the board of directors of the Merchants' Exchange, which was founded ". . . to foster and encourage domestic and foreign trade and commerce, to advance the commercial prosperity of the City and County of San Francisco and of the Pacific Coast." A predecessor of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, it represented many individuals and firms. It comprehended almost every phase of trade and commerce in the city.

The chief tangible asset of the Merchants' Exchange was its building. That building suffered from the fire to the extent of \$702,726 damage, of which approximately \$66,000 was supposedly covered by the Fireman's

Fund Insurance Company's policies. This company was San Francisco's own, financed by local capital and managed by local men. Had it collapsed in the severe trial of total disaster, San Francisco's financial maturity might have been delayed for years. Many of the businesses of the city held fire and marine insurance policies in the company. Failure to meet claims would have ruined the company and many businesses. Ernest, who was elected president of the Merchants' Exchange in July 1906, saw that what was needed was confidence. Working in close association with J. B. Levison, who, through the Gerstles, was a relative of the Lilienthals, and who was an executive of the Fireman's Fund, he accepted membership on the advisory committee of the insurance company. There were other links between the Merchants' Exchange and the distracted insurance company. One was Wm. H. Crocker, who was a member of the board of the Exchange and also holder of a note for \$250,000, which had been loaned to the Fireman's Fund to enable it to continue operations under the law. Another was Bernard Faymonville, who was a member of the Exchange board and also an officer in the insurance company.

One of the major problems facing the two concerns was the apparent failure of the Fireman's Fund. Aghast at great losses incident to the earthquake and fire, several German companies, who had reinsured part of the Fireman's Fund risks in San Francisco, refused to pay their portions of the losses. This dishonoring of claims left the Fireman's Fund Company in a difficult position. Their building was burned; claims against the company ran to over \$5,000,000; their records were confused, and it was questionable how much of their obligations could be met.

But Fireman's Fund was not alone in its bitterness toward the German insurance companies; the Merchants' Exchange held several policies with the same companies, and they too suffered by the default.

Ernest Lilienthal's election to the presidency of the Merchants' Exchange in 1906 proclaimed that his contemporaries and associates saw in him the wisdom and qualities of leadership which did bear fruit during the difficult period of his administration.

On his motion, forty percent of the rents for April which had been collected by the Merchants' Exchange were refunded. Though a relatively small matter, this incident indicates his spirit of fairness, for the Merchants' Exchange faced a cost of reconstruction totaling \$770,000, and although its investments, assets, and collected claims against the insurance companies totaled \$650,000, there was still a deficit.



The Fireman's Fund Company was in still more precarious circumstances. The insurance commissioner demanded that the company meet the demands of legal capitalization and settle the claims against it, and the policyholders had formed a league to press their claims themselves. In this emergency, J. B. Levison proposed a plan for reorganization of the Fireman's Fund under corporation law, which would enable the company to settle half of the claims against it by issuing stock certificates in the new organization. One of the first men whom he consulted was Ernest Lilienthal. Mr. Levison relates:

That night I went to the Sloss home and talked the matter over with E. R. Lilienthal who, in addition to being a prominent businessman, was president of the Merchant's Exchange, one of our large policyholders. Lilienthal gave me every encouragement. He said that there was nothing extraordinary in my scheme; that it was a situation such as the average merchant meets almost daily, where he finds an honest debtor unable to pay in full because of circumstances beyond his control, and is generally content to take what he can get.

Ernest Lilienthal's attitude toward this proposition was consistent with other manifestations of his personality. It was the coolness and logic with which he approached each problem that led his fellows to choose him for positions of responsibility and trust.

The amount of the deficit, the unsound condition of the Fireman's Fund, and in general the precarious state of affairs throughout the city, which might have influenced some men to drain all they could from their creditors and destroy men and business enterprise, did not unduly influence Ernest's judgment. His influence and help were no inconsiderable factors in bringing about a sound and satisfactory result.

The board of directors of the Merchants' Exchange met on August 27, 1906, with Ernest Lilienthal in the chair. The aggregate claims of the Merchants' Exchange against the Fireman's Fund and two associate companies, Home Fire and Marine, and Pacific Underwriters, totaled \$66,514.50. The board decided that it would accept fifty percent of the claims in stock in the new corporation and the remainder in gold coin. The board further decided that to insure the collection of the gold, it had the right to, and would sue, some stockholders of the Fireman's Fund who, though able financially, evaded payment of an assessment of \$300 per share held.

As influential as he was on his own board of directors, Ernest Lilienthal's decision to back up the insurance company had probably a greater

influence on the committee of policyholders of the Fireman's Fund. The lead of a representative body such as the Merchants' Exchange and the personal faith of such a man as Ernest Lilienthal helped to prevent any sense of panic among a majority of the large policyholders as well as among those whose stock investments were threatened with annihilation. Despite the strong opposition of several of the policyholders to the fifty-fifty compromise, the weight of Ernest Lilienthal gave the Fireman's Fund the chance for recovery, without which many of the small policyholders as well as a few great corporations might have faced bankruptcy.

By this arrangement, the Fireman's Fund Insurance Company was enabled to continue in operation, and in the years that followed every penny owed by the hard-pressed company was paid, while the value of its new stock increased proportionately.

The first year of reconstruction made relentless demands on the talents and energies of Ernest Lilienthal. Under his guidance, Crown Distilleries was put on as sound a basis as it had been before the disaster; the Merchants' Exchange began the rehabilitation of its building; and the Fireman's Fund was reorganized, its solvency re-established, and its business resumed. One of the results of Ernest Lilienthal's shrewd support of the affairs of the latter company was his appointment by Governor Gillette to the committee responsible for the revision of the Insurance Code of California.

These stern demands made upon his time and his energies, plus the attentions which he always rendered to his family, finally took their toll. In the fall of 1907 he had an attack of what was then called vertigo. The family physician, Dr. James W. Ward, persuaded him to take an extended vacation. Shortly thereafter he and his wife, his son Jack, and his daughter Sally left for New York. From there they sailed for Europe, where France, Switzerland, Italy, Austria, Germany, and England were visited. Apart from extensive sight-seeing, Ernest was particularly interested in agricultural and industrial developments. He spent considerable time in the hop markets of Nuremberg, storing away his observations for future reference.

Jack recalls that Ernest's interest in things other than ancient churches and fading palaces was typical. Jack writes:

Father had at all times a most enquiring mind. He read a great deal in an effort to keep up with new scientific developments—particularly those having even a remote bearing on any phase of business in which he was interested. While not

scientifically trained he had far better than a layman's knowledge of technical subjects.

Even on this trip Ernest did not relinquish his accustomed role of tutor and mentor of his children. The unsettled conditions in San Francisco requiring a constant and extensive correspondence, Jack was made Ernest's assistant and secretary. Nor did any ill-considered impulse of the young people pass unchecked. At one time Sally spied a lapis lazuli necklace, and immediately wanted it. Ernest considered the request for a moment and then, with the calm discretion of a trained diplomat and father said: "If tomorrow you still want it, you may have it."

The next day she did not want it.

Once more at home, Ernest and Bella could not but remark the pre-occupation of their second son, Sam, now twenty-five years of age. No doubt he needed the vacation he planned! Without hesitation he chose to go to Tallac on Lake Tahoe, where Alice Haas, for many years his good friend, was enjoying the summer months. Magically Sam's lassitude fell from him! He and Alice joined a party formed to make an overnight excursion to Meiss Lake. What more romantic spot in which to ask the question uppermost in Sam's mind! The question was asked; the answer, entirely satisfactory!

True to family precedents, Sam returned to San Francisco to lay his plans before his father. At the time, the family resources were deeply involved in the project known as the Northern Electric; so finances were discussed. Ernest's first demurrer on the grounds of Sam's youth were successfully countered by a pointed question about the older man's age at the time of his marriage. The approval of Alice's father, William Haas, was asked for and given.

Sam's engagement was not long. Alice accepted him August 29, 1909; the engagement was announced the following September 4; they were married November 3 of the same year.

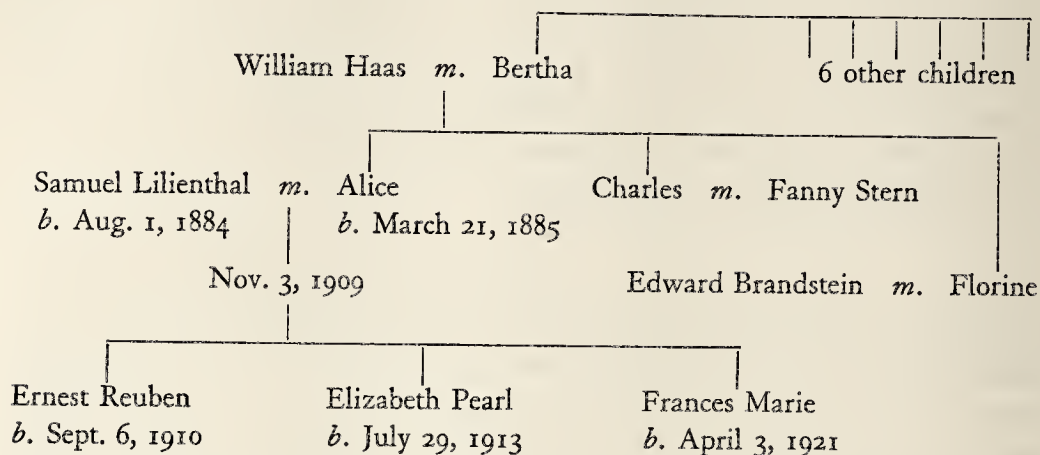
The marriage was performed at the Haas residence, 2007 Franklin Street, in the presence of about three hundred guests. The office of rabbi being vacant at the time, Sam's uncle, Judge M. C. Sloss, consented to officiate. This gentleman was not only Bella Lilienthal's brother; he was also a cousin of Bertha Greenebaum Haas, the mother of the bride. Ben was his brother's best man and Sally Lilienthal was the maid of honor.

For this occasion the services of the Misses Worn were again employed.



American Beauty roses were used in the banquet hall; white chrysanthemums in the room where the ceremony was performed. Sir Henry Heyman, the old friend who had been knighted by the ruler of Hawaii, conducted the music and himself played the violin.

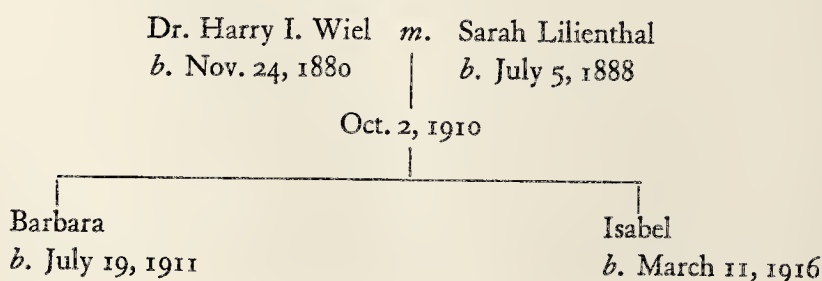
Herman Greenebaum *m.* Rosalie Cauffman



Sam's marriage was closely followed by that of his younger sister, Sally, who had become engaged to Dr. Harry I. Wiel, whose family had had an intimate acquaintance with the Lilienthals for many years. Sally writes:

My engagement to Dr. Harry I. Wiel happened this way: He wrote from Brussels, I wired from San Rafael, but on the day he came home from Europe, July 25, my father wanted to have a talk with him before I was permitted to see my man. I am sure in Dad's mind, this was the proper way to do it. The families were well acquainted so the blessing was given.

We were married at 1805 Franklin Street, the Philip N. Lilienthal house, on October 2, 1910. As with the Esberg and Sam's and Alice's wedding the Worn sisters did the decorating, which was beautiful—the house and tables as only the Worns could do them. Caroline was my Matron of Honor. Judge M. C. Sloss also performed our ceremony. That made it a family affair and as we all love him so much, we felt a different and more personal touch.



## The Northern Electric

BY THE TURN of the century Ernest R. Lilienthal was a widely known businessman in San Francisco. Though not prominent in the newspaper sense, his integrity and capacity for business and organization had gained for him the respect and friendship of the downtown district. Through his office constantly passed men with ideas, projects, and investment plans. Each in his turn received advice and tactful direction, and Ernest Lilienthal occasionally invested in one project or another when he saw a chance for clear and honest profit. One of the opportunities for profitable investment brought to his attention a plan to cover the whole of the northern California valleys with a network of electric railroads.

An engineer and promoter, Henry G. Butters, had in 1904 built a small electric line between Chico and Oroville, and in the town of Chico itself had superintended the installation of a municipal electric streetcar line. Butters interested a friend, Eugene de Sabla Jr., and he in turn contacted Louis Sloss Jr. Before investing, Louis Sloss Jr. decided to consult Ernest Lilienthal as to the soundness and advisability of the move. He primarily wanted Ernest's advice, watchfulness, and judgment.

The Southern Pacific Railroad at the time controlled practically all freight and passenger service in northern California. The railroad did not welcome the competition of the Northern Electric Company.

Though on friendly terms with many of the executives of the road, Ernest realized that the main lines of the Southern Pacific did not serve many of the richest lands in the district, and that there was also the possibility of opening up even more land to profitable agriculture. Moreover, the time seemed auspicious for an investment in a freight and passenger transportation service.

The Northern Electric Company was incorporated on June 21, 1905. Henry Butters was elected president. Ernest R. Lilienthal, Louis Sloss Jr., Leon Sloss, W. P. Hammon, and Eugene de Sabla Jr., were the major stock holders. Others concerned with the infant corporation were A. D. Schindler, a railway engineer, Paul Edwards, an electrical engineer, Harmon S. Bonte, and Paul Bailey, civil and construction engineers, T. T. C. Gregory,

a lawyer who acquired the original rights of way, C. Julian Goodell, of Suisun, now judge of the appellate court of California, and Elmer Armfield of Woodland, the latter two the company's attorneys.

Two months after the formation of the company, 5.41 miles of trackage in the city of Chico were sold to Northern Electric through stock purchase on August 1, 1905. The corporation, modeling its future expansion on the small run between Chico and Oroville built by Butters, constructed between the years 1905 to 1907 a main line from Chico to Sacramento, 90.5 miles, the Oroville branch, 5.5 miles, and the Hamilton branch, 12.1 miles. It bought power from the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, which later became one of its creditors, and began supplying the inland valleys with electric railway service.

The building of the road was unexpectedly difficult. Gangs of hired professional hoodlums raided the construction camps and occasionally tipped over the newly erected signal towers. The Southern Pacific resented the competition very keenly, even before the corporation reached any sizeable importance. One other circumstance made the construction of a railroad difficult. As in the time of Louis Sloss Sr. and his trading business, the Sacramento and American rivers overflowed their banks yearly. Tracks were washed out, and thousands of man-hours and millions of dollars worth of equipment were lost.

By 1907 the seasonal floods had so enormously increased the costs of the company that Louis Sloss Jr. persuaded Ernest Lilienthal to accept the presidency of the Northern Electric Company following the resignation of Butters, who had been made ill by the unfavorable conditions of the road. Ernest did not qualify as a railroad expert, but he had demonstrated that he could see a whole picture. While the Northern Electric had experts, it had no one else with the experience to comprehend an entire operation. Ernest soon learned that the road was underfinanced. There was a lot of water trouble, but the water was not in the stock. For the next eight years Ernest concentrated on the venture his entire effort and interest as well as the major part of his personal fortune—all without reward.

It was logical, too, for Louis Sloss to urge Ernest on to the presidency of the company; in 1907 Ernest was already president of the West Sacramento Company, a land development project closely connected with the progress of the electric lines in that area. Ernest saw what could be done with the marshy, useless land along the middle reaches of the Sacramento River opposite the state capitol. The operations Ernest had carried



on at Pleasanton equipped him with the experience necessary for this much larger undertaking, and in 1912 a land development company was formed, first known as the Netherlands Farms Company and later as the Holland Land Company. Ernest was named president of the Holland Land Company, which owned 20,000 acres near the town of Clarksburg on the Sacramento River. The Holland project proved to be the most profitable of all his investments at this time.

Because of the floods, the lowlands were protected by high dirt levees, which in the case of the West Sacramento Company ran parallel to the general course of the railroad. And in the case of still another reclamation project, known as the Elkhorn Land Company, the Northern Electric's railroad branch to Woodland ran on the levee.

Even such an economic development as the double-purpose levee did not reduce the expenses of general construction and management sufficiently to keep the railroad solvent, so Ernest and his associates began to secure loans from outside interests to protect their own investment and those of their friends.

Ernest himself put up the major portion of his personal property as collateral for bank and supplementary loans. Between the years 1906 and 1918 Ernest Lilienthal put up 4,800 shares of West Sacramento Land Company stock, 946 shares of Union Sugar Company, 900 shares of Alameda Sugar Company, 1,666 $\frac{2}{3}$  shares of Lilienthal Company, and \$240,000 in bonds of the Northern Electric Company. The total of the personal investment Ernest Lilienthal sank into the electric railroad to alleviate the underfinanced condition of the venture was approximately \$400,000. His partners contributed according to their ability—some even more than Ernest.

But underfinancing was not the only principle of failure involved in the final bankruptcy of the Northern Electric Company. From the vantage point of thirty years later, it is easy to assert that the scheme of an electric railroad was twenty years too late. Hard roads with good surfaces, and the development of commercial trucking concerns able to do what the electric railroads were intended to do, soon cut into the freight tonnage with disastrous results. Ernest Lilienthal and his partners not only had to compete with the powerful Southern Pacific monopoly, but although they did not realize it, they were forced to rival progress.

There never was time for gradual recovery for in 1913 a deep depression closed in on business from one end of the country to the other. It

hit hard the investments and enterprises of Ernest Lilienthal and his partners. The reclaimed lands found no purchasers, and the backbone of the railroad industry, freight, was reduced to a devastating low. The depression continued into 1914, by which time the major portion of the company's income was destroyed. The subsequent years of frugality absorbed whatever capital remained.

Ernest's daughter, Caroline, remembers, "At the time of the crash, I asked Dad if Mother did not have money that would be of help. He told me that he had never touched that money and that he never would."

By the end of 1914, the never very healthy Northern Electric Company had collapsed. From 1914 on it was Ernest's painful duty to struggle with what was left and to try to salvage enough to satisfy the creditors—men and companies with whom he had been friendly all of his life. Claims against the railroad totaled \$6,250,000. That figure represented, however, all outstanding bonds and notes, and did not account for the security and collateral already advanced by Ernest and his partners. Ernest's \$400,000 nest egg, which included all of his corporate holdings, was eventually wiped out. On September 27, 1917, bankruptcy plans were announced and the claims against the partners reduced to approximately \$2,000,000.

Through the efforts of Herbert Clark Hoover, a friend of Leon and Louis Sloss Jr., and through the aid of Sarah Sloss, the creditors of the company allowed the declaration of bankruptcy. Mrs. Sloss, from her own personal fortune, gave her sons \$1,000,000 to meet their creditors honorably and preserve the family's good name.

The good offices of Mr. Hoover and Mrs. Sloss quieted the creditors and established order; the affairs of the five investors were finally disentangled. The tracks and equipment had long since been sold to the Western Pacific Railroad.

From the year 1917 until his death in 1922, Ernest Lilienthal drew a salary as president of the Lilienthal Company. When he was able he gave his full attention to the business he had founded. He wisely liquidated Crown Distilleries before prohibition locked all reserve stocks in warehouses. He started to build again, as is the way in California.

The Northern Electric had caused the destruction of several large fortunes in San Francisco. Many small towns had also suffered with the collapse of the railroad. Country bankers and wealthy cattlemen and others watching the progress of the road in the beginning had been eager to invest in a project so close to them as the Northern Electric Company.




They were all badly hit by the depression, and the towns that lined the electric tracks suffered along with the partners. But Jack, Ernest's youngest son, affirms that his father's reputation suffered little or not at all. He writes:

Father was greatly and affectionately respected in the Sacramento Valley. When I first traveled there as a kid bond salesman (1916), I approached the bankers with considerable trepidation. Everyone in the Valley had lost money in the Northern Electric debacle and might well have blamed its promoters. I was most surprised to find that, because of Father, I was enthusiastically welcomed and the path smoothed for me. Such men as Dunning Rideout of Marysville and Tennant Harrington of Colusa went out of their way to give me help in my business.

The collapse of the Northern Electric Company and the subsequent turmoil and anguish it caused its principal investors was, in the broad light of recent history, only one facet of a far-reaching enterprise. For Ernest Lilienthal that particular facet in the later years was the most important because it involved his whole personal fortune and twelve years of hard and frustrating work. In a larger sense, his optimism was responsible for what has become in the years the most important phase of all his industry. The lands, both north and south of Sacramento, which he drained and cleared, today give subsistence to thousands. West Sacramento, then only a development, is today a separate city, independent of the capital, with its homes and industries, a far better monument to a man's vision and ingenuity than a neatly balanced sheet of debits and credits. The lands developed by the Holland Land Company were so rich and so productive that their sale enabled Ernest to provide enough for a sizeable recovery and income in the following years. Ernest's efforts had been on a small and experimental scale at Pleasanton. It was not a similar problem, but Pleasanton had developed in him a sense of land and water, and the courage to separate them by large engineering works. Because of that work, the reclamation of the Sacramento Valley lands, a huge undertaking, was successfully accomplished with a lasting effect, not for the benefit of only one man or one company, but for the good of many thousands and eventually for the good of the entire state.



## The Last Years

URING THEIR last years, Ernest and Bella Lilienthal occupied a large apartment in the Stanford Court Apartments on California Street. Across the street at the Fairmont Hotel lived Sarah Sloss. She was blind during the last five years of her life, but she continued to receive her friends at afternoon tea, and still enjoyed her drives through the city. The deeply sympathetic relationship between mother and daughter was as profound as ever it had been—perhaps more profound. For them the influence of Louis Sloss was as vivid as when the empire-builder had watched, so many years ago, the shy courtship at the piano.

Ernest, from the habits of a lifetime, went every day to his office, accompanied by his son Ben. He was still busy with the Lilienthal Company, the affairs of which were considerable, and with the two sugar companies, for both of which he served as vice-president. Every morning he kissed his wife lightly, took his hat in hand and went downstairs and walked down the steep grade of California Street to the offices in the Balfour Building. He boarded the cable cars for the ride uphill in the evening.

His regular attendance at the office was finally temporarily interrupted by a serious condition of his eyes. A cataract had formed on his right eye. His wife and children gently but persistently prodded and pleaded until he consented to visit a specialist, Dr. Hans Barkan. In March 1948, Dr. Barkan wrote the following letter:

March 9, 1948

*Mrs. Harry Wiel*  
*3511 Clay Street*  
*San Francisco, California*

DEAR SALLY:

I am trying, at your and your family's request, to think back a long time ago—back to 1918—when I operated on your father's right eye for cataract.

Harry had brought Mr. Lilienthal to my office several times and I was tremendously complimented that Harry thought enough of my ophthalmological training and my only few years of practice to entrust me with your father's vision. When I

remember how young and inexperienced I really was at that time, I shudder now when I think of it.

Your father was one of the finest gentlemen who has ever come into my office and I was greatly impressed by his quiet, modest attitude, by his lack of asking unnecessary questions, by his seeming confidence in the advice that the young man gave him and by his quiet acceptance of the condition as it was. As I remember it, Ben was with him in the office and when they together, father and son so much alike in many ways, I felt that I had been the privileged one and not they, as my patients.

When the time came to do the operation and your father was sent to the Dante Hospital, there he was in the room (as I remember it, on the first floor), under the wonderful supervision and kindly care of Mrs. Adler. I operated on him on a bright, sunny morning.

The evening before the operation, I realized that tomorrow was the event that in many ways would make or break me. Here was a gentleman of your father's fine standing in the city, of a fine family, well-known and respected for many years, who had chosen to put his vision into my hands. I spent a miserable night, worrying and stewing, until finally Phoebe gave me a good rub-down and some sedative and encouraged me so that when I awoke in the morning, I said to myself, "Well, Mr. Lilienthal's eye is no different from Joe Brown's or Jack Riley's or anyone else's; let's go down and get the job done."

I remember that the operation went off absolutely smoothly, with not the least bit of difficulty. To this smoothness, your father contributed because his quiet attitude on the table and his complete confidence was the sort of thing that a young man needed to settle down in his own boots and be as good as the patient was.

All during the healing process, which was quite smooth, I would visit him two or three times a day and I think it was not often that I ever found him without Ben sitting quietly by the bedside, in a slightly darkened room, dangling his long legs, one over the other, neither one of them seemingly saying a great deal to each other. It was a picture that I shall never forget.

When your father luckily obtained perfect vision with the operated eye, he was pleased. He thanked me cordially—all with a certain amount of reserve, which made the thanks all the more impressive.

A year or two later, he came to me and wanted to know whether he should have the second eye operated upon. He had a somewhat high blood pressure at the time of the first operation and it might very easily have happened that a small hemorrhage would have interfered with the result. We were lucky that it did not happen and I didn't choose to expose his second eye to the possibility of its happening and not getting a good result; furthermore a poor operation on the second eye might militate against the vision which was already obtained in the first operated eye, and I advised him against doing it. As far as I know, he went on for the rest of his life, quite happily, as a one-eyed man.

In every doctor's life, a few patients stand out. In mine, after thirty-three years of practice, Mr. Lilienthal stands out as one of the four or five bright lights that

happened to me on my journey through ophthalmology. That, incidentally, he was Sally's father made me still happier for the good result. In short, three cheers for the Lilienthals and for myself!

Cordially,

HANS BARKAN, M.D.

HB:AM

Jack Lilienthal reached college age while Ernest was still involved in the trouble occasioned by the Northern Electric Company. Absorbed as Ernest was, he still found time to give his youngest son the careful consideration which he had given the older boys as they matured. Following his natural inclinations, Jack determined to be an engineer. It was, however, Ernest's desire that some member of the family should be active in finance in order to assist the family as he and his cousin, Philip, had. So Jack, after graduating as an electrical engineer, gave up engineering and through the interest of friends joined the bond department of the Lumberman's Trust Company in Portland.

The First World War suspended Jack's business career for a time. Like most young men of the day, he was very eager to join the Army, but he was rejected by every recruiting office in the San Francisco Bay Area. Finally, through the influence of Congressman Julius Kahn, whom Ernest had supported in all of his successful campaigns for election, Jack was accepted and sent to Massachusetts Institute of Technology to study radio. On completing his course, he was made a second lieutenant and assigned to teach radio at Columbia University. While Jack was so employed, his father made a trip to the East. The exchange of salutes between his son and other men in uniform so swelled his heart with paternal pride that nothing would do but he must go to Tiffany's to buy a set of air corps insignia for Jack's collar!

After he was released from the Army, Jack returned to the Lumberman's Trust for a short time, and then, as he relates:

In 1919, after my discharge from the Army, I found that certain former executives of the Lumberman's Trust Company in Portland, Oregon, were planning the formation of a new investment firm. I was invited to become a participant.

Following considerable family discussion, Father decided that this appeared to be a desirable opening for me. The matter was finally arranged through a loan to me from Father and Mother in an amount of \$17,000 for the purpose of buying an interest in the proposed new venture. After several years, when the success of the firm had become reasonably assured, the loan was forgiven.

The firm, and its successors, and my association with it endured until 1932.



The years after the war, though in the wake of the failure of the railroad, were pleasant and quiet. The full splendor of life had faded for Ernest, Bella, and her mother, but there was an afterglow of joy in their children and grandchildren, the inheritors of the older tradition. It was Mrs. Sloss, particularly, who symbolized, for Ernest and his family, the old San Francisco they had loved and the way of life they had known before the fire. With her death on June 17, 1920, a generation passed for them. Dr. Max and Dr. Sam, Louis Sloss—all were gone. A strong woman, Sarah Sloss left her impress on all bound to her by ties of consanguinity or close association. Socially gracious, she gave to the amenities both dignity and charm—her granddaughters, Caroline and Sally, remember her most vividly making calls in her barouche, beautifully dressed, leaving small white cards to be placed in the large crystal bowls in the foyers of the handsome mansions of old San Francisco. As a mother, she commanded without effort the affection and respect of her children. Once she said: "My four sons come to see me every morning on their way to work, and I am always surprised to see them." A tired old lady after the loss of her eyesight, she bravely maintained her dignity and elegance. It was not until the death of her son, Leon, in May 1920, that she seemed to lose interest in living.

One of Ernest's children wrote:

The last days at Stanford Court, particularly after Grandma Sloss died, were quiet ones for Mother. Ben and Jack were living with her until Jack married and then, only Ben. When they were in town, all the other children visited her daily. She and Father lived a completely happy life to the last. For Mother there were drives in the car, visits to her immediate family. Her day toward the end of her life meant getting up late, sitting around, usually in a lovely black tea gown, luncheon, a nap, a drive, a complete tea at four o'clock in the afternoon for herself and anyone coming in, both adults and children, dressing for dinner and early to bed.

Theresa Egger, her cook, and Elizabeth Stewart, her personal maid, both with the family for many years, took very good care of her.

The days were quiet, but angina, which for a long time had caused Ernest intermittent pain, finally caused his death. Ernest Lilienthal had outlived almost all of his contemporaries, had watched his children grow, and their children, and in every phase of his life had lived the quiet fulfillment of his heritage, his ability, and his nature. He was at his office as usual up to four days before his death. To the last, Ernest remained that

which he had been born, a gentleman. His daughter, Caroline, said: "As proof of his unfailing courtesy, when Dad was ill and just before he was taken to the hospital to die, he was sitting in his big chair in the sitting room at Stanford Court, he heard me come in, and stood up to greet me."

And his grandson, Milton H. Esberg Jr., writes:

The day before, a Sunday, I visited Grandfather at the Stanford Court apartments. I was on my way to college at Berkeley. We had a delightful visit as always and as friend to friend. I naturally had great respect for that fine man who had the ability to make each of us feel his interest in us and respect for us. As I left, Grandfather said some words of encouragement to me and then said: "Goodbye," somewhat more definitely than he had ever said it to me before. He died the next week and I am sure that he felt we would not see each other again.

When Ernest felt that he was near his end, he cautioned his children: "Take care of your mother—you know she has been cared for all of her life."

On December 5, 1922, Ernest Lilienthal died of angina in Dante Hospital. Because of illness, Bella, his wife, his shy and gentle partner of almost fifty years, was not able to attend the funeral held at the home of his daughter, Caroline. After the ceremony his remains were cremated and placed in the Sloss vault in Home of Peace Cemetery.

With the death of Ernest Lilienthal, the generation which succeeded Louis and Sarah Sloss approached its close. Theirs had been an era of discovery; his the less spectacular era of development. Ernest Lilienthal was never spectacular, but if one may judge from the letters of condolence which came from many parts of the country, he was in no need of demanding glory. One letter to Ben from C. W. Conlisk typifies the sentiments of those who knew him.

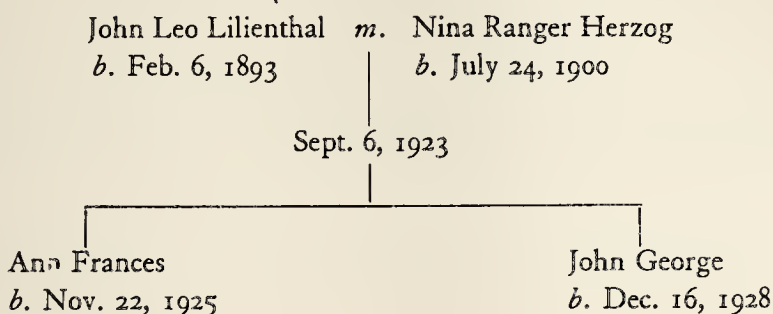
. . . . During the last quarter of a century in my activities which were many and varied I have met many men. Among them all however I have met none such as your father. Kindliness of character, gentleness of soul, dignity under adversity, loyalty to his friends, and devotion to his family and those near and dear to him are qualities he possessed in a superlative degree. His was a busy life full of constructiveness. A man of broad views and imagination he was far ahead of his times.

Out of the abundance of regard and affection I have for you and his immediate family there is little I can say to help to ameliorate his loss other than to say, he lived his life well and in dying left to his family the heritage of a good name. . . .

During her husband's last days, Bella Sloss Lilienthal suffered a succession of small strokes caused by high blood pressure. After his death

she felt the heaviness of her sixty-seven years, and her life grew even more sedate than it had been.

But before she died, she had the happiness of knowing that her youngest son, Jack, had married. The marriage of Jack Lilienthal to Nina Ranger Herzog took place September 6, 1923, at the Hollywood Country Club, Deal, New Jersey. Bella could not attend. Ben was the best man and her daughter Sally Wiel, Harry Wiel, and their two daughters, Barbara and Isabel, who had just returned from Europe, represented the family.



All of Bella's children were grown. Her sons were men; her daughters mothers; and she was content to join her protecting Ernest. On December 5, 1923, accompanied by her companion, Miss E. E. Leary, she went to the cemetery where Ernest had been laid just one year before. She left flowers. Three days later she died. When she was placed to rest beside him, her flowers, fragile symbols of her devotion, were still fresh.





PART THREE

The Brothers and Cousins  
in the Order of Their Birth  
And Family Charts of Descendants





# The Brothers and Cousins in the Order of Their Birth And Family Charts of Descendants

## TWO ELDER BROTHERS OF ERNEST REUBEN LILIENTHAL

*JAMES E. LILIENTHAL*, eldest son of Dr. Samuel and Caroline Nettle Lilienthal, was born in South Carolina on October 3, 1844. He became a homeopathic physician, studying in New York and in Europe. He practiced medicine with his father, became as identified with him in all his interests as though he were an alter ego. He died in San Francisco, September 27, 1895.

*BENJAMIN LILIENTHAL*, second son of Dr. Samuel and Caroline Nettle Lilienthal, was born in Lockport, New York, on April 1, 1848. He studied mining engineering at the famous Mining Academy of Freiberg in Saxony, Germany, and was graduated with honors. He was killed in a mine disaster in Idaho on November 7, 1875.

## THEODORE MAX LILIENTHAL

Theodore Max Lilienthal, eldest son and second child of Rabbi Max and Pepi Nettle Lilienthal, was born on November 18, 1847, in New York City.

From childhood he was delicate and sensitive. Apprenticed at fourteen years of age to a neighboring druggist, with whose family he lived, the boy after some months of unpleasant treatment returned home on his own initiative.

His elder sister, Eliza, having married Leopold Werner, who was a cloak manufacturer in New York City, Theodore went to work for his brother-in-law and lived in the home of Dr. Samuel Lilienthal, who made no distinctions between sons and nephews. After the failure of Werner Brothers, a place was made for Theodore by Seligman Brothers, bankers, with whom Philip Lilienthal was making brilliant progress. Having served as a private secretary for some years without promotion in duties or remuneration, Theodore left Seligman's in 1878.

The trade which Ernest and J. Leo Lilienthal had developed on the West Coast in hops and grains was an attraction which enabled Theodore

to secure a partnership with Captain Henry Stern, who had long experience in the commission business. From him Theodore quickly learned the business.

When Albert wrote from San Francisco that he did not want to stay in the West, Theodore invited him into full partnership. Captain Stern resented the partnership of a man twenty-one years of age and withdrew. Theodore and Albert then formed Lilienthal Brothers, New York.

Meanwhile, Lewis and Hannah Gerstle, after a three-year sojourn in Europe with their family, returned to New York. On their way home in late August 1877, they received a call from Theodore and his cousin, Dr. James Lilienthal. Sophie, the eldest Gerstle girl, was eighteen years of age. She and Theodore were at once attracted to each other.

In February 1879, Theodore visited San Francisco, and the Gerstles announced the engagement on February 27. Leaving a fortnight later, he returned to San Francisco in August 1879, with his father and his uncle, Dr. Samuel Lilienthal. The wedding took place at 801 Sutter Street on August 27, the anniversary of the wedding of Dr. Max and Pepi. Mrs. Ernest Lilienthal stood up for Theodore in place of his mother.

On the Sunday following the wedding, the bride and groom, with Dr. Max and Dr. Sam, left for the East. On arriving in New York, the young couple went immediately to a house, 78 East Fifty-sixth street, which Sophie's parents had given them completely furnished as a wedding present.

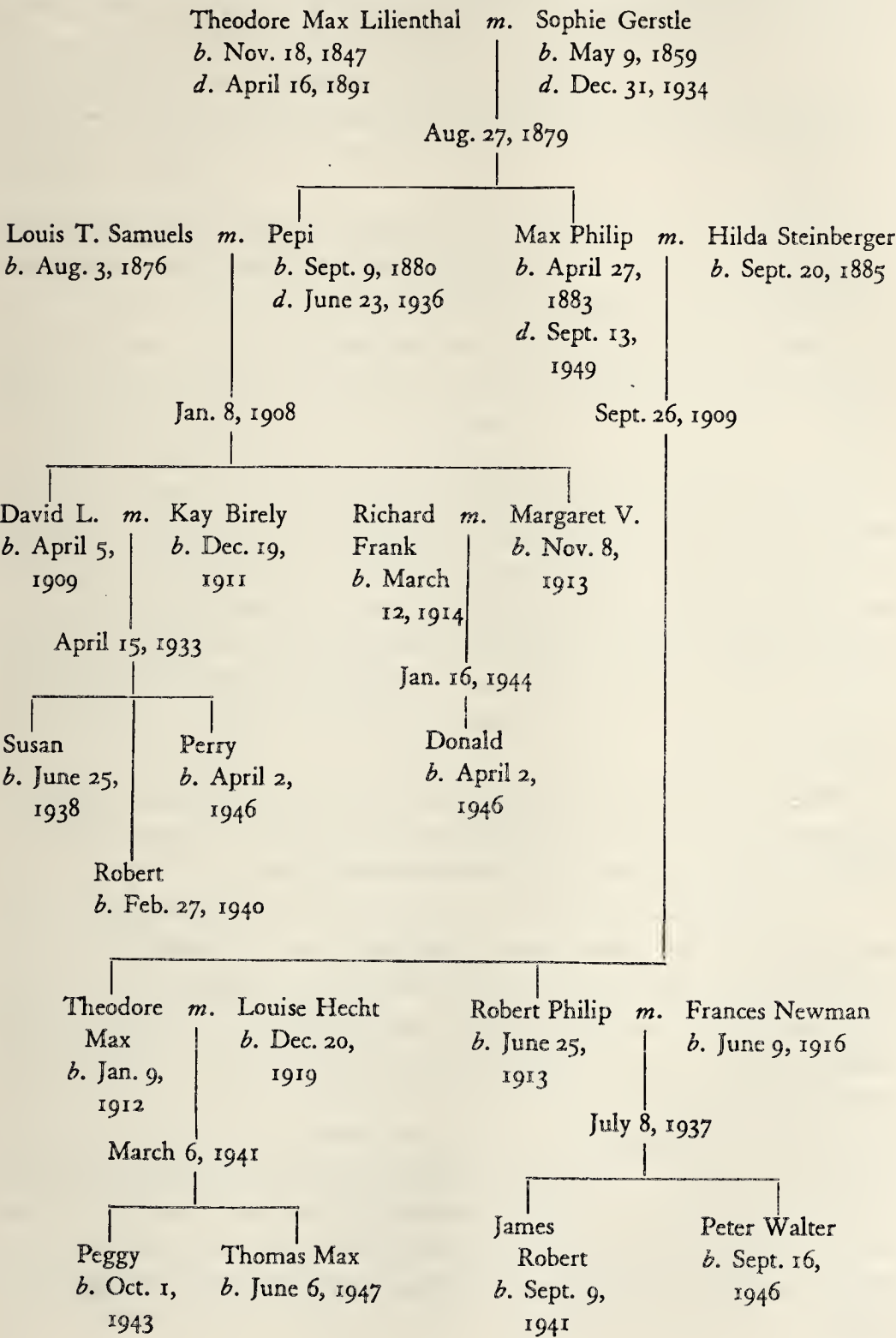
Their first child was a girl, Pepi; the second, a boy, Max Philip.

Theodore successfully directed the business in New York, suffering frequently from pneumonia and colds, until in 1888 he went to San Francisco to consult the family about moving there for his health. He returned to New York and he and Sophie went to Europe, where they toured and also consulted several great chest specialists.

They returned to New York on May 30, 1890, and almost immediately left for California. They lived for a while at the Gerstle house in San Rafael, and in January 1891 moved to the San Francisco home of Leo and Bertha Lilienthal at 1918 Jackson Street.

Theodore was a graceful, serious man, who in the Lilienthal way covered a strongly loving and sentimental nature under an external and formal appearance of indifference to affection. He had fought tuberculosis all his life, and had done a man's share of work, and had both practical sympathy for anyone else who was sick and gratitude for those who

cared for him. Almost his last words were: "I knew the end was near, but I thought it might last a few weeks longer." He died April 16, 1891.





#### PHILIP NETTRE LILIENTHAL

Philip Nettle Lilienthal, second son and third child of Rabbi Max and Pepi Nettle Lilienthal, was born in New York City on November 4, 1849. The earliest documentary report on him was in a letter his mother wrote when he was a small boy. She described him entertaining six neighborhood boys in the front room and handing out cake. From his fourteenth to his seventeenth year he worked for Stix Krause Company, Cincinnati.

He grew into a tall, strong, extraordinarily handsome, charming, and compelling young man. Rabbi Max secured an opening for him at the private banking house of J. and W. Seligman, New York.

After a year's apprenticeship, he was sent in 1869 to San Francisco, where Abe C. Seligman was conducting the banking interests of the Seligman family, which had developed out of their handling of gold for miners. Abe Seligman and his family made him more than welcome.

He wrote to Rabbi Max that the reception and treatment by the Seligmans surpassed anything he imagined; that he lived like a prince, and that San Francisco was a paradise. He was twenty years of age.

"A financial genius and endowed with a wonderful personality, he was beloved by all with whom he came in contact," was the time-tested estimate of him made by Ira B. Cross, Ph.D., professor of economics at the University of California in *Financing an Empire—History of Banking in California* (1927).

Philip soon wrote home that there was opportunity for Ernest Reuben Lilienthal in San Francisco. When Ernest arrived, Philip opened the doors for him where he, himself, had been made welcome.

"In April 1873," writes Dr. Cross, "the Anglo-Californian Bank, Ltd., was organized, with a capital of £1,200,000, under a British charter, and succeeded to the business of the old firm of J. & W. Seligman & Company."

(In 1909 the old bank was merged with the London, Paris, and American Bank, the resulting union becoming the Anglo & London Paris National Bank.)

In 1877 Philip visited New York and at that time Isabella, daughter of Joseph Seligman, lost her heart to him. On another visit in November, 1879, he was invited to the silver wedding dinner and dance of the Jesse Seligmans. There must have been potted palms, because during the party Philip and Bella became engaged. They were married on December 10, 1879.

The pair were soon into every enlightened activity in San Francisco. She was the first president of the Emanu-El Sisterhood. She later founded and was vice-president of the Marin Red Cross, and with Sidney Peixoto organized the Columbia Park Boys Club. She was president of the Browning Society and a member of the Century Club.

The *Elite Directory*, published in 1879, contained among its brief list of names those of William Babcock, Altheus Bull, Hall McAllister, and Philip N. Lilienthal.

Among the active members of the California Historical Society in 1887 were Louis Sloss and P. N. Lilienthal.

The *San Francisco Examiner* of March 1, 1896, reported that he was one of the ten best-dressed men in San Francisco. Among the others were Alex Hamilton, Lansing Kellogg, Sam Shortridge, Rudolph Spreckels, and A. S. Baldwin.

Other periodicals reported as follows:

*News Letter and California Advertiser*, August 2, 1884: Male Beauties: "Phil Lilienthal—A decided brunette, with clear-cut features. Olive complexion, black eyes and close-cut beard, covering a well-shaped chin. Is the apostle of abstemiousness, never dances, never smokes, never drinks, rarely eats, and is seldom abroad o' nights." *The Wave—A Journal for Those in the Swim*, San Francisco, August 19, 1893, had a picture of P. N. Lilienthal on the front cover.

In other words, Phil Lilienthal was a magnificent showman.

He had his other side. In the 'seventies and 'eighties he became the patron of an old clothes peddler. Young Philip was his self-appointed guardian and always kept a small account going for the old fellow at the bank.

In due course he was a paying member of every charitable institution in town and of Temple Emanu-El. He was treasurer of the Midwinter Fair, director of San Francisco Free Library, president of the Philharmonic Society. His place in the banking hierarchy drew him into many directorships, such as the California Title and Trust Co., and the Wells Fargo Express Co. He helped to organize the Bank of South San Francisco, the Bank of Bakersfield, and the Bank of Eureka, as well as the Bank of Porterville and other country banks.

He was treasurer of the old Union Iron Works (later absorbed by Bethlehem Steel Corporation), was vice-president and treasurer of the Northwestern Pacific Railroad, and was organizer of one of the first



electric streetcar lines in San Francisco, the Metropolitan Street Railway Company.

Ben Lilienthal writes: "Phil could give better advice than he could take," and Philip N. Lilienthal Jr. wrote, August 3, 1948: "In conclusion, I won't mention the stack of mining certificates which Father bought with Harry Child, and when I opened the tin box after the estate was probated, found enough of these worthless certificates to paper a twelve-room house."

But these are the things that impress the young. The other side of the ledger was sheer gain both for his family and the bank. He made things go. He negotiated the sale to Governor Leland Stanford of the Peter Coutts farm, now part of the campus of Leland Stanford Junior University. His quality of leadership in the community was fine and strong; he was truly an influence for great good. This was particularly evident at the time of the earthquake and fire, and a year afterward. The two statements he made are real banking literature and polished examples of business statesmanship. They are given in the Appendix.

Max Lilienthal writes (1948):

Just a few years prior to his death there was considerable talk regarding the merger of the Anglo Californian Bank and the London Paris and American Bank. He was strongly opposed to this move. As the pressure increased he decided to consult Daniel Meyer, who was a large stockholder and director in both banks. When "Uncle Daniel's" advice was asked, he replied, as he always did with the following story.

"A man and wife were walking in the woods when they met a bear. The bear attacked the husband, and the wife turned on her heel and walked away saying, 'I don't care which one wins.'"

Uncle Phil occupied an unusual position in the community, particularly as a Jew. His advice and assistance were sought by all types of individuals and groups of all creeds. His personality dominated all meetings and his geniality endeared him to all.

He could turn down a request for a loan in such a manner that the applicant would leave the bank, smiling and thanking him. He had a keen understanding of character and integrity and his judgment on credit was seldom wrong. Loans in his day were made without elaborate statements, and most applications were made by verbal negotiation, so that a banker had to know people. To my knowledge the percentage of loss on loans in those days was smaller than it is today.

In the late summer of 1906 Bella was sent to New York for an operation. Philip had to be in San Francisco, and only managed to reach



her bedside shortly before she died on September 1, 1906. He returned broken.

Max Lilienthal writes (1948):

The series of incidents surrounding his death are so remarkable that they deserve comment.

He intended to take Aunt Eliza up to Mt. Tamalpais on Admission Day, as she was visiting from New York. During the afternoon of the previous day while I was sitting with him at his desk, two Russian bankers came in with a letter of introduction from the National City Bank.

He asked me to telephone Aunt Eliza to tell her he would be unable to take her the next day, as he had to entertain these gentlemen. He then ordered the bank car to pick up these men and to call for him at his house. He naturally sat in this open car, between his two guests.

For some reason, never ascertained, he changed seats with the gentleman on the left side as they reached Colma. The car was the old type without top and the gear-shift outside. As they left Colma, a child ran from the sidewalk, and the chauffeur was forced to stop the car suddenly. In starting, the driver grated the gears, frightening a horse that was being driven in a breaking cart. The horse reared and Uncle Phil stood up and the horse's hoof struck him over the heart. He was not killed instantly, but died on the way to the hospital. It apparently was fate as he could easily have been hit in the shoulder or the horse might have only struck the car or fender. Had the child not run from the sidewalk, or had he remained in his original seat, he would not have been killed. The only mark on the body was a black and blue mark like a horseshoe over the heart.

The next day an ordinance prohibiting the breaking of horses within the city limits, was passed and I believe still stands. All papers wrote indignant editorials and beautiful tributes to him.

All civic groups and corporations were officially represented at his funeral.

After his death I was approached by dozens of individuals for "handouts," and from stories they told me, he apparently gave them all financial assistance at regular intervals, and had been doing so for many years. Although he gave liberally to public charity, I feel sure that he gave away an equal amount unostentatiously and with no thought of notoriety or thanks. He just could not say "no" to anyone in need, although if he thought anyone took unfair advantage of him, he would have nothing further to do with him.

The papers used page-width headlines, but perhaps the general sorrow was best expressed in *Town Talk*, San Francisco, September 19, 1908, page 17, Theodore F. Bonnet, editor:

#### PHIL LILIENTHAL

There is so much indiscriminate and perfunctory flattery in the commonplace newspaper eulogy of the lately departed prominent citizen that even when a journalist is inspired with affectionate sorrow, and wishes to express his honest convictions of

praiseworthy qualities, his tribute fails to impress with the spontaneity of deep and heartfelt regrets. Conscious of this, nevertheless, I will add my testimony to what has already been given to the exalted worth of Philip Lilienthal. Much has been said of the loss to the community of so exalted a citizen. But the deeper loss was that which his acquaintances have suffered, the loss of one who exercised a fascinating influence over their minds and feelings. To many it was much to have known one so beautiful of character, so kind, so gentle and considerate. In them Phil Lilienthal's death produced a chilling sense of bereavement. Phil Lilienthal was a singularly courteous gentleman and a loyal friend. He excited a personal interest among all his acquaintances. Doubtless he had enemies, but no enemy could take a just exception to the praises of his friends. The kindly and modest nature of the man will be duly honored in the quiet and unobtrusive nature of the remembrance.

The descendants of Philip Nettle and Bella Seligman Lilienthal are shown in the table on the opposite page.

#### JOHN LEO LILIENTHAL

John Leo Lilienthal, called by his family, Leo, youngest son of Dr. Samuel and Caroline Nettle Lilienthal, was born at Haverstraw-on-Hudson, September 4, 1854.

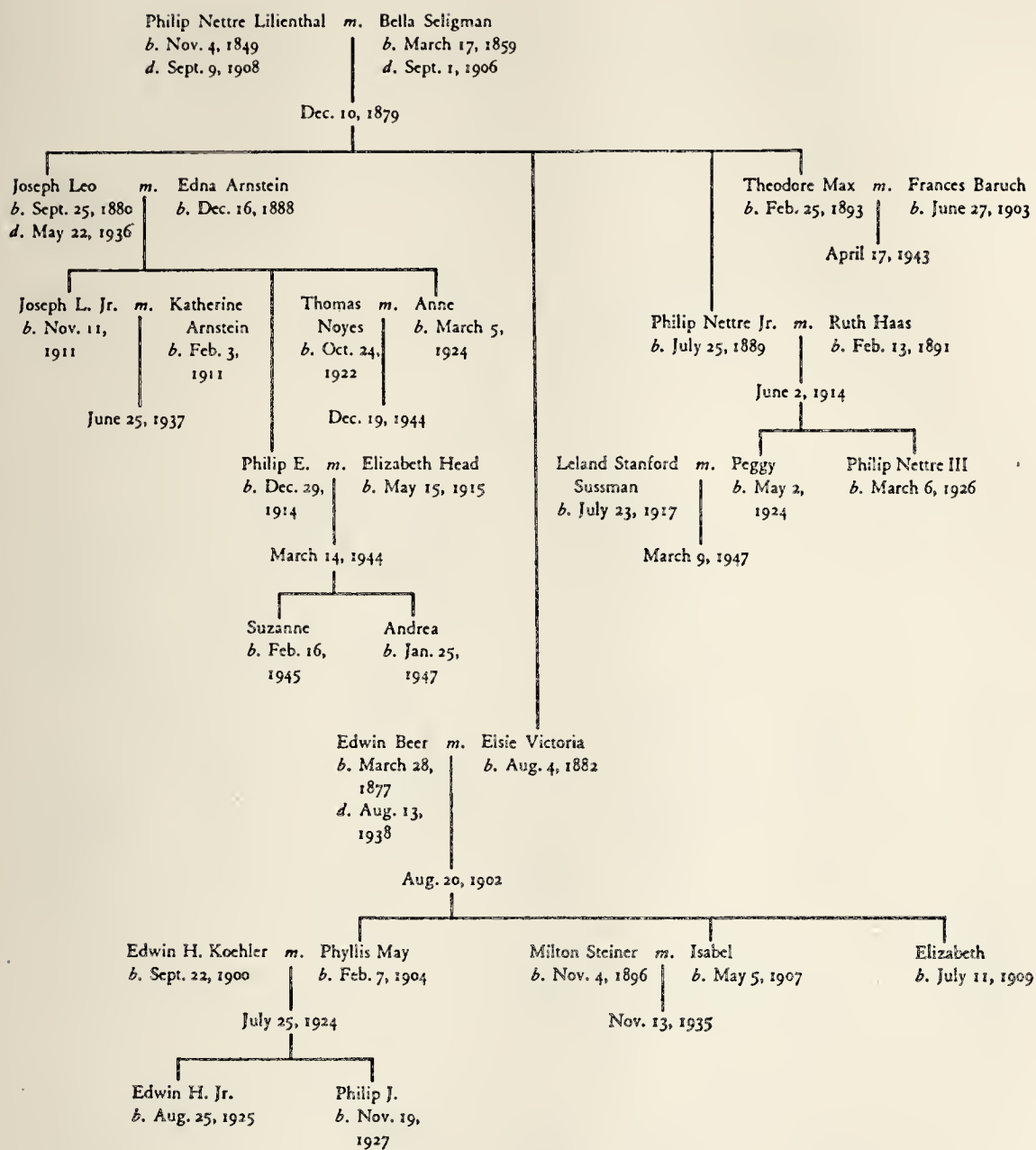
When he arrived in San Francisco to help Ernest, he was just entering manhood—about five feet, ten inches tall, his good looks enhanced by a brown beard. He was quiet and very reserved of manner.

He had had no selling experience and was hardly the type for that activity. He was of a poetic nature, but withal a shrewd businessman, great on detail and the invention of methods for the office control of the business. He took charge of the accounts, blending and bottlings of the firm's whiskies and other liquors, and the all-important cost control features of the business.

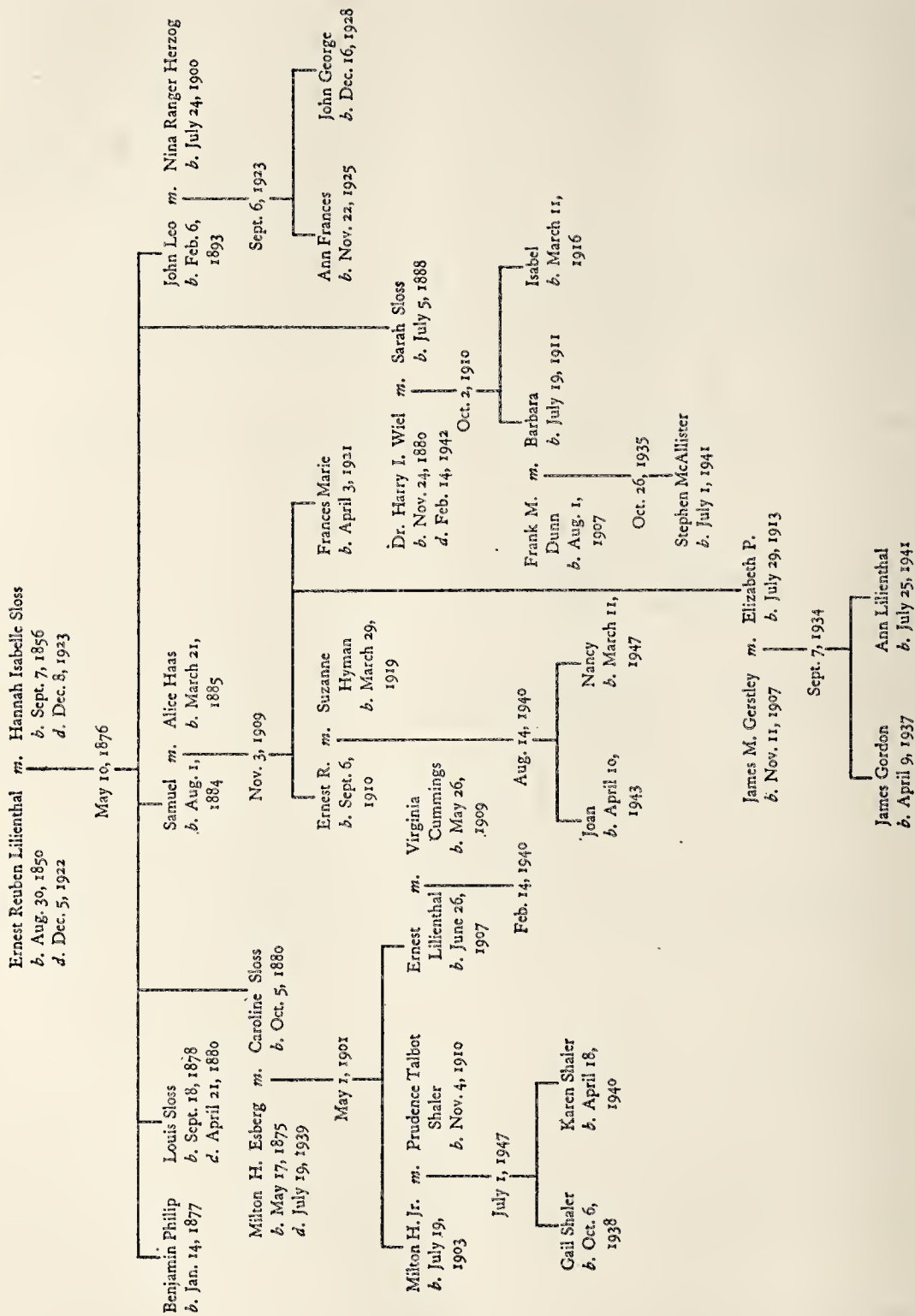
Ben Lilienthal writes (1948):

I can particularly remember a system Leo devised that estimated the gross profit on every sale made and which continued in use until Prohibition ended the liquor business. It was so correct that at the end of any period, the net profit after deduction of selling costs and overhead proved approximately correct after an inventory was taken. So it was that Leo's meticulous attention to detail and constant devotion to the family's business made him the perfect complement to Ernest for the handling of a successful enterprise.

During the winter of 1883-84 Victoria Lilienthal, Dr. Max's youngest child, returned to New York after a year's visit in San Francisco. She brought Bertha Gerstle with her. Leo Lilienthal also came to New York

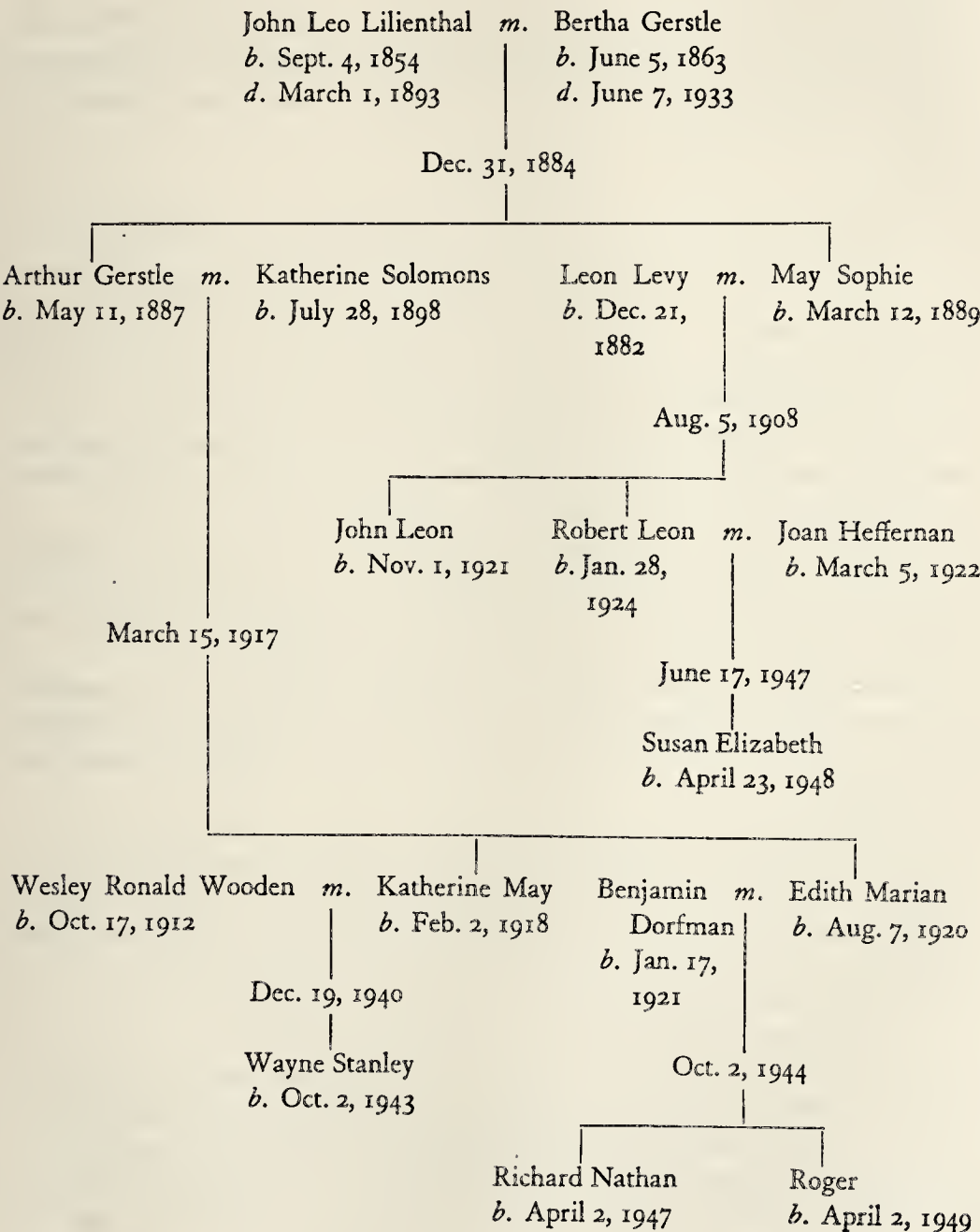






—on business—and began to show Bertha a great deal of attention. In July 1884, the first year of the Sloss home in San Rafael, the newly occupied house was the perfect stage for the announcement of their engagement. They married on December 31, 1884.

Their son Arthur Gerstle Lilienthal was born May 11, 1887, and their daughter, May Sophie, March 12, 1889.



Leo was as incessant a worker as Ernest—for him the week had seven days, except during the summer months at San Rafael.

When Theodore was around, Leo spent a great deal of time with him, and a year after Theodore's death Leo began to be hoarse. He and Bertha went to Colorado Springs for mountain air. He returned no better, and in January 1893 moved the household to the Hotel Raymond in Pasadena.

He thought his family should be in a home and asked that they take a furnished house. Knowing that there was no hope, but to please him, they moved into a furnished house on the last day of February 1893. He died the next day, March 1, 1893.

#### JESSE WARREN LILIENTHAL—A LILIENTHAL AND THE LAW

The *San Francisco Examiner* on May 13, 1917, carried this story:

Jesse W. Lilienthal . . . hasn't saved a cent for himself in five years. And never will. He doesn't want to. He has had enough for a long time. He recognized that fact himself without any suggestions from the income tax collector.

It was his suggestion before a meeting of the Ad Club yesterday, that every man decide how much he wanted to make, make it and quit accumulating, that made his listeners sit up, take notice and wonder. Mr. Lilienthal said:

"It was one night five years ago that my family and I got together and decided that we had enough money to insure against my death or possible reverses of fortune. We determined that no first of January of ensuing years should find us with one cent of the year's income over and above domestic expenses.

"Since that time we have divided our surplus, whatever it might be, among institutions of charity and those whose work tends towards civic good or the uplift of art or music. We have never turned a beggar from our door unfed or without sufficient clothing.

"Despite what we are able to do through the year, there have been times when we have come so dangerously close to having something left over that I have been compelled on the thirty-first of December to roam the streets in hope that the needy will accost me. I have never yet refused a beggar on the streets. There may be some who do not need what they beg, but if I have really helped one among three I cannot count the other money lost.

"I found that it is the people in the middle class of life who really need. The poor can always become objects of charity, but it is the man whose pride cloaks his poverty and want whom I try to search out and help. I do not give money to him, because he would not accept it under those conditions, perhaps; I lend it to him to pay back when he can and in what installments he can. I have hundreds of indefinite promissory notes. Some of them may never be taken up, but I am proud when a man does have the earnestness of purpose to cancel his obligations.



"I do not believe that the people I have tried to help could ever derive half the benefit or happiness in receiving that I have in giving."

This bold statement of bold charity was typical of the character of Jesse Lilienthal. The high principles of all his actions and his life won for him not only the respect and admiration of San Francisco in his years of success, but in his early years in college they served to support him against intolerance and condescension. Jesse had graduated from high school with highest honors, and following two years at Cincinnati College he enrolled in the Law School of Harvard University, nothing more than the son of a Jewish rabbi. The men of Nassau Hall and Boston's Beacon Hill who were his classmates were the aristocrats of the republic and sat in judgment by the authority of their birth; one judgment was that Jews were intolerable. Jesse related his experience in a book published after his death by Lillie Bernheimer Lilienthal, his widow:

One day, one of those whom I had found it easy to specially attract to myself, innocently asked me to what church I belonged. He was a blue-blooded Bostonian, and full of that prejudice against the Jew, that the New Englander, with his limited opportunities of knowing us, has for our people. Imagine this poor fellow's consternation when I told him that I was a Jew. He looked as if struck by lightning . . . in twenty-four hours the whole class knew my religion, and I was left to stand absolutely alone. . . .

Strong as I was in pride and love for my religion, those were trying times for me. My college career that had begun so hopefully looked blasted and withered. For two long weeks I received no recognition from my schoolmates, save an occasional distant nod, a formal good morning. But the Jew is proud, and never realizes his strength until it is tried. I passed these greetings by unnoticed, avoided my former companions, buried myself in my books, and sought, harder than ever, to champion the position I had won in the eyes of my professors. I succeeded, but the love for my work was gone . . . I think those two weeks were the saddest of my life.

One day thereafter, however, my friend who had been looking the image of penitence for some time mustered up sufficient courage to approach me. "Jesse," he said, "I have been making a fool of myself, I am not responsible for what I did. I have never heard of a Jew that was not a pickpocket or a receiver of stolen goods, and your statement startled me. I hope you will not let that come between us. I have never met a man I liked better, and we must remain friends." "And yet, Will, it has taken you a long time to come to that conclusion," I replied. "Well," he protested, "I have been waiting for you to behave like the Jew I had pictured, and justify my suspicions." . . . He has remained my best friend ever since.

All my classmates soon followed his example, and never thereafter failed to show my popularity among them. The saddest days of my life made way for the happiest.

That Jesse had actually won his victory is proved by his subsequent election to the *Pow Wow* club, the Harvard Law Fraternity, and also by the fact that he was chosen by the student body to be the senior class orator, and one of the six elected students to read a paper before the assembled faculty of law at Commencement exercises. But these latter two honors, both enviable tokens of his talent and personality, had to be abandoned when late in his senior year Jesse suffered a nervous breakdown. He left Harvard without his degree, disappointed and ill. His father, Rabbi Max, decided that an extensive European tour was the best possible means of soothing the bitter unhappiness of his brilliant son. And so Jesse at the age of twenty-one began an exhaustive tour of the continent and examined nearly all the churches, art galleries, and museums of Germany, France, Belgium, and Holland. He took copious notes, and in the book by his widow there is a collection of observations and partial criticisms of all that he saw. They stand reading well, and are a good example of a layman's approach to art and its effect upon the mind.

On his return to Cincinnati, the faculty of Harvard conferred on him his degree without even requiring a written examination, an unprecedented action in the history of Harvard. This action on the part of the university completely restored Jesse's confidence in himself, and he entered the law offices of Francis Bangs of New York. His work and ability won him an offer of a junior partnership from Mr. Bangs soon after, but he chose rather to open his own offices, and in 1880 took as his partner Edward D. Bettens. The partnership prospered primarily because of Jesse's interest in it. He was, at twenty-five, extraordinarily handsome with a beautifully shaped head, finely chiseled features, an olive complexion, and dark hair. He spoke in and out of court with a low, resonant, richly modulated voice. His clear, logical mind, an inexhaustible memory, great concentration, and self-control fitted him admirably for the courtroom.

Due to the poor health of his wife, Lillie Bernheimer, whom he married shortly after setting up his private practice, he decided that the dry climate of the West was needed for her, and so moved himself, his wife, and his only child, Jesse Warren Jr., to Colorado Hot Springs. After two years in Colorado the family finally settled down in San Francisco, where Jesse opened his new offices. By his attractive personality and brilliance, Jesse soon became a man of prominence, one of the five leading lawyers in the entire city.



In San Francisco among his family Jesse grew to his full potentialities. His deep love for the religion of his father and his people marked him as a devout and strong man. He often lectured as a layman to the congregation at Temple Emanu-El, and any good cause or project sponsored by his community found him a supporter, not only with money, but with time and effort. He became, in a town of institutions, an outstanding institution himself. As his father before him, Jesse Lilienthal was always the one called upon to represent the Jewish community, always the one at the beck of charity and the call of service.

In 1913 he was persuaded to accept the presidency of the United Railways of San Francisco. It was a first-class headache. The company was owned by New York bankers and the public was acid in its opinion of its service. But despite the contempt most San Franciscans had for it and despite the considerable reduction in income, Jesse accepted the post with the intention of bettering both public relations and service. His approach seemed quite idealistic particularly when it was soon discovered that the financial structure of the road was close to collapse. The company did not really need a president, but rather an expert receiver.

Jesse worked frantically to better public relations, and also to save the interests of investors, many of whom could not afford to lose their equities. But his interests did not stop at surface conditions; he appears to have invented the best procedures in modern industrial relations. He withheld dividends in order to improve the equipment and assist the employees. He raised wages several times, inaugurated life insurance for all his men, created a fund to protect them from loan sharks, published a house organ to enable the men to discuss freely their problems and wants, and kept his door open for all.

As evidence of the successful handling of the men in his employ, when in 1915 a group of agitators tried to incite the platform men to strike, they simply refused and remained loyal to the company, or more exactly, to Jesse Lilienthal. And again in 1916 when more recently employed platform men followed the lead of labor agitators and deserted the company, the older carmen stayed on the job and wrote for publication letters of satisfaction and admiration for the management. Due to the attitude of these men, that trouble finally subsided.

But new trouble was beginning. With the completion of the Twin Peaks Tunnel, the rivalry between the Municipal Railway and the United reached its zenith. Market Street then had four tracks. The United's



tracks were on the inside, and the motormen of the Municipal cars were inconsiderate of the crowds trying to board the United streetcars.

Despite the abusive criticism by newspapers and politicians of Jesse's company and policies, the San Francisco Bar Association elected him their president in 1914, and re-elected him in 1915, and again in 1916. Moreover, the charitable enterprises of San Francisco honored him with offices all of his public life. He was chairman of the United Drive, a predecessor of the annual Community Chest collection, president of the Tuberculosis Association, president of the Recreation League, and so on down the list of charities.

At one time his services were enlisted by President Diaz of Mexico to negotiate a loan with several British bankers. However, what Jesse did not know was that Diaz was playing both ends against the middle, since he was also consulting with German bankers. After wasting months in Mexico City trying to carry out Diaz's request, he suddenly found that the German interests were given the agreement. Diaz was abjectly apologetic but he said the Germans threatened to send gunboats into Veracruz' harbor, and (with a shrug of the shoulders) what could he do?

During World War I Jesse worked even harder in his activities among the services and organizations of good will. He headed the San Francisco Red Cross, and gave more of his time than before. Following the Armistice he busied himself with public services embracing all faiths and races. On June 3, 1919, he addressed, in the Palace Hotel, a Catholic group organized to raise money for St. Ignatius College, now part of the University of San Francisco, as follows:

It may appear incongruous, that I, a Jew, and the son of a rabbi, and if it is not too immodest to say so, one of the pillars of my church, should be speaking on behalf of this movement to raise funds for a Roman Catholic institution. But there are several reasons which prompt me to take this interest.

First let me give you personal reasons. The early years of my life were spent in Cincinnati, and one of my father's warmest and most intimate friends was Archbishop Purcell. So close was their friendship that they used to exchange weekly visits, and among my earliest recollections as a boy of nine or ten is that of sitting on the knee of the Archbishop and reciting to him my Latin lessons.

Then, too, we lived just around the corner from the wonderful Jesuit College in that city, and the Jesuit Fathers were real fathers to me. As they would pass to and fro on the street where I played they always had a pleasant and kindly word for me. It was my ambition to attend that college, but my father was at the head of the education department of the city and manifestly his son had to attend the public schools.

During the "drive" which was held not long ago to rebuild St. Mary's College,

which, you will remember, was burned down, I assisted in the work, and one day when I approached a friend of mine down town and solicited his aid he asked me why I, a Jew, should lend my assistance to the Catholics, whose religion would condemn me to eternal damnation, and I told him of an incident at the exercises at the San Rafael Convent some years ago, when the late Archbishop Riordan, of blessed memory, made the statement that there was more than one path that led to heaven. I took considerable comfort in this thought, and I hope I am on one of the paths.

Again, during the recent "drive" for the United War Work Campaign, in which I was interested, I was, on the nomination of your own Archbishop (Hanna), made chairman, and it was inspiring at the time to see Catholic, Jew, Protestant, all working unselfishly together in the common cause, without regard to creed or race. Later, when the Armistice was signed, and the War Work Community Service held that immense thanksgiving service in the Civic Center, where all religions were represented, it was inspiring to see Catholic Priest, Jewish Rabbi, and Protestant Minister, joining shoulder to shoulder in giving thanks for the victory without any thought to religious differences, but with the single idea of one Flag, one Country, and one God.

There is still another reason. We are reminded only in this morning's paper of the terrible conditions of unrest that prevail all over the world. We are indeed sitting over a volcano. And the most powerful organization in the world today to combat these conditions, and to stand for and uphold law and order, the rights of property, and to insist on respect for the decisions of our courts, is the Roman Catholic Church. It is cheering and hopeful to read from week to week the utterances of your primate in America, Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore, on these grave social questions which confront us at this time.

And in conclusion I want to tell you the story of the negro recruit at Camp Merritt, who was called to perform some menial task. . . .

Jesse Lilienthal faltered in his speech, slumped to the floor, and was dead.

The flags of the city of San Francisco were hung at half-mast in his honor. The papers carried eulogies of a city sorrowing. Father Denis Kavanaugh, S.J., said:

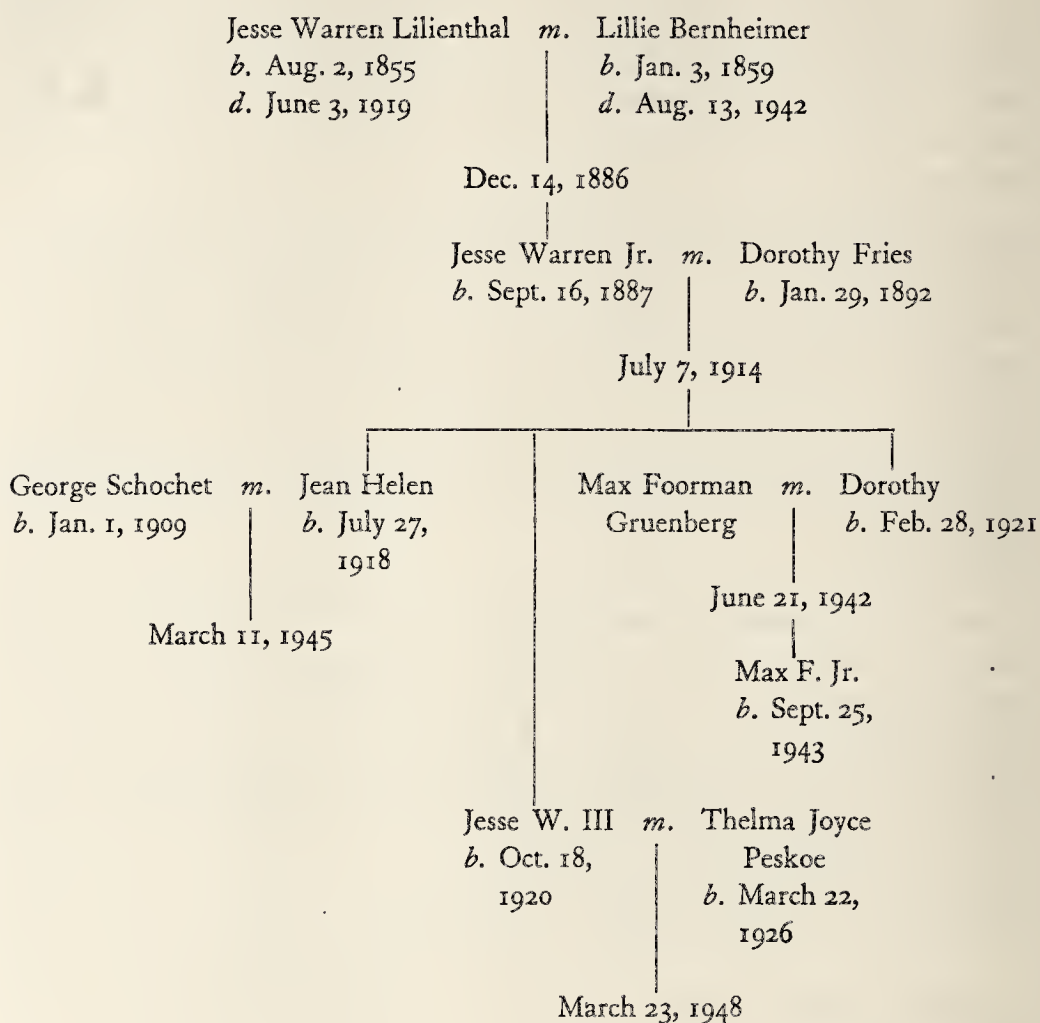
Jesse W. Lilienthal died as he would have wished to die, working for the realization of ideals which during life he held so dear—united Americanism, tolerance in religion and charity for all. . . .

Lilienthal during the course of his wonderfully eloquent speech, said:

"There are many ways to heaven." I feel confident, from what I know of his career that he never has departed from the path of usefulness and virtue on which his father directed his footsteps in early boyhood.

He lived with the thought of God in his mind, he died with the name of God on his lips.

The descendants of Jesse Warren and Lillie Bernheimer Lilienthal are shown in the table below.

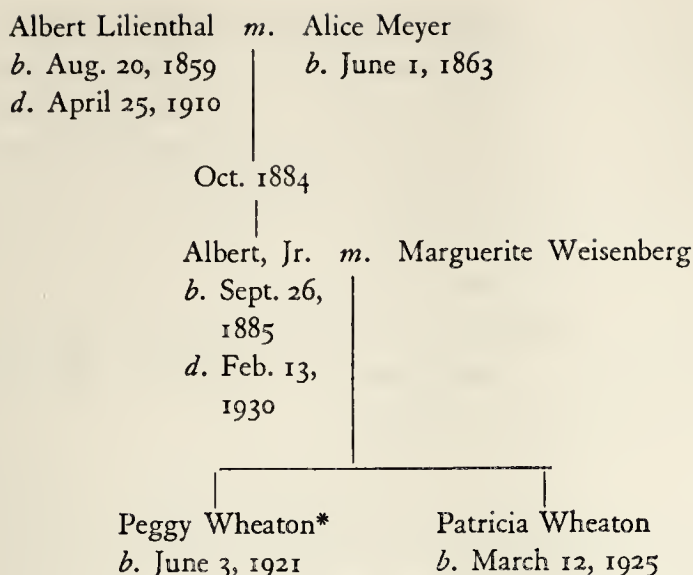


#### ALBERT LILIENTHAL

Albert Lilienthal, youngest son of Rabbi Max and Pepi Nettle Lilienthal, was born in Cincinnati, August 20, 1859. He was not quite eight years old when his mother died. He had to think many things out for himself. He was a bit more hard-headed than the rest, and at nineteen was a thin, six-foot tall, nervous, and cynical individual. He was put on a boat at New York for a long sea voyage to San Francisco. The trip was physically beneficial, but San Francisco did not appeal to him.

When Theodore opened up a partnership for him in New York, he gladly went East, where in October 1884 he married Alice Meyer. They had one child, Albert Jr.





### Ben Lilienthal vividly remembers Albert (1948):

In appearance he was much the same build as Philip, a big, good-looking man with dark hair and eyes, and of superior intelligence. Large transactions were handled by him with ease and judgment born of long experience. The dealing in hops involved the risk of buying thousands of bales during the short harvest season and disposing of them to brewers over the balance of the year.

He lived with his wife and son in a nice brownstone house on 78th Street, and their home at one period was a center of musical activity, as both Albert and his wife were accomplished pianists. When I went East at one time he took three days off to take me to his favorite haunt, Old Point Comfort.

Caroline Esberg remembers him taking her across Brooklyn Bridge and to Wall Street for luncheon.

In 1904 Ernest sent Sam, his son, then twenty years old, on an educational trip as a preparation for his entrance into Crown Distilleries Company. When he reached New York, he lived with Eliza Werner and her family and spent his days at Lilienthal Brothers.

Albert, then about forty-five years old, was a revelation to Sam. His ease of manner, warmth, and charm, his lightness of spirit were best remembered when he personally conducted Sam to Coney Island one summer evening, leaving an indelible impression by the camaraderie displayed by a mature man toward a youngster.

When Sam was about to leave for home, Albert said to him: "Sam, you have spent some time with me; what opinion of me will you give to

\* The mother remarried and the children took the name of Wheaton.

your Father?" Sam, though deeply impressed, was too self-conscious to compliment easily and countered by asking whether Albert wanted him to be tactful. Albert did not want to take the risk of an embarrassing answer and said: "Well! maybe that wasn't a fair question." Undoubtedly he enjoyed asking the question and seeing the young man's predicament.

#### THE THREE SISTERS

*ELIZA LILIENTHAL WERNER*, oldest child of Rabbi Max and Pepi Lilienthal, was born in New York City on June 4, 1846. She married Leopold Werner. They had five children.

*ESTHER LILIENTHAL HEAVENRICH*, fourth child of Rabbi Max and Pepi Lilienthal, was born in New York City. She married Max Heavenrich, who was a successful merchant in Saginaw, Michigan.

*VICTORIA LILIENTHAL*, youngest child of Rabbi Max and Pepi Lilienthal, was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, on June 27, 1861. She never married. She died in San Francisco on November 21, 1943.

#### THE SLOSS FAMILY

A very real part of Ernest and Bella Lilienthal's family life was the affection and friendship of Bella's four brothers. The three older, Leon, Louis Jr., and Joseph were, like Ernest, young men just beginning their careers. The bonds of family life linked the young men even outside of their homes for often their business and social interests were similar, occasionally identical. The youngest boy, Max, the baby of the family, was a playmate of Bella's children, and in the later years shared in the mutual comradeship of the twin households. Like the men of the Lilienthal family, the Sloss brothers had respect and affection for each other and lived harmoniously together in the peace and happiness of their several homes.

It might be said of all the older Lilienthals that each according to his or her capacity judged the world in the light of their own tradition and the principles acquired primarily in their family life. Everything they said and did was deliberately related to standards of judgment, which the experience of the family had found true and good. And in all they said and did there was a strong sentiment, but no sentimentality. They selected and molded what they could use from what was available in the

outside world, whether of business, cultural, or charitable activity. In this continuity they had a sense of being an old family, although not all of them felt it subjectively.

The Slosses took the world as they found it. Louis Sloss had extraordinary strength of body in his youth, clarity of intellectual insight, and a firm, decisive will, which he could and did express in no uncertain terms. To him all the world was new and he balanced values. His sons, each according to his natural gifts, were discoverers.

Both the Lilienthals and Slosses were such gentle men that it may seem that they were alike. They were alike in quiet kindness and consideration, but that is truly the only strong point of identity between the men of the two families.

The four boys had as a common inheritance the stamina, wisdom, and generous nature of their parents. Each of the young men in his life reflected the character and integrity of his parents without diminishing his own personality. All of them, whether by nature or by training, had the imagination of Louis Sloss, and could visualize opportunities for development. Like their father and mother they were good listeners, and like them, too, they had an instinct for charity without exhibition.

Leon Sloss, the oldest son of Louis and Sarah Sloss, was born on June 26, 1858, in Sacramento. When the family moved to San Francisco, Leon attended the city schools, and in 1879 was graduated from the University of California. The next year he was sent to Alaska for the Alaska Commercial Company, and going deep into the territory, he supervised the laying of the foundations for a chain of trading stations, which in 1902 became the Northern Commercial Company, of which he was named president and which he headed until his death.

In 1887 Leon married Bertha Greenewald, the daughter of Simon Greenewald, one of the original partners of Louis Sloss in the Sacramento trading post and the Alaska Commercial Company. At the time of his marriage Leon was of medium height and heavy set. He was a good humored and cheerful man with a large booming voice. Those who knew him remember that because of his extreme kindness and consideration he often allowed himself to be imposed upon rather than hurt someone's feelings. Because he smoked cigarettes continually he used his large silver cigarette case to hold each day's memoranda so that he would not lose track of all the details, little and big, domestic and business, which were part of his life.



Two years after his marriage his first child, Louise Bertha Sloss, was born. In 1893, a son was born, Louis Sloss III, and in 1898, a second son, Leon Sloss Jr., completed the family.

Trusts and public honors were given to Leon even before his family was completed. In November 1891, he received a letter written in the vertical, even longhand of Leland Stanford:

*Mr. Leon Sloss*

MY DEAR SIR:

Though I have but a slight personal acquaintance with you I have heard from friends an excellent account of your character. Your worthy parents I have known long and favorably, and in the many years that I have been acquainted with your father I have never heard aught to his prejudice. He has always had my esteem and confidence. The character of your parents is the best guarantee of your future.

In making our selection of trustees for the Leland Stanford Jr. University, Mrs. Stanford and I have considered carefully the capacity, fitness and general good character of all whom we have appointed. We feel that the success of the University must depend largely upon its trustees, and having come to the conclusion that you would make a worthy and efficient trustee we take pleasure in requesting your acceptance of the position made vacant by the death of Judge Sawyer.

Please inform me as soon as possible whether you accept the Trust.

Yours Very Truly

LELAND STANFORD

Leon Sloss accepted the trust and became a trustee for life, and later treasurer of the new university.

Leon Sloss had a wide interest in charity and in civic affairs as well. He was instrumental in setting up the first American Red Cross chapter in San Francisco, and in 1914 was one of the committee sent to Washington to outbid New Orleans for the site of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. The committee did their work well, securing over two hundred pledged votes in Congress in favor of San Francisco. To recapture the magnificence and beauty of that first West Coast fair one has only to look at the Palace of Fine Arts, still standing in the Marina. Though in decay, its architecture recalls the effort and expense that San Franciscans in general, and Leon Sloss, as a vice-president of the Exposition, poured out lavishly.

When Leon Sloss died suddenly on May 5, 1920, the city manifested its regret spontaneously and with one accord. The esteem in which he was universally held was most succinctly expressed in the following min-

utes of the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco:

In re memoriam:

Leon Sloss, Esquire, Deceased

Out of respect to his memory, this Court is ordered to stand adjourned in honor of Leon Sloss, Esquire, deceased, in whose death this City has lost one of its most highly respected citizens, who, like his ancestors, stood for the highest public and private virtues and business integrity.

Outside of his family those who best remembered Leon Sloss were those who had worked with and for him, one of whom was quoted by *The Enquirer* of Oakland, May 8, 1920, as follows:

He was the best man to work for in San Francisco. He was so kindly that he found it almost impossible to discharge an employee, and if that became necessary, he gave the man whom he was letting out, two or three months' salary to tide him over the time he would have to spend looking for another job.

The second son and third child of Louis and Sarah Sloss was Louis Sloss Jr., born on August 6, 1860. Of all the sons of Louis Sloss, his namesake was most like him. Louis Jr. had the temperament of his father. He liked people and people liked him. As was his brother, he was educated in the city schools and attended the University of California. But unlike Leon, Louis Jr. never was graduated. The Class of '81, of which he was a member, was suspended for pranks prior to Commencement exercises. Louis Jr. and the family accepted the disappointment with as much grace as the occasion demanded, but Louis never bothered to have himself reinstated with the University.

As his brother, Louis Jr. was sent to the field of operations of the Alaska Commercial Company. He was working in San Francisco when the great gold strike was made in the Yukon, and he directed the on-the-spot expansion of the facilities of the company. He traveled from the Pribilofs to Dawson, dared Chilcoot Pass and went throughout the territory when the country was dangerous and wide open.

The delight of his nieces and nephews, Louis Jr. was a stocky, round little man who brightened the family dinners with tall tales and impromptu after-dinner speeches. Louis Jr. was never dull. Nor were his friends. E. R. (Ned) Dimond, Larry Harris, and Frank Griffin were good fellows and wits, and with them and Ned Hamilton, dean of the San Francisco newspapermen, Louis Jr. would cross wits into the wee small

hours of the morning. Strangely enough, Louis Sloss Jr. and Ernest Lilienthal were joined by a kindred spirit. The two men, though widely different in temperament and enthusiasm, shared a bond of personal affection.

In business, Louis Jr. was as a rule fortunate. He invested often and substantially in the ventures of his friends. Most of the time the investments paid off handsomely, to the relief and mystification of the family.

Louis Jr.'s aid to his friends sprang from the enjoyment of helping those whom he liked. His aid and friendship were not confined to a small circle of intimates. He financed many of the impoverished but talented artists in the city.

A man's man, Louis Jr. never married. Instead he found his life's work in helping and guiding his family and in making life more full for his many acquaintances and friends. Perhaps one of his most substantial contributions to the life of San Francisco was the interest he took in helping to establish and perpetuate The Family club. Certainly no better expression of his character has been written than that of Larry Harris, a boon companion and fellow member and founder of The Family. He wrote recently:

You have asked me for a few words about my old friend, Louis Sloss, and what a flood of fragrant memories his name recalls!

To know Louis Sloss was to know him well—one could not know him casually or slightly—you either had never met him or you knew him well. He was your friend!

Of himself, he was a most generous giver, and he was open armed in everything he did.

Although a man of large affairs, one of his outstanding attributes was a sympathetic friendliness and a quiet courtesy. He had the rare ability of a thorough understanding of the little things that at the moment overburdened so many of us.

And he exercised this understanding.

Because of Louis Sloss, many of his friends and associates again lifted their heads, looked into the future and smiled—some even sang!

Louis Sloss liked everyone he knew, but he did not like everything with which he came in contact—for instance, he abhorred intolerance.

Perhaps the best evidence of that is instanced by the attitude he took after The Family purchased the Family Farm, which property adjoined that of a small weather-beaten Catholic church. It is to be recalled that at that time it was proposed by some of the Club members that The Family do something for the little church; in fact, it was proposed to build a new church. It was planned that The Family put on a performance or two; that the members contribute their talent; and a collection be taken up and given to the little Padre, Father George Lacombe.



There were those in The Family who expressed some hesitation in regard to the matter on the theory that the membership was composed of Catholics, Jews, and Protestants, and the contention was that it might be construed that we were for the first time creating a religious question.

The attitude of Louis Sloss and what he had to say with respect to this proposal is set forth on page 14 of The Family Flight Play of 1946 entitled, *SO—We Built a Church for "Steve"*—and it is here quoted:

Louis Sloss: "I attended services over at Father 'Steve's' whitewashed shack this morning, and I am afraid my description of the place will not be as mild as that given by the gentle Padre. I was sitting in a draft that literally whistled down my collar. I could see daylight through cracks in the roof. In fact, I almost forgot to listen to 'Steve's' sermon. (General laughter in which Padre joins.) Now, what I would like to know is this—is there any reason on earth why we fellows here in The Family—Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Catholic—shouldn't throw together and build a regular church for 'Steve'? Say, I have it! You Catholics and Protestants pass the hat and see how much you can raise, and we Jews will double the amount. Well—what about it?"

And here it is a pleasure to record that the performance was given by The Family; the contribution was handed over to "Steve" Lacombe, and that Louis Sloss made abundantly good on his proposal.

Louis Sloss was a modest man, as is well attested by the following:

In The Family there is a yearly ceremony known as The Night of Appreciation, which takes place at The Family Farm during the "Flight of the Stork." During this ceremony some child of The Family is selected upon whom to bestow the honor.

He must be someone who throughout the years has added to The Family's joy of living, and who unselfishly and without any idea of reward, has contributed to The Family's well being.

To be appreciated is an honor that cannot be sought—it can only be bestowed.

Louis Sloss was never appreciated, and in the years gone by there were many inquiries as to why he, who had earned the honor many times over, had yet never received it. Perhaps, for the first time it is stated here that Louis once came to a member of The Family, who was one of the several to make the yearly selections, and asked him a favor. The member in question stated that there was nothing that he, as a child of The Family or a member of the Committee, would not gladly do if it were within his power. Louis Sloss then asked: "I want you to promise me that as long as you have anything to do with the selection of the member who is to be appreciated and if, as time goes on, you are no longer a member of the Committee that you pass this request on to your successor—my request is that under no circumstances whatever, at any time, is The Family to appreciate me."

When asked why he made the request, Louis stated in effect, "For what little I have done for The Family and for such small contributions I may make in the future, I want neither thanks nor appreciation. I love The Family, and that is reward enough."

The requested promise was given again, so Louis Sloss was never appreciated,

and notwithstanding that, in the opinion of many of us there was no child of The Family who stood more valiantly between the membership, the Club's existence, and the trades people than did Louis Sloss.

If The Family has been mentioned frequently it is because of his prominence and leadership, and it should be remembered that he was one of the founders of The Family, and was President and Father during the years 1906-1907, and those were the years when The Family needed a Father.

It was a rare privilege to stroll in the garden of Louis Sloss's friendship, for no matter the season, as to time, place, condition or circumstance, his friendship was always a garden—and in bloom.

Always

LARRY HARRIS

It was in this club and in the homes of his brothers and sisters, nieces and nephews, that Louis Sloss found domestic companionship and happiness. After his mother's death, his life was made full by the great amount of energy and affection he had put into it. With his death on March 21, 1933, three generations felt the loss of a radiant and gay personality.

#### CAROLINE SLOSS

In 1863 a second daughter was born, but the child, named Caroline, was a delicate youngster who died before her third birthday.

#### JOSEPH SLOSS

A third boy, Joseph, was born on August 21, 1865, and the family remembers that in face and disposition he was most like his sister, Bella. A quiet and retiring type, Joseph had an analytical mind which was sharpened by two to three years' training at a German school in Frankfort. When he and his family returned to San Francisco, Joseph finished his prep school days at Boys' High School in 1883. He then went to the University of California, and was subsequently graduated after the completion of a scientific course in 1887.

As his brothers, Joseph Sloss entered business immediately after graduation from college. His first four years were spent in learning techniques and management, and in 1891 he became a partner in Miller, Sloss & Scott, wholesale hardware. The firm prospered, and Joseph Sloss, as its secretary-treasurer and representative of the considerable Sloss interests, guided its growth. When it was consolidated into the Pacific Hardware and Steel Company, Joseph Sloss was a director and treasurer of the new organization. Because of policy differences, however, he withdrew from

the firm, and moved his personal offices to the Alaska Commercial Building at 310 Sansome Street.

His interest in hardware and steel gave Joseph the background to take over and manage the Sloss family's investment in the Columbia Steel Company. Again a director and treasurer of this organization, he had a hand in its development and growth and was elected a vice-president of the concern when it was reorganized into a corporation. He remained a director of the firm until its sale in 1929 to the United States Steel Corporation.

Joseph and his two older brothers were active club men, and Joseph himself belonged to a formidable array of clubs before his marriage. A man with a baritone voice, who liked to sing, Joseph took an active interest in the amateur theater of his day. Having a good voice and loving music as he did, Joseph had a wide repertoire of popular songs including the whimsical tunes and words of most of Gilbert and Sullivan's operas. It was these tricks of the voice that fascinated his own children as well as the hordes of nieces and nephews who loved to listen to Uncle Joseph.

On February 8, 1909, Joseph married Edith Esberg. Their first children arrived as a set of twins on June 17, 1910; one, Joseph Jr., named for his father, and the other, Henry Esberg, named for his mother's brother. On August 26, 1913, a third boy, Laurence Louis, completed the family.

With the advent of the twins, Joseph Sloss bought "The Farm," thirty acres of land in the hills of Los Altos. His brother-in-law, Alfred I. Esberg, joined him in the purchase, and they both constructed summer homes for their families on the hills overlooking the Santa Clara Valley. "The Farm" still remains a favorite institution of the family down to the present day.

His family well taken care of, Joseph continued to expand his interests in business. In 1916 he and J. C. Brittain formed a new hardware wholesale house.

With both family and business well established in the late 'twenties, Joseph and Edith Sloss began extensive travels which took them through Europe, South America, Australia, India, and the Far East. The trips were made permanent by thousands of feet of home movies taken by Joseph and shown after the trip was over.

Joseph Sloss overcame his early shyness and self-effacement with the death of his older brothers. He assumed the responsibility for the family, and acted as the head of the several households. His cheerfulness and



benevolence suited him to the task, and though he perhaps played with the piece of walrus ivory which he carried always as a keepsake, he never lost his gentleness and humor.

The years following 1935 brought increasing international trouble, and so the trips of Joseph and his wife were made within the limits of the United States. It was on the return from one of these trips that he contracted pneumonia. On January 23, 1939, Joseph, the third son of Louis Sloss, died.

#### MARCUS CAUFFMAN SLOSS

In the days when Louis Sloss Sr. was still dickering with the American and Russian governments for rights to the seal islands in the North, his youngest son was born in New York City on February 28, 1869. Named for his mother's childhood guardian, Marcus Cauffman, the baby was at first called Max. When he was only a few weeks old he crossed the Atlantic with his parents.

When he was old enough, Max, with his brother, Joseph, was sent to school in Frankfort, Germany. Bella, at the time, had returned from Frankfort, where she, too, had received part of her education. After two years of schooling in Europe, M. C. returned to the United States and completed his precollege course at the Reed School in Belmont and at Boys' High School in San Francisco.

By the time Max was ready for college he had outgrown the heaviness which had led his German schoolmates to nickname him Dick, and had become slender, almost skinny. He had the quietness natural to his brother, Joseph, but more nearly resembled his mother, Sarah, in his friendliness with all whom he met. In 1886 Max entered Harvard College and was graduated four years later *magna cum laude*. He continued at Harvard in its Law School, and in 1893 was awarded an M.A. degree in addition to the customary LL.B.

While at Harvard, and after his return to San Francisco, Max, or Dick as he was always called, played an excellent game of tennis and had a twist service which was unknown on the West Coast. With ease he became the family champion. Max had definite athletic ability. He took up the then fashionable sport of bicycle riding. The family has a story that as he was learning to ride, he took the precaution to take out an accident policy. On one of his first tries, while he was busily blowing his nose, to do which he had to remove one hand from the handle bars, he

fell off and broke his wrist. Although his faith in insurance was probably buoyed up by this incident, it is the only personal accident claim he has collected so far.

A Master of Arts and a Bachelor of Law, young Max was associated with the firm of Chickering, Thomas & Gregory, which in a few years became Chickering, Thomas, Gregory, Gerstle and Sloss. But before he returned to San Francisco he had met, in the hub city of Boston, Hattie Hecht, and spent much of his leisure in her home. Mrs. M. C. Sloss still remembers that just before he was to leave Boston for the West Coast, she said, "Well, I suppose you have everything you want in Boston now." M. C.'s answer was simple but eloquent, "Everything but one—you." The couple were married on June 19, 1899, in Boston, but returned to San Francisco to live after the honeymoon.

M. C. remained with the law firm of which he was a partner until 1901, when he was elected to the Superior Court in San Francisco on a Republican ticket. His term was for seven years, but before it expired he first became presiding judge and then was appointed to be a judge on the Supreme Court of California by Governor Pardee early in 1906. The newspapers of the day generally favored the appointment. The *Sacramento Bee* wrote of him:

Judge Sloss has a reputation for spotless integrity, for firm convictions, for sternly righteous decisions, no matter whom they hurt—all backed and crowned by a well-balanced judicial head . . . . And the decisions he has rendered in complicated and bitterly fought cases in San Francisco prove he is well entitled to the splendid opinion which the general public holds of him.

The *Santa Rosa Press*, a Democratic and anti-Pardee paper, did not praise M. C. so lavishly, but grudgingly honored him when it wrote,

. . . it seems to have been strictly in line with Pardee's usual policy of naming men to office who are best suited to help his own political chances. Happily in this case, there appears to be no question regarding the qualification of the man selected, so the Governor has killed two birds with one stone.

Soon after his appointment, Max left his family, then consisting of his wife, Hattie, and two children, Margaret Rose (born on June 16, 1900), and Richard Louis (born on February 1, 1904) in San Francisco while he went to Los Angeles. When the great earthquake and fire occurred, both he and Hattie were without means of communication for some days and naturally were quite worried until they could again get in touch with each other.

On November 18, 1908, a third child, Frank Hecht, was born.

The Judge, as he now was called by many in and out of the family, served ten years on the Supreme Court of California with distinction and with a dispassionate sense of fair-mindedness essential to the judicial temperament. His decisions have been noted for their directness and clarity. In evidence of his fair-mindedness, it might be recalled that he served as an arbitrator and mediator in the many serious labor disputes in the building trades and the stevedoring industry in San Francisco at the request of the unions.

In 1919, Judge Sloss resigned from the Supreme Court to open offices of his own in San Francisco, which he has maintained actively to the present day.

The demands on a man in public life are many and strenuous. Judge Sloss has carried them well, but never without grave humor. Someone once asked him about a film which had been called offensive. His remark was typical. "I saw nothing in it which anyone should have objected to—except paying sixty-five cents to see it." Concerning a large settlement in a fashionable divorce, he made the acidly accurate comment, "I would have taken a good deal less to get rid of that man."

Through the years of public and private living, M. C. Sloss has accepted the trusts and responsibilities of his community. He has served as a member of the Board of Trustees of Stanford University, president of the Jewish National Welfare Fund of San Francisco, trustee of the San Francisco Library, member of the Western Regional National War Labor Board, member of the American Bar Association's Special Committee for Peace and Law Through the United States, and far too many more to be written here.

As a great athlete can afford to be gentle with ordinary people, the power of Judge Sloss's intelligence was never used rashly or ruthlessly in law or arbitration. He won great cases, but he did more to prevent cases from ever coming to court, not as a compromiser, but by counsel, wise enough to prevent dispute. The virility of his character was never impaired by vindictive impulses. He has been gentle and kindly by habit, and has fought only on conviction that there was no other way.

Within two months of his eightieth birthday, a much younger man asked him the results of the 1949 Rose Bowl game. The Judge had listened on that New Year's afternoon, and as he told the way each touch-down was made and what points were converted, the younger man



realized that that must have been the way it had been for Judge Sloss all of his life; he always knew who had the victory and why.

Before the new year opened, the large Sloss apartment on Green Street was vacated. The treasures of discriminating living had been distributed to relatives, friends, the universities, and the poor. Into smaller space the two partners of almost fifty years moved, with as steady courage as they had begun their married life. The affection of the bestowals was enhanced by the detachment with which Max and Hattie Sloss distributed their belongings. They were both too spiritual to be bound to and by things.

This spirituality in both of them, expressed differently and yet complementingly, is the quality of their distinction in San Francisco.

#### FAITHFUL SERVANTS

*ALICE DICKINSON* was born in Ireland in 1835. She had married a sea captain and had had a child. When both died, she came to serve in the household of Dr. Samuel and Caroline Lilienthal. When Caroline died, she carried on the same tranquil routine that Caroline had established, and took care of the sons and nephews and sometimes nieces, who came to dwell in the New York house.

When Drs. Sam and James established residence in San Francisco, she came with them. When they died, Ernest Lilienthal escorted her as the chief mourner at their funerals. She lived in their house with a servant after their deaths, and always kept the hall light burning until ten o'clock, when they had been accustomed to come home. She died on February 21, 1898. Rabbi Voorsanger at her funeral compared her to Ruth. She was buried in the family plot at Home of Peace Cemetery in San Mateo County, California.

*THERESA EGGER*, who has served the Lilienthal and Sloss families for forty-eight years and who still takes care of Ben Lilienthal's apartment, was born in Weingarten, Province of Württemberg, Germany, in 1876. She emigrated to the United States in 1895, landing in New Orleans, where she was employed for several years.

Proceeding to San Francisco, she worked for a brief period in the home of Samuel Sussman.

Thereafter, and almost without interruption, except when she was not caring for some other member of the household staff at San Rafael, she

was Mrs. Sloss's cook in the summers, with two or three assistants; in the winters she cooked for Mrs. Ernest R. Lilienthal.

Since the latter's death in 1923 she has remained as housekeeper and cook for Ben Lilienthal. Ben and Caroline Esberg appeared with her before Judge Mogan of the Superior Court of San Francisco when she was granted her citizenship.

# Appendix





# Appendix

DR. SAMUEL LILIENTHAL

REMARKS UPON THE DEATH OF DR. SAMUEL LILIENTHAL,

BY DR. GEORGE H. MARTIN\*

STUDENTS OF THE HAHNEMANN HOSPITAL COLLEGE OF SAN FRANCISCO:

Since we last met in this lecture room, one has left our midst whose memory we should stop a moment, in the rush and anxiety of our college work, to honor. I do not wish these few remarks to be considered as a eulogy, for I do not think myself capable of undertaking such a task, as that should be left to others older and more capable than myself. I feel it is my duty to say something to you of him, as for three years he occupied the Chair of Mental and Nervous Diseases, and was my immediate predecessor in it. When, two years ago, on account of failing health and strength, he had to resign that position, and I was called to it, I felt that I was assuming a responsibility greater than I could bear; but the older teachers are passing away, and the younger have to take up their work and go on with it the best they can. My purpose in honoring his memory today is twofold; first, on account of the great respect and admiration I have always had for him, and second, that, by a short review of his life and work, we may each be inspired by his noble example to renewed activity, and to put forth greater efforts for the advancement of homeopathy. Dr. Samuel Lilienthal held a position in our ranks which it will be the lot of but very few men to attain. He was a most indefatigable worker, and had the cause for which he was working very near to his heart. He was born in Munich, Bavaria, December 5th, 1815. From his early boyhood he was a student, and his father, who was a merchant of that place, was able to give him the best educational advantages which the young student was not slow to improve. He studied first at the Gymnasium and then he went to the University, where he obtained his medical degree, and graduated with full honors. After his graduation he was appointed to a position in the city hospital of Munich, but he did not hold that position long, as he was desirous of going to America with some friend, where he thought there would be a greater field of usefulness for him, and in 1838, when twenty-three years of age, he arrived in this country. He had letters to Dr. Wesselhof, of Allentown, Pennsylvania, who at that time had the only institute of homeopathy in this country. At that time Dr. Lilienthal was not a homeopath; he had listened to the lectures on homeopathy at the University, but did not give his attention to them to any great degree. He located in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and practiced according to the old school. Just as his practice was becoming lucrative, he had to move away on account of ill health. He

\* Delivered before the students of the Hahnemann Hospital College, October 6, 1891, and printed in *The California Homeopath*, November 1891.

then located on the Savannah River. Here he married, the love of his youth in the fatherland, a young lady who had courageously followed him over here. His wife he thought a great deal of. She was a good, true, noble woman, was ambitious for her husband's welfare, and always encouraging him to do his whole duty in the work he had in hand. She was a true helpmate, and was one of the great factors in his future success. He soon had to leave this location on account of his wife's ill health, and went north to Haverstraw, Rockland County, New York. Here he established himself as an homeopathic practitioner, and very soon had a large and lucrative practice. He was well liked by his patients, and wonderfully successful with his cases.

In 1857, in order to give his sons better educational advantages, he removed to New York City. His reputation had preceded him, and he found a warm welcome by the members of the homeopathic profession. He was at once placed on the medical staff of the United States Homeopathic Dispensary, which position he held for many years. He was appointed to the Chair of Mental and Nervous Diseases in the New York Homeopathic Medical College, and some of your professors here in this college today were students there during his term of service, and got the benefit of his teachings. He was visiting physician to Ward's Island Homeopathic Hospital, and professor of Clinical Medicine in the New York College for Women. For fifteen years he was editor of the *North American Journal of Homeopathy*, a periodical noted for its high standing, and particularly for the excellency of its translations from the German. Dr. Lilienthal was one of the most rapid and best German translators in the country, and his work in that line has been very valuable. He was also a contributor to the *Chicago Investigator* and *Detroit Observer*, and I might say of almost every other homeopathic journal in the country. He was always a most prolific writer, and his articles upon medical topics of the day were most valuable. Any question arising concerning the welfare and progress of homeopathy always found a ready advocate in him. He also translated the *Organon* of Hahnemann, and while occupying this position here in this college taught it and it always gave him great pleasure to do so. He said to me once, "I like to go to the fountainhead for the truth." But the greatest work of his life, that which will long stand as a monument to his memory, after those who knew him personally have passed away, was his *Homeopathic Therapeutics*, the third edition of which he gave us last year. It is a grand lifework, and a noble heritage to the profession. In the preface of this third edition, he gives us instructions which we should all follow. His words are these:

Once I was young, but now I am old. My task is done. Take this Third Edition as the old man's testament to his many students and younger colleagues. Perfection is impossible, and such a work can never be expected to be finished. Let every man and every woman do his and her duty, and our materia medica will be a pura, free from dross, and thus acceptable by all physicians, so that gradually a work can be issued worthy to be named Homeopathics.

Dr. Lilienthal was one of the first to favor the admission of women into our medical colleges, and into the profession. His work in the Woman's College he considered as one of the pleasantest duties of his life, and he gave his best energies to it.

The word duty to Dr. Lilienthal meant much, and when he was in active practice, wherever duty called, night or day, fair weather or storm, he was always



there. I remember many times after he had spent a sleepless night, and poor in health, when he was not able to stay here in the City but a few hours on account of an aggravation of the trouble which finally caused his death, when it was very difficult for him to breathe, and most men would have remained at home, he would still come to this lecture room and perform his duty, even though it caused him great distress. I have looked at him under those conditions, and felt new life stir in me as a result of his example. As a physician he was most successful with his cases; he gave his whole time to his work; it was his pleasure to work, and from that pleasure he gained the greatest happiness, inasmuch as he was working for others, and that always gives the best returns to anyone. The only amusement he cared for was the opera, and he had the intense German love for good music to a great degree. Wherever he practiced his clientele was large, and thousands all over the land have reason to think with hearts full of gratitude of the old doctor who has gone to his reward. He was a close prescriber, and his knowledge of *materia medica* was most comprehensive, so that he was able to select the right remedy and relieve his patient. Four names will go down in history together, Hering, Lippe, Dunham, Lilienthal, all Germans, all conscientious workers for homeopathy, and all working most directly for the purification of our *materia medica*.

As a man, Dr. Lilienthal was kind, gentle, and sympathetic; unostentatious in his bearing and always a kind word for everyone, and quick to extend a helping hand to anyone in distress. He was passionately fond of children, and his "Stories for Children" in a Jewish paper, under the nom de plume of "Uncle Sam," were most instructive as well as enjoyable. To the medical student he was a true friend, ever ready to give them a word of encouragement or advice, and he liked to be with them. To his patients he was very dear, and the moment he stepped into the sick-room there went with him that feeling of rest and security which a noble man always inspires.

The latter years of his life, when he was residing in San Francisco, he was not engaged in active practice, as he did not feel able to do so; but he devoted his time to literary work, his college duties, and some consultation practice. He prepared a paper for the last meeting of our State Society, but was too feeble to read it in person, so it was presented by his son, Dr. James E. Lilienthal. In the last number of the *California Homeopath*, which was in press at the time of his death, are two translations by him. So up to the last moment he did what he could to help on our meeting, and our journals, and by so doing helped on the great cause of homeopathy. For some years past he has been expecting his summons from on high, but he was not afraid to go; in fact, longed to join her who had preceded him thirty years ago. But when the shock did suddenly come, it was no less great to us than if it had not been expected.

Thus passed away one of our great men, and the Hahnemann Hospital College of San Francisco has great reason to be proud of the fact that such a man was once a member of its faculty, and that his name is on the diplomas of some of its graduates. His best wishes up to the day of his death were for this institution, and he did all in his power to promote its welfare.

I can say no more, but there is in such a life an example that we all may well emulate. I feel that my words have been weak for the occasion, but if I have been able to convey to your minds something of the grandeur of his character, that you may profit by it, I will feel that I have paid him as grand a tribute as could be paid to anyone.

PHILIP LILIENTHAL

(*San Francisco Chronicle*, May 9, 1906.)

CROWDS CHEER AS NEW STREETS ARE OPENED

BANKING CIRCLES IN CHEERFUL MOOD

DEPOSITS FAR EXCEED WITHDRAWALS

DOORS TO OPEN BY JUNE 1ST

Manager P. N. Lilienthal of the Anglo-California Bank, who left San Francisco for New York several days before the fire, and who has just returned from the Eastern metropolis, was found yesterday morning at the temporary headquarters of his bank, at his residence on Franklin and Clay Streets. Manager Lilienthal made the following statement, based upon his experiences in New York and the information he gathered there and which he has received from the East since his return:

"Immediately upon the news of the disaster that had befallen San Francisco reaching New York, some bankers of the Eastern metropolis sent for me, and asked what could be done to assist San Francisco in the hour of its distress. I told them that, in my opinion, San Francisco would be able to weather the storm, and that it was too early to estimate the loss, or the extent of the assistance, if any, that might be needed from the outside. The bankers told me that two able financiers, representing the moneyed interests of New York, were going to start at once for San Francisco in order to be on the field, and to ascertain what money was needed to rebuild the city, and what chance there was to invest Eastern capital. They also told me that within a very short time almost every banking institution of New York would have its own representatives in San Francisco for the purpose of looking over the field and to report the chances for judicious and profitable investment.

"One of the leading bankers of New York asked me what the condition was of the San Francisco banks. When I told him how much money the banks held here, the surplus and the reserve funds they had, he said that he considered it absolutely criminal to have so much money on hand.

"The courage, the bravery, the optimism and the energy evinced by the people of San Francisco have astonished the East and has gained for San Francisco the utmost admiration, and will naturally have a tendency to strengthen the faith of the Eastern people in the future of San Francisco. The New Yorkers firmly believe that San Francisco will be rebuilt in the shortest time possible and will be a greater and better and wealthier city than before.

"Quite a number of Easterners were on the same train on which I came. When they saw the activity in clearing away of debris and temporary structures going up,

they were full of praise of Western courage and pluck, and they wired East that the rebuilding of the city has already begun and is progressing very rapidly.

"While the country has been prosperous and money has been abundant, just at present there is no great surplus of ready cash or idle capital in New York. The Russian loan and several other loans that have been recently negotiated have taken up all the idle money of the great capitalists of the Eastern money centers. It will take but a very short time for these matters to be adjusted and capital will be ample for investment in California as safe and more profitable than anywhere else.

"The crop prospects are excellent, and if they continue so until the harvest it will bring vast amounts of wealth into California. The interior, and, mind you, that does not apply to California alone, but includes all of the Pacific Coast, instead of calling on the banks for money deposited, has offered additional money in case it is wanted. The local banks have ample funds, although business is hampered at present owing to the fact that the vaults cannot be opened and the bankers cannot reach their books and accounts. These matters will be adjusted.

"As soon as the banks open for regular business, which will be very soon, and pay out money to their patrons, building operations and business will commence, money will circulate freely and San Francisco will become very active and more prosperous than ever."

(*San Francisco Chronicle*, front page, second section, May 20, 1906.)

BANKS MOVING INTO NEW HEADQUARTERS  
ALL ARE SOLVENT AND MAKING FINAL  
PREPARATIONS FOR RESUMPTION—  
OLD CHECKS CLEARED

The Anglo-California Bank was particularly fortunate in the perfect preservation of the contents of its vaults. Not a paper was discolored nor an article disturbed, with the exception of some silver which was found scattered on the bottom of the vault. The Anglo-Californian will remain in its present temporary quarters on Franklin Street and continue to do business there until the close of the banking day, next Saturday, when it will be moved to the site of its old home at the corner of Pine and Sansome Streets, where it will open for business on Monday week. . . .

(*San Francisco Chronicle*, Tuesday, May 29, 1906.)

BANK OPENS ON ITS OLD SITE  
ANGLO-CALIFORNIA RESUMES DOWNTOWN,  
BUT WILL KEEP ITS BRANCH GOING

The reopening yesterday morning of the Anglo-California Bank in its former location, Pine and Sansome Streets, was marked by a scene most gratifying to all who have faith in the future of San Francisco. From the moment the bank opened until it closed its doors the place was crowded with patrons, the deposits far exceeding the withdrawals. The bank building resembles the former one, though it is



only one story high. Carpenters, plumbers, electrical workers and other mechanics were still busy with hammer and saw, but that did not deter the bank's customers from transacting their business. The temporary quarters occupied by the bank during the reconstruction at the residence of P. N. Lilienthal were kept open yesterday for the convenience of uptown patrons. The business done at that place was so large that the management decided to maintain it as a branch indefinitely.

(*Sunset Magazine*, San Francisco, April 1908.)

MANAGER OF THE ANGLO-CALIFORNIA BANK  
SPEAKS CONFIDENTLY OF THE HOME CONDITIONS

From a banking point of view, San Francisco has enjoyed the peculiar reputation of being a creditor city. In other words, its enormous local resources, together with the wealth of its entire coast, which ultimately finds its way to this city, brought the deposits of its banks to a figure that made the supply of money greater than the demand and compelled them to use a large part of their balances in the eastern markets. These large deposits were not only the accumulation of diversified crops of this great state of California, but represented as well the purchases on an enormous scale of real properties which had lain dormant for years, but which were in the line of the proposed terminals and entering routes into the city of the three trans-continental roads now making their homes around the bay of San Francisco.

MILLIONS POURING IN

Millions were pouring in and distributed to owners who had held such properties from the early times and whose knowledge of wealth was confined to actual money and real estate. With the unexpected funds so realized they reinvested in other sections of the city, bringing on an increase of values of real estate which was soon reflected all over the peninsula, and brought about very large transactions and consequent cash movements, causing the clearings of the San Francisco banks to go to record amounts.

In the interregnum following the conflagration of 1906, the adjustment of losses and their ultimate payment, business was at a standstill, but in about August of 1906, insurance money commenced to roll back this way, the spirits of our brave people again rose to still higher heights, and an uninterrupted flow of business followed the distribution of the insurance payments. Depleted stocks were renewed as fast as possible; increased prices added to profits; demands for labor circulated funds, and business was fast drifting back to the standard of the beginning of 1905.

CLEARINGS OVER \$2,000,000,000

The clearings for the year 1907 aggregated over two billion dollars, being a record year for the clearing-house of this city, and but for the panic would have largely exceeded that figure.

Bankers observe with interest that the spirit of California is indomitable. This is a consideration of great importance in estimating the future and for this there are good reasons. Two years ago, in April, 1906, the first thought of all businessmen was to resume as early and as completely as possible. Two years ago, San Francisco had reached a most remarkable era in its own remarkable history up to that time. Prosperity was apparent in every direction; the mercantile communities were occupied to their hearts' content, and the discovery of the new mines in Nevada had added to the feeling of general satisfaction.

Since 1906, a financial panic has taken place in the United States. In the same way that the kicking over of a lamp brought on the fire in Chicago in 1871, so the error of a firm of brokers, misled by their principal, uncovered a weakness in a certain bank of New York City, which in reality was but one of a chain of banks, being misused by a group of financiers, and led to the distrust of the public, bringing on runs on other institutions that were perfectly solvent, but unable to stand the strain.

#### SAN FRANCISCO EXPERIENCE

In justification, the banks all over the United States adopted the clearing-house certificate plan, and thus practically put into effect what is known as "circulation based on assets," demonstrating to the country ahead of any discussion in Congress that such a currency is possible under such circumstances.

San Francisco had its share of experience. Balances that were due to its banks were held in the East. The San Francisco clearing-house banks and the associated savings banks adopted the successful expedient of clearing-house certificates, which were used as currency. For a time, legal holidays were proclaimed by the Governor of California. When the holidays were ended and while they were in force, the public of the city remained calm, undisturbed, confident, and again, under unusual circumstances, manifested qualities of the highest civic and commercial value. The clearing-house certificates passed freely in all current business transactions. Back of them, in San Francisco, was a value in securities that were pledged for the redemption of the certificates. Everyone was confident. All clearing-houses in the country redeemed the certificates fast as presented.

The conditions which have made San Francisco great and prosperous are enduring; the resources of the state are unlimited, and the people are alert, brave and intelligent.

With moderation in trade and conservatism in operation, there is no reason to doubt but we shall swing toward the prosperous times of the last ten years and, with the lessons of the panic still fresh in our minds, there is no reason to fear a recurrence of any of the doubt which existed at the close of last year.

Statistics are not required to show the strong position of California, or of its chief port, San Francisco. Their future is assuredly great and, while there may be temporary rebuffs, the factors leading to greatness are eternal and are constantly working.

PHILIP N. LILIENTHAL

## LOUIS SLOSS\*

### THE OVERLAND TRAIL RIDE

Of the party was Mr. Louis Sloss, who had moved to Mackville, Kentucky, not far from the McDonald Homestead, after Dr. McDonald had left there, and had become well acquainted with his family. He introduced himself to Dr. McDonald, who was delighted with this chance meeting with one from the home he had not seen for five years.

In due time the procession started on the long and hazardous trip, but before traveling twenty days, it became evident that the wagons were overloaded and the preparations inadequate to perform the stipulated trip. Cholera broke out and prevailed all along the emigration line, and of the number in this train, passengers and teamsters, about one hundred sixty-five in all, forty-two died before reaching California, nearly all from cholera. . . .

The best class of citizens California has ever received were those that went there in 1849, 1850, and 1851; consequently, the "'49'ers" and the early pioneers have always been exclusive and careful in affiliating with later arrivals. It was the sterling element drawn from the better families of the country that gave California the power to govern herself in many trying emergencies. . . .

Seeing the confusion that was daily increasing in the train and realizing that their chances for reaching California by that route were small, the two friends (McDonald and Swift) with Mr. Sloss determined to leave. When about two hundred fifty miles from Omaha they, with their companion, Mr. Sloss, determined to purchase extra stock from emigrants on the road, and "pack" across to California. Our party had now three horses, and an opportunity now offered to increase the number to six (three for riding and three for packs); they had only two pack saddles, but for the third they built a very good substitute of sticks; their supplies they bought from the overloaded teams. Thus equipped they left the Turner and Allen Pioneer Train, and rapidly passed ahead of all team emigration, for it was much easier for pack horses to climb the steep grades and travel over the rugged ways than for any loaded vehicle on wheels. They started together through all the sufferings and perils of the long journey; together they entered Sacramento, together commenced business, and were in partnership for a year, and unbroken and unaltered their friendship continued from that time till now.

At their start the little band of three agreed that all disputed cases should be settled by two-thirds rule. About the time and place of starting, resting, and other matters, they like all travelers, would frequently differ, and would perhaps argue the point fiercely; but the question was invariably settled by applying the two-thirds rule, and whether or not satisfactory, the resulting decision was always accepted. In fact, most of their differences, as well as those occurring in general conversation as those bearing directly on methods of traveling, were finally settled by application of this rule.

\* These excerpts concerning the overland trail ride of Louis Sloss and his two companions are taken from *Richard Hayes McDonald* by Frank V. McDonald (University Press, Cambridge, 1881), pp. 63-75. (Limited edition of 150 copies.)



In crossing the South Platte, at a point where the river was very wide, they barely escaped with their lives. As it was early in the season, they found the water very high and flowing swiftly. In several places they were compelled to swim their animals, Mr. Sloss and Dr. McDonald who could not swim, holding on to their horses. They reached the other side by careful management, and with comparatively small sacrifice, but many who followed them lost, not only their teams, but members of their families, and in some cases all in the party were swept down stream and drowned. When they reached the North Platte they found the waters swollen unusually high by the fast-melting snows and the recent warm rains. The ford was in a narrow, deep, and turbulent part of the stream, which had not even subsided from the effect of the Spring freshets. It was useless to attempt their customary mode of passing, and they had almost decided to go up the river in search of a more favorable place, when Mr. Swift, an excellent swimmer, determined to try and take the animals and packs across by swimming and guiding them. With considerable difficulty Mr. Sloss and Dr. McDonald drove the horses in, for neither of the two could swim and Mr. Swift, seizing the tail of the first horse, led the way. The current in the middle, however, proved too rapid and resisted all efforts to cross. The horses were carried back to the same bank from which they had started; Mr. Swift lost his hold, was caught in the rushing eddies and so whirled about that he was unable to swim, but fortunately drifted on some rocks in the river, where he rested, regained his strength and avoiding the current made his way back to shore. Realizing the impossibility of crossing at this point, they started up the river in search of another ford. Higher up they found a temporary bridge across a very narrow part of the river which a party crossing had built for their own convenience and had then converted into a toll bridge. Our party thankfully paid the reasonable charge and, with much less peace of mind concerning their future, continued their journey, turning their faces from the fertile valley of the Platte to the lofty passes of the Rocky Mountains.

All the way from the Missouri River our three travelers had encountered tribes of Indians, had passed through their villages and their transient camping grounds, witnessed their modes of hunting and fishing, their various athletic sports, their ruses for decoying stray buffaloes and antelopes, with the latter of which the Plains abound even today, and for trapping smaller game. Before reaching California they were given ample opportunity for familiarizing themselves with the manners and customs, the character and characteristics of the Indian.

One of the mistakes of the thousands who left their Eastern homes for California, the first year, was the universal overloading of the teams. While on the level plain the burden did not press so heavily; the roads were fair; the grass good and abundant; and water within easy reach, so that their stock could stand it; but on reaching the mountains where the road was steep and rugged, water and forage scarce, the long marches necessary, they found it impossible for their overloaded teams to proceed and were obliged to lighten them. First, they dispensed with all luxuries, then they remembered that "half a loaf is better than none" and often were forced to the final conclusion that they would do well to get through with their lives.

The goods thus discarded by the emigrants strewed the way for hundreds of

miles and every variety of article was to be found among them; in one place furniture and household ornaments; in another a barrel of flour; in another canned meats and bacon; here a fine selection of books; there cooking utensils and stoves. In nearly every case they were neatly arranged by the roadside and often labeled—"Overloaded and compelled to throw away," "Take all you can carry," "Help yourself to all you want and leave the rest for others," "Could not carry, help yourself"; or simply "Help yourself." The passers-by made judicious exchanges or additions to their loads from these abandoned goods thus pressed on their attention; often only to leave them in their turn on the dreary Humboldt Plains, or even before they reached that distant place.

Many thought that if they could cross the Rockies and reach the table-land on the other side, all would be well; but they knew little of the dreary deserts before them and, worst of all, of the terrible sand wastes of the Humboldt Valley where every step sank more than ankle deep in the hot alkaline sand and where it was necessary to go at times two days without water and without food for the stock. When this district was reached the emigrants found it necessary in many cases not only to throw away everything in the wagons but to double up teams and take through a few of the best wagons, or even to abandon them entirely and pack on the horses. In places, to reach camp they would have to travel all day and all night. Many who had bravely borne all the trying days of hardship before reaching the Humboldt Desert would look in utter despair over that final waste, which lay just on the borders of their long sought for goal.

Those who did cross the sands in the first year of emigration lay down at night so worn, so heartsick and despairing that they little cared what the morrow might bring. Death had no terror for them, indeed it would have been almost welcome. Many times as they toiled through the desert, danger from hostile Indians threatened them but their only thought was, "Well, what of it? As well die one way as another." . . .

They reached the wells, a long day's journey; the pack animals were unusually thirsty and in their eagerness to drink rushed furiously to the brink. Dr. McDonald's "White Cloud," in his haste, put his feet in the water and finding no bottom shot down (into) the hole, and would have drowned had not his packs caught on the edge and held him. He hung suspended, all but his hind feet under water. Dr. McDonald and his companions tried to pull him out, but must have failed if a number of emigrants just passing had not offered instant aid. The horse was drawn out unconscious and to all appearances dead; but after taking off his packs, rolling the water out of his mouth, ears and nostrils, and inducing artificial respiration he gave signs of returning animation and in the course of half an hour was strong enough to clamber on to his feet and eat before being repacked. Not until the following day, however, was he able to carry his usual load. By this time the animals had become weak and thin, and like their owners were only just able to drag themselves along.

On the Humboldt they also came on some Hot Springs where they spent the night. There were a great number of these springs, some of them hissing with escaping steam; over the steam they boiled their coffee, for the heat was sufficient for that



purpose, the temperature being about 200°F. The water though warm was palatable (pond) but was strongly infused with nitrate of potash which had a painful effect on the kidneys and urinary organs that did not wear away until the following day. The march from the last camping ground to those springs was very long; men and animals became very thirsty.

The Humboldt flows into a wide lake about which little is known. The lake spreads over vast surface in Winter and Spring but its bed is very much contracted in Summer. So far as ascertained it has no outlet, although it has been asserted that the water flows through an underground channel to the Ocean. However, this may be, it is known by the name of "Humboldt Sink." At this point Dr. McDonald and his companions bore to the right, bade a thankful farewell to the never-to-be-forgotten Humboldt Desert, and crossed the Sierra Nevada Mountains to the beautiful Truckee River.

At one of the crossings of the Truckee they met a man who had succeeded in bringing his library in safety all the way over the Plains; but in fording this place the current had swept everything down stream, crushing the team and ruining all it contained. The man barely saved his own life; he was seated on the bank drying his books, quite a number of which he had fished out. In this same place a man was drowned the day before but our travelers, after much exertion, reached the opposite shore in safety.

On reaching the picturesque Donner Lake they turned aside from the regular trail into the grove at some little distance to examine the place where the Donner family had suffered that awful winter, where all but one of those that had stayed behind had perished. The bones of the unfortunates lay bleaching around the cabin, the skeletons yet continuous in their parts. They were perhaps the first visitors to that place that year and no one had in any way disturbed the landmarks of the catastrophe; the trees were yet barked and showed the height of the snow, and the stumps above which the trees had been felled spoke more plainly of the depths to which it fell over the captives.

From here they entered California and kept on their way to Sacramento. They left the summits of the big mountains and came down into "steep hollow" near Nevada City, California, on the 18th of July 1849, which date Dr. McDonald celebrates as the anniversary of his arrival in California. He was within the present State limits several days before this but on this day he met the emigration from the Pacific side, and first saw the process of washing gold.

The road leading from the mountaintop into "steep hollow" was nearly a mile in length and portions of the track were almost perpendicular. It was only with the greatest difficulty they could get down. Some few of the earliest teams over had accomplished the descent by unhitching the wagons and letting them down by means of rope passed around the trees, or "cordeling" them down, to use a local expression. A number of the trees were barked and showed how ingeniously the ropes had been passed from one station to another.

At the base of this mountain was a camp of miners with their old-fashioned rockers, working zealously to wash out gold.



For the first time since leaving the Missouri River our party found themselves without flour or bread; heretofore the supplies abandoned along the wayside had furnished them with more than they could use. In their need they applied to the miners and were informed that none was for sale, but to meet their necessities a portion of a small lot of biscuits just arrived from Sacramento by pack mules, and intended for use at the camp, would be given up at one dollar per pound. This enormous price overwhelmed our travelers but finding that they should have no other opportunity of supplying themselves, and that the offer was really a kindness rather than an attempt at extortion, they purchased barely enough to last until they should reach their journey's end. They afterwards learned that the price was lower than they might have had reason to expect.

Their journey from here was through a series of mining camps until they reached the flats of the American River in the vicinity of Sacramento. At their long journey's end they stopped at Norris' ranch, on the other side of the American River, where they made their camp fires, picketed their stock in good grass, and waited a few days before moving in to Sacramento.

They hired a little one horse wagon to take them and their effects into the city. It was, of course, necessary to ford the American River and provision had been made for this but they had forgotten to calculate for the rise of water due to the influence of pressure from the tidewater at San Francisco Bay, which at that time made a difference of from one to two feet; as it happened, they crossed at high tide. All their personal effects were carefully placed at the bottom of the wagon, among them a half dozen new and elegantly finished shirts which Dr. McDonald had brought, with much care, all the way across the plains, as he was anxious to wear a white standup "stake and rider" shirt when he should once again be within the borders of civilization. In the middle of the ford the river, it was noticed, had risen nearly to the top of the wagon bed; and muddy yellow river water had drenched and ruined the Doctor's shirts, which catastrophe brought him to the level of all other flannel-shirted gentlemen. It was a most unpleasant surprise to him but a cause of much merriment to his companions, to whom he had confided his prospective grandeur, and who now enjoyed his discomfiture. When however he reminded them there were enough for two apiece, they acknowledged the common loss but all concluded that ungratified vanity should not be allowed to cloud the happiness they felt at reaching their journey's end.

On arriving in Sacramento they stopped at the corner of 6th and I Streets, built their camp fires and entered into an agreement to transact in partnership whatever business they could decide upon as the most advantageous.

On taking inventory of cash and stock on hand it was found that Mr. Swift's means formed nearly nine-tenths of the whole amount.

Dr. McDonald after leaving the train, and after the additional animals had been purchased, had \$180.00; about \$80.00 of which was in ten cent pieces, as he anticipated a scarcity of small change in California.

Mr. Sloss had a little less than Dr. McDonald, but Mr. Swift had \$2,200.00 in gold, all English sovereigns, a weight of nearly 10 pounds avoirdupois. This package

had been a most troublesome burden during their journey. The heavy mass shifting, concentrated, dead in weight, had tired man and beast; and in a number of instances, especially on the Humboldt Desert, they almost decided to leave it. It was carried first by one animal, then another, then borne by each of the party in turn; for this burden, as all others, was willingly shared by the friends.

With a capital of about \$2,500.00, in which each was to share equally, they sought an opening for their energies.

Sacramento, which was on General Sutter's Claim, was laid out in blocks and lots but contained only one wooden building which was about half finished; all other dwelling places were in tents. There were from fifteen to twenty thousand people already there and the number was fast increasing, as this was the nearest starting point to the mines.

The furnishing of miners' outfits seeming to offer our party the best business opening, they prepared for that. They rented a seven foot space between two tents, one of which was used for a store, conducted by Job Watson of Providence, R.I.; the other was occupied by a man named Peck, as a residence. The store of Watson was mainly used for bottling liquor from casks, boxing the bottles and shipping them to the mines.

The walls of the two tent buildings served as walls for our party's tent, and a piece of canvas across the top completed the shell. In front they erected uncovered scantling, leaving a doorway for entrance and exit on one side. The tailboard of a wagon made a shelf or counter in front, on which they placed a pair of gold scales for weighing the gold dust payments. Just inside they put an old Dutch trunk they had purchased from an emigrant, which was firmly secured with iron bands, hasp and padlock. Sixty feet back, in the rear of their store, they bought a vacant lot on which they stacked hay and feed for stock.

At the back of their tent, by the stump of a large oak tree that had been recently felled, they built their fire and did their cooking; and in the rear of this, by their hay stacks, they spread their blankets, sleeping during the entire Fall until the rains set in, in the open air. Around this hay stack the animals in which they were dealing were tied and fed. Thus they commenced their partnership dealing in horses, mules, oxen, milch cows, wagons, harness and almost everything required by emigrants and miners.

Here was the auction place for this class of property and it was sought for by emigrants from over land and sea. The scenes enacted were among the most stirring Dr. McDonald remembers having witnessed. Nearly every new arrival on the Coast had something he wished to dispose of, and this became the rendezvous for exchanging, selling or, in some instances, giving away.

It is easy to understand that the number of transactions gone through with in the course of a day was exceptionally large. During the business hours the numerous offers and demands made a babel like confusion. Half a dozen auctioneers would be riding their animals up and down at once, praising their qualities and in their haste omitting mention of their bad ones; while as many other would-be sellers, mounted on boxes, wagons, stumps or men's shoulders called attention to other dis-



posals effects. Everybody was eager and hurried, and all business was transacted with incredible rapidity. The peculiar character of the horse market is something that has never been forgotten by the older Californians.

Dr. McDonald and his partners found themselves in the very midst of this din and tumult, alternately buying and selling. The greater number of their transactions were made, however, by private negotiations with parties just arrived in the city. They went about among the different companies coming or going and bought or exchanged commodities, or helped fit out for their journey the prospective miners, most of whom were feverishly impatient to reach the "Golden Sands," which proved quicksands to so many.

As an evidence of the exceptionally large profits to be legitimately realized at times, the following incident from Dr. McDonald's experience may not be uninteresting:

He was approached by a new arrival who was short of funds and very impatient to reach the mountains and the mines. He had a large handsome mule in moderately good condition and ready for service, although just from crossing the Plains. Dr. McDonald having just furnished a lot of stock was not desirous of buying, but to satisfy the man's insistent demands made him an offer of \$50.00, not expecting it would be accepted as it must have been less than half of the original cost of the animal. The man, however, was determined to sell then and there, so he took the money, joined his friends and left. The enclosure for stock was full so the animal was fastened where he was; in the course of an hour a man came along in search of just such a mule, so Dr. McDonald showed him the new purchase. The animal was examined, ridden around to try his gait, declared satisfactory and the lowest cash price asked for; after some hesitation this was fixed at \$350.00. The man offered \$300.00, Dr. McDonald insisted on \$325.00; after some discussion they compromised and the sale was effected for \$312.50.

These two transactions occurred within two or three hours. In this way business was done at that time, to a very large extent, for the new arrivals were so impatient to reach the mines, become rich and return that they were willing to abandon whatever they could not sell at once.

It was no uncommon thing to buy from a company its entire train of oxen, wagons, and teams of horses which would afterwards be disposed of separately or in small lots. The usual rate of profit in such transactions was 100 per cent. They also made large sales at auction; thus frequently they did business amounting to thousands of dollars a day.

The labor was equally divided among the partners, each assuming the duties which by taste or training he was best fitted to perform. Mr. Sloss was auctioneer, Dr. McDonald was the buyer, and Mr. Swift was business manager, taking charge of the store, looking after details, keeping the accounts, and generally overseeing and directing.

The partnership was, as may be supposed, a most harmonious one and the business thus conducted proved very remunerative, enabling them to divide the large amount of \$17,000.00 in seven weeks. The profits of the business, however, were at



this time larger than at any subsequent period, and even for the time the success of Dr. McDonald and his friends was exceptional.

The heavy rains now coming on, they were obliged to suspend operations for the season; but they decided, on careful consideration, that their business would be a good one for another year although the returns would probably be considerably smaller and therefore they immediately commenced to make extensive preparations for the Spring trade. They made a joint investment in animals (horses, mules and cattle) which were then arriving in great quantities in the numerous trains over the Plains. Few of the emigrants stopped in the mines; the season was too far advanced and Sacramento and the lowland valleys were their objective points. With the return of Spring they would seek their fortune in the "diggings."

The stock of these emigrant trains, being in poor condition after the transit, could be secured at very low prices; good oxen from \$35.00 to \$40.00 a yoke, good horses from \$35.00 to \$50.00 a team, and inferior animals could be had almost for the asking.

As soon as purchased, the stock was sent to a good ranch above Sacramento City, in the Valley, where excellent grass and water were abundant. They were to be kept for one dollar a month per head until they should be required in the Spring, when they would be in fine condition and ready for use.

With the exception of a small amount expended for necessary articles of outfit, they invested all of their earnings in live stock. They had, however, omitted one important factor from their calculations—they knew nothing of the great California floods; swollen by the rains of the Valleys and the melting snow of the mountains, the waters rush down in torrents; the rivers rise from fifteen to twenty feet, the bottom lands are flooded and all but the bluffs of the American and Sacramento River Valleys submerged.

Sacramento City was then on a bluff and the River flowed far below, in no respect a source of danger, even when at its highest. The mountains, however, which the miners soon washed into the rivers, filled up the channels, changed the course of the water and brought upon the City the calamities which deprived it of its first rank and drove its business men and capitalists, one by one, to San Francisco.

To the three friends this winter's flood brought surprise and disaster; it swept away their stock and destroyed all their earnings, leaving them worse off financially than when they arrived in California.

They knew that another year would materially decrease the profits to be realized from the business, as too many were entering into it, and their stock having been destroyed, their preparations for a second year of partnership were useless, so the partnership was dissolved by mutual consent with the friendliest of feeling, with the pleasantest memories of their long and intimate companionship; each thereafter to follow the dictates of his own judgment and occupy his time as inclination should direct or opportunity offer.

Dr. McDonald and Mr. Sloss purchased an adjoining tent and there spent the winter. Mr. Swift boarded.

## HOUSE IN SACRAMENTO

Sloss house in Sacramento was a double brick house, corner of Fourth and M Streets, afterwards was lived in by Locke and Levinson. The Sloss family were living at the corner of M and 4th Streets in Sacramento at the time of the flood in 1861 and from the bedroom windows were taken in row boats to a steamer and brought to the Stockton Hotel, Sansome Street, San Francisco. The family at that time comprised Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sloss, Bella, Leon, and Louis, Jr.

## CALIFORNIA MOURNS HER BEST CITIZEN\*

A noble, a kindly and gentle soul was called from earth when Louis Sloss passed away. The joy of his family, the pride of his race, the honor of his city, the well-beloved, the highest, purest, ablest, best type of man; yet withal a soft and winning man was Louis Sloss. He forgave those that trespassed against him and did good to those that spitefully used him. His charity was as broad as his toleration, which was universal; his thoughtful kindness was like a mother's love. As brave a man as ever lived, there was no trace of bitterness in his character, but, oh, how scornful he could be of cowardice, oppression and meanness.

Louis Sloss was a shrewd far-sighted and courageous merchant, able and willing to match his skill in commerce with any captain of industry and likely to be victor in the conflict, yet all men honored him and spoke well of him. Let the young man who is anxious to acquire great wealth ponder on the secret of Louis Sloss' life—the making of himself richer without making others poorer.

He envied the possessions of no man; he saw the wealth in the waste places of the earth and went forth to take some of it. Louis Sloss as a trader was always miles ahead of the frontier. He was a pioneer in California, Nevada, Arizona, Greenland, Siberia and Alaska, and, better than William Penn, he traded with Indians without cheating them. When he made the venturesome fur contract for the seal islands and found what was thought to be a foolish risk was a splendid investment, he allowed his friends to share in his good fortune. He took care to see that the Aleuts on the islands got their full share, and more. He built them schools, hospitals and churches of the faith that they had got from the Russians, and made them happy and contented. When he found that lack of protection to seal life was thinning out the herds, he did all in his power and spent much money to help enforce America's claims against British pelagic sealing, despite the fact that the seal concession was at that time and would be for twenty years in the hands of trade rivals who had secured the lease by bidding for it more than Louis Sloss thought it was worth. When asked why he helped a rival he said, "Oh, I'm an American, too."

Louis Sloss was a brave man, brave even about money that makes nearly all merchants cowards. When the agent of the Central Pacific threatened to extort an unjust freight rate from him, Louis Sloss put the fellow out of his office, chartered a steamer and sent his skins to London by way of Magellan's straits. It cost much in

\* Editorial in San Francisco newspaper.



money and enmity to do that thing, but he thought it his duty as a man to resent corporation tyranny, and he did his duty as he saw it.

One instance of his great charity and his way of doing it may be given. An old couple living on a small farm in the mountains were threatened with dispossession because they were unable to pay off the mortgage. The wife wrote a letter to a man in San Francisco, asking him to try and get someone to lend the money on the security of the farm. She told of her own hard life, how she had toiled early and late, how her husband had worked, of successive bad crops and the awful almshouse staring them in the face. The letter was taken to Louis Sloss, with the request that he ask one of the banks in which he was interested to grant the loan. His eyes were moist when he finished. Going to a drawer, he took out the needed sum in gold, saying: "If you find the case as stated, pay off the mortgage and burn it up. If they ever get rich they can pay me back, but I think they will feel better with no encumbrance on the little place."

The lesson of Louis Sloss' life is so plain that all can read. We sincerely trust that it will influence the lives of all the young men of California. His life shows that one may accumulate wealth without being cowardly, mean or avaricious. One may get rich and yet be honored and loved by all his neighbors. If Louis Sloss had been in great need to make money, and to get it had done mean things in his early life, his declining years would not have been blessed with the happiness and richness of life that are God's greatest and best gifts to man.

California mourns the loss of her best citizen—a big word that surely was proven in that no man will challenge its truth.

#### SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS\*

It is difficult for a member of the family which still regards him as its head to speak of his character and personality—to attempt to say what manner of man he was. I take the liberty, therefore, of quoting from an article published in a leading San Francisco journal on the day when he was laid to his last rest. The sentences which I shall read express sentiments which I could hardly venture to utter on my own authority. The article said, among other things:

A noble, a kindly and gentle soul was called from earth when Louis Sloss passed away.

He envied the possessions of no man; he saw the wealth in the waste places of the earth and went forth to take some of it. Louis Sloss as a trader was always miles ahead of the frontier. He was a pioneer in California, Nevada, Siberia, and Alaska, and, better than William Penn, he traded with Indians without cheating them.

We sincerely trust that his life will influence the lives of all of the young men of California. If Louis Sloss had been in great haste to make money, and to get it had done mean things in his early life, his declining years would not have been blessed with the happiness and serenity that are God's greatest and best gifts to man.†

Almost thirty years have passed since these words were written. The beautiful tribute of this evening shows that after the lapse of a generation he has not been

\* From address of M. C. Sloss, October 15, 1931, on occasion of a celebration in honor of his father, Louis Sloss, by the Society of California Pioneers.

† The entire editorial is quoted above, p. 172.



forgotten and that Californians of today still reverence and admire his qualities and the things for which he stood. With hearts full of grateful recognition, we, the members of his family, express to the President, the Directors, and the members of the Society of California Pioneers, our deepest thanks for the honor you have shown to the memory of him whom we love and revere.

## SARAH SLOSS

WORDS SPOKEN BY RABBI MARTIN A. MEYER

### AT THE FUNERAL OF MRS. SARAH SLOSS

Rarely when a name is bestowed upon a child is thought given to its meaning. Still rarer are those occasions when a name thus bestowed becomes the index of a life and a character. Yet in the case of our dear friend—to honor whose life we have gathered at this sad hour—she bore a name which most suitably represented her noble life.

Sarah she was well called for she was a princess in every truth. She possessed those qualities of heart and soul which we associate with the true prince. None who came into her presence and was permitted to see the richness of her heart and soul but immediately knew that one of God's gentlewomen was in his company.

She had the generosity of the blood. Not only was her purse generously at the disposal of the needy, not only did she have that heaven-sent gift of beautiful giving, but she offered herself; her heart went with her means. One went from her presence rich with the material gift, but richer still with the gift of her own fine interest and no less fine self. It was understanding generosity, not a mere vaporous inability to say "no," but an appreciation of the human cause that needed aid and comfort. Nor did she wait to be cajoled into giving. Her heart went out to meet the occasion like a gracious host who hastens to welcome the guest to his home. No human cry ever went unheeded, no human need unanswered, for the true princess feels instinctively the wants of sad hearts or weary bodies.

And the princess soul is loyal. It follows its standards, even to the death. It is magnificent in its devotion to its ideals even though they be the ideals of a lost cause. It despises self-seeking at the cost of principle. Sarah Sloss was loyal to her lights, loyal to her ideals of the good, the beautiful, and the true. She understood the obligations of her fortunate position in the world. Nothing that was noble in humanity was alien to her. She gave herself to its advancement; she stood ready to do so that the best in life might prosper. She stood loyally by her faith. She had been reared beneath its broad and welcome shade; she found peace in its tenets and its practice; and when the days grew dark, she found strength in her magnificent resignation. Adversity tries many; but prosperity is the rarer test. She met that test by reason of her loyal soul, not the loyalty of blind pursuit but the higher loyalty of loving understanding and appreciation, when the days grew dark. We can never forget that tragic figure from whose lips the smile never departed. Her soul spoke through that smile, spoke of faith and courage and insight. Mayhap it was her blessed fortune in the darkness to see what our eyes were denied the privilege of beholding, like

astronomers who betake themselves to the darkness of the cave at midday so that they might behold the glory of the never-failing stars.

But such faith and loyalty, friends, is the child of courage, the courage of a princely heart. "To smile when the heart is breaking," to hold the head high when the storms blow cold and keen, to keep eyes front and step out firm and sure—what can we ask of mortal to indicate the godlike strength of his soul? Life had given her so much that was beautiful and good; it tried her sore too when it is most difficult to be tried when the snows of the years were heaping high, and men look for peace and rest. Young hearts have resiliency; and despite her three score and ten she proved a heart as young and buoyant as the youngest of us who faces life. She held her banner high and with unflinching spirit accepted the bitter with the sweet; and tasting, found it good.

What she gave you, her children and her children's children, you cannot, you dare not lose. It is surely heart of your heart, and soul of your soul. May you never be so untrue to her dear memory, to her sweet life, to your own best selves as to surrender even a jot or a tittle of what she put into your lives. A mother is the heart of living; she holds her flock together by ties stronger than blood, by love and affection, by faith and encouragement. Day by day you made your own hearts glad and the deepening shadows bright for her by your tender and affectionate companionship with her and with one another. May that bond not grow less, but stronger if it be possible, now that she is no more with you here on earth. May her enlightened eyes look down from on high and understand—for if the dead see, they see clearly—that her life was not in vain, that her gift was a gift for time and eternity. Beloved and honored in her lifetime, in death may she not be separated from you.

The great peace came to her on the Sabbath Day, the day of cessation from toil and trouble. An old legend says that they who depart on the holy day of rest go directly into Paradise. I am sure that there can be no doubt that a life such as hers merits the highest rewards. God grant that they be hers in their richest beauty. That day well nigh rounding out another year of mortal toil, she was of a surety born anew into life eternal.

We would thank God for the blessings of such a life for we feel that of a certainty through the windows of such souls we get our fleeting glimpses of the World Soul, from whom we come, to whom we return. May our faith and our love never be so poor but that we can penetrate the shadows which chill our hearts, and with hope and insight gladly see that somehow and somewhere, we shall meet these dear ones of ours again; till then with God be their rest.

Verily with the ancient master we may say of Sarah Sloss—"Many daughters have done excellently, but thou excellest them all."

MARCUS CAUFFMAN SLOSS

PRESIDENTIAL VISIT

In the book, *The Golden Banquet and Other Functions During Reception of President Theodore Roosevelt*, we read:

The Mayor appointed a committee of 200 and chose from every walk of official and private life men known for their public spirit and demonstrated ability and etc.

Beside the official family, which included Superior Judge M. C. Sloss, among the private citizens were E. R. Lilienthal and Leon Sloss.

The president arrived in San Francisco on May 12th, 1903, and after many ceremonies including dedication of the Dewey monument in Union Square, the Golden Banquet with 450 in attendance was held at the Palace Hotel, May 14th, 1903.

RESOLUTION ON JUDGE M. C. SLOSS' EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY,

BY JEWISH NATIONAL WELFARE FUND

Edgar Sinton read the following resolution in honor of Judge M. C. Sloss on his eightieth birthday, occurring February 28, 1949. The Board of Directors, on a motion duly made and seconded, unanimously approved the resolution and voted that it be recorded in the minutes of the board and an embossed copy transmitted to Judge Sloss.

It is most obvious to all those who know Judge M. C. Sloss and those who know of him that he typifies the person that each one of us would like to be.

This organization, the Jewish National Welfare Fund, owes him a particular debt of gratitude; he is one of its founders and served as its first president for nineteen years, from 1925 to 1944, and is now its honorary president. He has been its guide, mentor and inspiration since its inception more than twenty-four years ago.

This community is grateful to him for his leadership in all causes for the advancement and protection of Jewry.

Over and beyond this, we are grateful to him for his courtly consideration, his kindness, his forthrightness and his rare good judgment. We are grateful to the Almighty that Judge M. C. Sloss has been granted eighty years within which to serve his people and his country and that he will continue to serve for many years is our fervent prayer.

On this, his eightieth natal day, the directors of the Jewish National Welfare Fund, speaking for each one of its members tender their affectionate felicitations to him and wish him many happy returns of the day. San Francisco—28th Day of February, 1949.











